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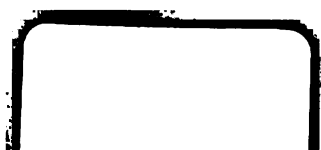
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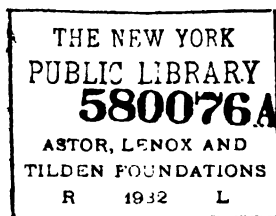
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"THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ELOCUTION," -
"CHART OF ELOCUTION," "FENNO'S POPULAR
READERS," "THE SCIENCE OF SPEECH," -
"THE ART OF RENDERING. - - - - -

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Important Note

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This book is divided into
three parts

PART I. The paging is from 1 to 38

PART II. The paging is from 1 to 200

PART III. The paging is from 1 to 234

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Part I

Introductory

INTRODUCTORY.

ELOCUTION, when properly taught, adds grace and ease to the manner, freedom to the movement, and elegance to the carriage. It renders the mind stronger, more perceptive and discriminative, and gives added confidence and manliness (or womanliness). Taken in its highest phase, it is the education of the soul, teaching it perfect expression through the channels of human utterance. It shall beam through its window, the eye; it shall be reflected from its mirror, the human face; it shall drop in golden cadences from its speaking instrument, the mouth; and breathe forth from its temple, the human body. Thus shall the soul send forth its wealth of thought from the brain, its royal throne. While educating and drilling and training the voice in its grand capabilities, may we not feel that it is a truly divine process of shaping, purifying, and ennobling the soul itself by improving and polishing its outward expression?

The study of Elocution as taught by the writer embraces Articulation, or the correct formation of the sounds of the language; Vocal Culture, or the improvement and development of the voice, aiming at richness and purity of tone; Expression, or the proper use of the modulations; and Gesture, or the manner and movements which should accompany the voice. In teaching this branch the principles are given, and practice is required of the pupil to test his ability to apply those principles. Such practice is afforded in ordinary conversation, but that alone is not sufficient. Reading is then introduced as differing from conversation, yet requiring the same application of rules. We notice that in actual life the voice is used under three conditions, and only three, viz.: 1. In Conversation. 2. In Reading. 3. In Public Speaking. We must devise some method of drilling the pupil in the third form, or his education would be incomplete and lacking in what he will often be called upon to exercise—his power to say few or many words in public. Should he

choose certain professions, for example, the ministerial or the legal, his success in life will greatly depend upon his capacity in this one direction, and there is no man nor woman whose influence and happiness would not be much extended and heightened by this power of expressing thought well in public. It should be the aim of the pupil, then, to acquire it. In Elocution classes two methods may be adopted. The first is to address conversation to an audience, which would be Extemporaneous Speaking; but the method has a serious disadvantage, for but few pupils have sufficient command of thought and voice to give an off-hand address which could be criticised for faults in expression; the effort required to find thoughts and words would in most cases utterly destroy the speaker's natural style, so criticism would be so profuse as to be valueless. Another method, and the one universally adopted, is for the learner to commit something to memory and repeat it before an audience. This is called Recitation, and it leaves the pupil's mind free to pay special attention to the style of delivery; for when a piece is thoroughly memorized it takes scarcely any effort to repeat it—in fact, no effort at all beyond that required to pronounce the words. In the case of a gentleman speaker this is nearly always called Declamation; but we prefer to call a mere recital a Recitation, and confine the other term to the rendition of pieces of a declamatory style.

Still another form may be used to teach public speaking, though not so perfectly adapted to that end—public reading; and it is for the special use of teachers and others desiring Select Readings and Recitations that this book is prepared. It will be found to contain the best pieces procurable for that purpose, many of them having been given before immense audiences and enthusiastically received by the listeners. That the best results may be obtained from the use of this book, brief explanatory notes have been given with nearly every selection, which the pupil will do well to follow closely. A slavish observance is not insisted upon; for often an elocutionist will give a selection with great effect, while another elocutionist will be equally effective with an entirely different rendering of the same piece. This is true only of pieces which admit of more than one interpretation. Remember that in every vivid por-

trayal of a scene it is absolutely necessary to the life and naturalness of the description to have in the mind a clear picture of the whole, with the details strongly marked. Attention to this alone will often make a powerful recital of what would otherwise have been exceedingly tame, dull, and vapid.

Several of the selections in this book have gestures marked in them for the use of many speakers who would like to enliven a recitation but do not know exactly what gestures to employ. A system of symbols is used, which will be easy to remember when once learned, and a mastery of the principles of gesture as here laid down will be valuable to the reader for life. It is almost impossible in indicated gestures to avoid the idea of mechanical rather than intellectual and spiritual movements and transitions. There are many gestures that can hardly be described, just as there are tones and inflections that belong to the living voice that no system of marking can designate. As these belong to Gestures of Emphasis and Illustration more than to those of Location, it also happens that the indicated gestures belong mostly to the latter class. This unavoidable state of things can be remedied only by the speaker's ingenuity, taste, adaptation, and by so carefully practicing the movements given that ease and grace shall be secured. Aim to make gestures flow or glide one into the other when possible, yet be particular that the emphatic word or syllable receive a rather firm and decided stroke of the hand from the wrist to give it life.

PRINCIPLES OF GESTURE.

1. Divided language requires a firm position of the body; ordinary description an easy, graceful position.

2. The expression of the countenance must harmonize with the thought.

3. Every gesture with the hand must be given firmly, with decision, and must consist of three parts, viz.: a *preparation*, in which the hand rises upon the oblique (half-way between front and side) to a point a little above where the gesture is to be given; an *execution*, in which the hand is brought down to the desired point with a stroke from the wrist upon the emphatic syllable; and a *return*, in which the hand easily, slowly, and naturally reaches its place at the side.

4. The hand must move in curved lines, except when emphasis is desired. A motion in a straight line is usually awkward, and should never be used except to convey an idea of force or strength, as in emphatic assertions; sentiment gay, beautiful, and the like requires a curved line of movement.

5. Every manner and direction of gesture has a meaning, which is intensified by using both hands.

6. There are three Elevations of Hand, viz.: *Horizontal* (level with the shoulder), the realm of Intellect; *Ascending* (above the shoulder), the realm of Imagination, and *Descending* (below the shoulder), the realm of the Will. Emphatic gestures are always made downward, as they belong to the latter class.

7. Gestures take one of four Directions, each having a peculiar significance, as follows: *Front* (in the direction of a line drawn straight forward from the shoulder, but *Horizontal*, *Ascending* or *Descending*, as may be required by the sense), signifying Particular, Specific, or Personal Reference; Unity; Great Emphasis; Presence. *Oblique* (in a direction 45° outward from *Front*—half-way between the front and side), signifying General, Generic, or Impersonal Reference; Plurality;

Ordinary Emphasis; Nearness, but not Presence. *Lateral* (in a direction 90° outward from *Front*—straight out at side), signifying Distance; Descriptive Reference; Removal; Withdrawal; Extension in Time, Space or Thought. *Backward* (in a direction 45° backward from *Lateral*), signifying Remoteness in Space or Time; Retrogression; the Past.*

8. In making gestures, the hand (except in rare instances) shall take one of five positions, denominated Forms of the Hand, viz.: *Supine* (hand loosely opened, palm upward, and sloping about 30° from the thumb; fingers not too stiff nor too much curved, forefinger nearly straight), signifying the Giving or Handing out of Thought; Honesty and Candor; an Unfolding of Ideas; is Communicative, Permissive, Impulsive, Genial; by far the most common form, as the palm of the hand has a great power in expression. *Prone* (same as *Supine*, but palm downward), signifying Superincumbency or Superposition; Repression; Denial; Suppression; Prostration; Depression; Destruction or Dissolution; Scorn, Contempt or Rejection; Abhorrence or Detestation; Restraining, Arresting, etc.; Awe, Solemnity, Sacredness and other subdued emotions; is Repressive, Prohibitory, Compulsive, Aversive. *Vertical* (hand thrown back upon wrist, and palm outward and away from the speaker), signifying Repulsion, Great Aversion, forcible Removal, Intense Abhorrence, and in the *Descending* lines becomes identical with the *Prone*. *Pointing* (*Ordinary*, index finger extended, other fingers lightly closed; *Emphatic*, index finger extended, other fingers tightly grasped, back of hand upward), signifying Special or Emphatic Designation, Specific Reference, Close Discrimination, Special Emphasis, Precision; Pointing out or

* Imagine yourself standing in a large terrestrial globe, with your feet at the South Pole and your shoulders at the Equator. The meridian lines just in front of your shoulders will then represent the *Front* Direction, both taken together or separately, as you desire. The meridians 45° outward from these will represent the *Oblique*, those straight out at the sides the *Lateral*, and those 45° back of these the *Backward*. Gestures may be made at any point upon any of these eight meridians; those made above the shoulder (the *Horizontal*) are called *Ascending*, and those below the shoulder *Descending*. Don't fail to get the idea clearly that each Direction is represented by a semicircle or meridian, passing from the feet to a point above the head; and each *Elevation* is represented by a circle passing around, the *Horizontal* level with the shoulders and the other two movable but above and below the first and parallel to it.

Calling attention to; Warning or Cautioning. The *Emphatic* form is used in Scorn, Reproach, Threatening, and Contempt. *Clenched* (the hand tightly clinched, thumb pressed firmly against the fingers), signifying Extreme Emphasis, Fierce Determination, Desperate Resolve, Vehement Declaration, Threatening, Defiance, Violent Anger.

ABBREVIATIONS FOR GESTURE.

Elevation of Hand: H. Horizontal (level with shoulders); A. Ascending (hand higher than shoulder); D. Descending (hand lower than shoulder).

Direction: F. Front; B. Back; L. Lateral (straight out at side); O. Oblique (half-way between front and side).

Form of Hand: S. Supine (palm upward); P. Prone (palm downward); V. Vertical (palm outward from speaker); Ptg. Pointing (with forefinger); Cl. Clenched; lh. left hand; bh. both hands.

By the above, HF. would mean Horizontal Front, etc.

When not otherwise indicated, gestures are made with the right hand, palm up, and always with decision. When a gesture closely follows another do not drop the hand between them.

OUR MANNER OF SPEAKING.

By elocution is meant our manner of speaking, the way in which we give expression to our thoughts and feelings, the grand avenue through which we reach our friends and hold communication with our acquaintances. Conversation is elocution, and the purer the tone, the better the enunciation and pronunciation, the better attuned the voice to the sentiment, the more pleasing will be our conversation and the more agreeable will be our relations with our friends. The same pride that would prompt us to appear in company in our best attire with polished, graceful manners should urge us to improve our vocal expression that we may give to our friends in all its purity and richness that highest physical attribute which God has seen fit to reserve for his noblest creation. As you cultivate manners in deportment, so cultivate manner in speech, and the one will as greatly redound to your credit as will the other.

No one can successfully maintain a claim to polished elegance in manner who has not given special attention to the training and polishing and purifying of the voice. The cultivated voice has a charm—a peculiar richness—that the natural voice does not often possess. The mind is drilled and trained until it becomes exact, reliable and all-powerful in its action; the hand is trained and educated until it acquires an almost marvelous delicacy of touch and a wonderful degree of skill; the arms are developed by continued exercise until they possess great strength; the body is educated to perfection of grace and agility; the eye is trained to almost lightning perception and the ear to catch the slightest sound of discord or the finest pulsations of harmony, and the voice is capable of wonderful compass, great power and the finest effects, if properly trained and developed, but to expect perfection of voice without its cultivation is as absurd as to demand perfection of the eye, the ear, the arm or the hand without special training—as well expect mental perfection in the unlettered savage or physical perfection in the invalid for years confined to his bed.

The gift of speech is worthy of the highest culture and of our best efforts in its development. What can be grander than the ability to place soul in communion with soul through the medium of speech—than the power of coining into words the rough ingots of thought, and of so choosing our words, grouping them together, and clothing them with a reality in expression that they may become the burning messengers of truth, possessing the inherent power of conviction, irresistible and unequalled in their influence for good.

A young man determines to become a painter. He goes to the Old World and works faithfully under the greatest masters; he visits the finest art galleries of Europe and studies the masterpieces of the world's famous painters—then returns, and with a few worn-out brushes, some half mixed paints and a miserable apology for a canvas, attempts to rival Michael Angelo and Raphael. Another studies sculpture year after year, working with the finest sculptors the world possesses, and finally tries his hand upon an ill-shaped, coarse-grained rock, from which Phidias himself could not perfect an ideal. A third goes to Germany and studies music year after year until his education is complete. Then, when he desires to establish his reputation as a musician, he endeavors to reproduce the creations of Mozart from a tuneless, jangling piano. If these persons would be subjected to censure, criticism or ridicule, how could you exempt one who should spend his lifetime in the acquisition of knowledge and who should always give expression to his thoughts through the crude channel of an uncultivated voice?

To improve, strengthen and develop the voice, one can do much without the aid of a teacher. Study some good work on elocution, carefully practicing the exercises after thoroughly mastering principles and instructions. Strive to render the tone agreeable and not harsh, melodious and not discordant; learn to breathe properly—to take breath without making undue pauses and suspending the sense; become accustomed to deep breathing, thus strengthening the voice and producing a better tone; let the articulation and pronunciation be good, the facial expression in harmony with the thought, and the gestures appropriate.

Though much may be learned from books, there are many ideas that can be obtained only from the living teacher. There

are articulate sounds to be criticised, tones corrected, faults in expression pointed out and gestures improved; there are interpretations and analyses of thought and language, emphasis, scene-picturing and word-painting; there are energy, enthusiasm and soul-force—and these the teacher must impress upon the pupil by his living presence.

But the person, old or young, who sets about the task of improving vocal expression with the aid of a reliable text-book, by application and study will succeed.

HOW TO IMPERSONATE.

WHEN appearing before an audience or company of friends with a selected piece, either to be read or spoken, a pure, natural tone should be used unless the selection is something other than plain narrative, description or argumentation. But there are so many fine readings in which the language is put into the mouth of a particular character that the successful reader will study to imitate that character when presenting the piece. For instance, *Aunt Jemima's Courtship* in this book will prove exceedingly weak unless the reader closely imitates the female voice, and the finer the imitation the greater the applause that will follow. *Heroes of the Land of Penn* will be far more successful if the reader imitate the tones of the dying man, and *The Irish Schoolmaster* needs the dialect of the Emerald Isle to make it real.

The language of FENNO'S ELOCUTION on this point has been copied by noted elocutionists in their own published works. To quote: "In impersonation, the reader or speaker puts himself in the place of another, using the tone and style required by the assumed character. This, however, should not be resorted to when the beauty or sublimity of thought contained in a passage would be weakened thereby, as an assumed form always detracts from the *ideas* by directing our attention to the *manner*. But there are many times when personation really adds to the beauty and effectiveness of the rendering. The judgment of the reader must decide when it should be employed and in what particular cases it may be omitted.

"When impersonating, the tone may be changed, as well as the general manner. A heavy or light voice, fast or slow rate, low or high pitch will often be a sufficient alteration.

"It will be readily seen that a skillful mimic will surpass all others in impersonation, but it must not be inferred that such only will make good elocutionists. It is not the highest phase of the art to excel in this particular branch, though excellence

In this will provoke great popular applause. The true elocutionist should aim at something higher than mimicry."

However, impersonation is essential to good reading, and before an audience this is specially noticeable. Who has not heard a reader, in giving some commonplace selection that failed to interest the hearers, impersonate but one or two lines or even a single word, when the sudden and unlooked for transition would create the keenest attention and interest to the end? This is often the case, and, for this reason, pieces affording such an opportunity (*King Robert of Sicily*, for example, and *The Martyrs of Sandomir* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1) are among our most successful pieces.

Take advantage of every chance for impersonation, as it adds so much to the reading. Practice carefully, and it will repay you. When you find a difficult passage, which requires much patient work to master, do not pass it by, saying "Never mind; the piece is good enough without that," but keep at it until you can execute it well, and the chances are that the very sentence upon which you have toiled will change a fair reading into one by far the best and most popular upon the programme.

Do not go upon the platform without becoming master of the impersonations. If you cannot for your life imitate a German, out of consideration for your listeners do not attempt German pieces. But if, by repeated practice, you can do fairly, practice a little more and then do your best. Our sympathies are with the speaker unless he comes on with little or no preparation and practices before the audience—then we sympathize with his hearers.

Much depends upon the manner of appearing before an audience. Leisurely take your place, pause, and glance calmly and fearlessly over the assemblage. Do not be in a hurry to begin. A few moments exercise of will power may be sufficient for you to regain your self-possession. This once secured, realize that you are speaking to appreciative listeners.

The best rule for impersonation is *Put Yourself in His Place*. Imagine yourself to be another, the character in the piece. His voice, his gestures, his manners should all be yours. When explanatory sentences occur, and always when he ceases speaking, you are instantly yourself again. Let the changes be sudden and marked.

The following are the most common impersonations:

MAN.—This, of course, is assumed only by lady readers, boys and girls. The voice should be heavier. Lower rate, slower time and other changes will suggest themselves for different characters. Study the piece; and if reason is found for any peculiarities, such as a hesitating or timid voice, gruffness, braggadocio, ill-nature or peevishness, do not hesitate to use them. (This refers to the normal male voice. When a strongly marked feature exists, as insulting bravado, a *man* would also assume the man's voice, but it would be that of a bully.)

WOMAN.—Assumed only by gentlemen readers, boys and girls. The tone should be lighter than a man's. Adopt the voice and manner most natural to the character. It may be high-pitched and shrill, low and soft or impatient and "stormy." (Similarly to the above case, a *woman* may assume a woman's voice when marked by any peculiarity.)

OLD AGE.—This is difficult to imitate without detracting from the dignity of the piece, but is fine when well done. Listen to an old person and you will find the tones weak, faltering and broken; the pitch high, the movement slow and uniform. The voice moves up and down the scale with longer and more frequent slides or inflections, especially in the female voice, and the manner indicates weakness; but the most prominent and easily imitated peculiarity is toothlessness, manifested mostly upon the sound of *s*, imitated by allowing the under lip to extend over the teeth, drawing in the lower jaw and holding it as nearly stationary as possible for a woman's voice, and thrusting the jaw forward, holding it rigid, the teeth nearly closed, and giving the lips great play for a man's voice.

BOY.—Everybody knows a boy's tone. Imitate as closely as you can and add much in the way of facial expression, gesture and manner. A boy in speaking either stands perfectly still with great and ill-concealed effort or else he throws in many boyish pranks and mannerisms by way of variety. For practice take some well-known piece of poetry and imitate a reading class, pupils giving verse after verse, each with a boy's own peculiarity of tone and manner. Study a class of boys (girls may be included to advantage) or take those you personally know and copy after them. When well worked up, it will make

a capital exercise to give before an audience. Practice *The Boil Bengal Tagger* and *A Boy's Lecture on "Knives"* in this book.

GIRL.—The above remarks apply here with equal force. A toss of the head and great affectation or, on the other hand, extreme bashfulness may take the place of the boy's brushing off a fly or using his sleeve instead of a pocket handkerchief. The girl's hands, as well as the boy's, must always be in the way.

CHILD.—There are many touching pieces, and some funny ones like *My Madcap Darling* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1, which requires a child's voice—most commonly that of a little girl of four or five years. Such a voice is high-pitched and clear as a bell. No impure tones are heard at that age. The little one is full of earnestness and animation—unless in a plaintive piece, when there is extreme weakness—and the child's voice, like that of a very aged person, is full of slides or inflections. There should be artlessness, innocence and often wonder portrayed.

DYING MAN.—*Heroes of the Land of Penn* and *Stonewall Jackson's Death* in this book and *The Old Sergeant* in No. 1 all require an imitation of the voice of a dying man. Sometimes by an effort the tone comes forth strong, but it is usually faint and weak and uttered with extreme difficulty. The last few words should be gasped rather than spoken. An effective way is to throw out nearly all the breath from the lungs, then it is impossible to speak without great effort and the desired tone is the only one you can produce. This is quite exhausting, but it renders the piece life-like and vivid.

DRUNKARD.—We seldom find a selection containing an inebriated character that is worthy of being given before an audience, and even then the disgusting details are so revolting that it is best to aim below the mark. Like an otherwise good piece sprinkled with profanity, it is usually best to throw it aside as worthless. *Bosbyshell's Confession* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1 is unobjectionable, if not overacted, and it has the merit of possessing point that will take with any audience.

YANKEE.—Yankee pieces require a nasal drawl and general carelessness in pronunciation. When well written the spelling is a good index of the manner in which they should be given. *Laughing in Meeting* in FENNO'S ELOCUTION is one of the best of this class of pieces.

IRISHMAN.—Those naturally given to imitation will have no trouble with “the brave, broad brogue of the beautiful south.” Listen to a jovial native of the old country and get his style and accent. A few points to be noticed are these: Use short quantity, striking the syllables with a sharp percussive stroke, speaking each quickly and cutting off the sound abruptly; roll or trill all *r*'s when they follow a vowel, which is never permissible in English; pronounce long *o* like *ow*, ‘old’ *owld*, ‘roll’ *rowl*, ‘soul’ *sowl*, etc.; short *i* nearly like long *e*, ‘tin’ *teen*, etc.; *er* like *ar*, ‘serve’ *sarve*, etc.; short *e* like short *i*, ‘well’ *will*, etc.; long *e* like long *a*, ‘beat’ *bate*, etc.; short *a* like short *o*, ‘man’ *mon*, etc.

Our literature is plentifully supplied with Irish pieces, and they are almost universally good. The Irish possess peculiar national traits that furnish almost unlimited material, and this has been seized upon and wrought into a vast number of pieces suitable for the speaker's art. The greater portion of these are humorous, but *Shamus O'Brien* stands high as a stirring yet pathetic production, and *Erin's Flag* as a piece of bold impassioned eloquence.

GERMAN.—Listening to the conversation of a native German will be of greater assistance in assuming this character than any books can possibly be, unless you take up the study of the language, which is far better. Accent and style can be learned only by use of the ear. A few points should be attended to, viz.: *W* is sounded like *v*, ‘wait’ *vait*, etc.; *th* hard like *d*, ‘that’ *dot*, etc.; *th* at end of a word like *t*, ‘health’ *helt*, etc.; *b* like *p* and *d* like *t*, ‘bad’ *pat*, etc.; *v* like *f*, ‘never’ *nefer*, etc.; *j* like *y*, ‘Jacob’ *Yahcup*, etc.; *k* has a guttural sound best represented by *kh*; *r* is always rolled or roughly trilled when followed by a vowel, and words of one syllable often sounded as though possessing two, ‘out’ *ow-et*, etc.

SCOTCHMAN.—“Scotch pieces afford readers a good opportunity. They are not very difficult, and impersonation is secured while a high degree of elevated sentiment and often religious thought is found in them. Listen to a native Scotchman, if possible, and you will catch the dialect. Beginners will do well to attend to four points, viz.: 1. Always pronounce *a* as in *far*. 2. Use short quantity on all vowel sounds; that is, cut off all

words short as possible, but it is not necessary to read *fast* to do this. 3. Roll or trill the *r* when it comes after a vowel. 4. Pronounce all elisions (*o'*, *i'*, *a'*, etc.) exactly as those letters would be sounded if the word had been printed in full."—FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1, page 98.

NEGRO.—It has been claimed by some elocutionists that Negro impersonation should never be attempted because it is so coarse. This would bar out many pieces that possess much humor, true originality and genuine philosophy. These are far too valuable to lose and we shall never consent to their banishment. If any audience can resist *Sunday Fishin'* when well given, or if people generally cry out "Coarse!" "Vulgar!" at the manner in which any Negro piece is rendered by a sensible, refined gentleman or lady, we shall see some force in the objection. To be sure a degree of coarseness exists, but is not half so offensive as the writings of a dozen authors whose productions are daily heard from the platform. The Negro has the disadvantage of possessing thick lips, which give him a coarse utterance, but we often hear from people who have neglected to cultivate their enunciation sounds equally inharmonious. The Negro pronounces 'far' *fah*, 'hear' *heah*, 'better' *bettah*, etc. Exactly so does the educated belle of aristocratic Kentucky and the cultured lady from Boston.

DIALOGUE.—It often happens that two characters appear in dialogue. In such pieces the reader or speaker should always turn slightly to the right when one speaks and to the left as the other replies. This will keep the two distinct in the minds of the audience when otherwise there might be confusion; and the change of speaker is thereby marked by the manner as well as by the voice, one assisting the other. In such reading the explanatory portion should be spoken directly to the front. An example will illustrate:

[*Right.*] "What can you see on my face?"

[*Front.*] He looked at her for a second, and said timidly:

[*Left.*] "Freckl——"

[*Right.*] "Nursling!" [*Front.*] she shrieked; [*Right.*] "had you the soulful eyes of a free man, you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter day!"—*The Emancipation of Man.* (See FENNO'S FAVORITES, No. 1.)

When a piece of narration has but one character, it is best to turn to the side every time he speaks and give all the narrative portion, of course, directly to the front. When changes are frequent or long continued, it is necessary only to turn the face; so many changes of position of the body would be wearisome.

EMOTIONS.—In pieces where no character is represented there are sentences which, to give with best effect, require the speaker or reader to assume certain emotions—for example, fear, joy, revenge or malice. In such cases it is necessary to impersonate a frightened person, joyous person, revengeful person or malicious person. If fright is to be depicted, the reader, not being frightened, must imitate a person who is thoroughly scared. This, too, is impersonation.

CULTURE OF THE VOICE.

THE voice should be cultivated for reading and speaking as well as for singing. A clear, pure, agreeable tone charms the listener, though he may not be able to tell wherein lies the peculiar element of fascination. There is something in a clearly-cut, well-articulated voice that speaks of refinement, something in fine modulations that tells of high intelligence, something in a full, rich, round, resonant voice that expresses a noble character. We cannot help judging a man by his tone; some voices impress us at once with their puerility, others by their majesty. Neither can we disguise the voice. A man emaciated by sickness cannot employ a strong, firm, vigorous tone, nor can a person whose mind is weakened or whose conscience is seared with vice often express himself in a tone that commands respect.

In improving the mind, therefore, and developing the character, let us never neglect to cultivate the voice as well, that a symmetrical man or woman may be the result, and not a person whose voice, disfigured by habit or nature, constantly detracts from other attainments. The voice certainly reflects what we are, but not perfectly until it is developed along with the general growth of the mental and moral man.

In cultivating the voice we should direct our attention to various elements, viz : Strength, Purity, Compass, Agreeableness, Resonance, Flexibility, Distinctness and Accuracy, Brilliancy, Adaptation and Fervor.

STRENGTH.—This is best secured by the possession of a healthy and vigorous body; indeed, a firm tone can rarely be attained without it. But many an athlete owns a comparatively weak voice from the fact that exercises which develop the body do not, except indirectly, strengthen the voice. To improve the tone, use exercises specially adapted to that end. Rowing assists

the voice about as walking exercises the muscles of the arms. Whatever portion of the body is to be developed, exercises should be used with the special object of strengthening that part, and neglect to employ vocal drill is the reason of the prevalence of weak voices.

To strengthen the tone, then, attend to the physical health. Secure vigor and elasticity of body, and practice exercises that will gradually increase the power of voice. Take, for instance, the word *a* and pronounce it gently at first, then with more force with each repetition until you reach your limit of tone. Then take *I, owe, you* and other sounds or words, and, after these, sentences, beginning with short ones and afterward repeating verses and longer sentences with full force of voice. Now, take some stirring, impassioned selection from Shakespeare or anywhere in literature, and give it, gradually increasing the force and volume of tone. The stately lines of Shakespeare and Milton are, perhaps, the best for this drill. Do not engage in it too long at a time, but stop at the first sense of weariness. Frequent practice of this kind cannot fail to strengthen the voice; but notice the other elements (quality, etc.), or you may be developing an undesirable tone. Remember, too, not to strain the voice, or you may injure it. (The exercises on pages 57 to 62, FENNO'S ELOCUTION, will be found valuable.)

Female voices, in general, are particularly lacking in the element of strength. There is no reason why a lady should not be distinctly heard in a large hall, neither is it at all unladylike for her to speak so clearly as to be thus heard.

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength;
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant,"—

wrote Shakespeare, and it may also be said that it is excellent for a lady to be able to use a clear, dignified voice of proper volume, and this will give to her conversation an added charm. We would not destroy the gentleness, purity and sweetness of her tone, but would add to it a power that it often does not possess.

PURITY.—But few natural voices retain their purity up to the age of manhood. Children's tones are pure, but in after years, they are too often found to be harsh and unmelodious, sometimes

rasping and occasionally gruff, frequently indistinct, often possessing a nasal twang more or less marked, many times aspirated and in a large proportion of cases "throaty."

The quality or timbre of the voice gives character to the expression, and we should aim at a round, full, dignified tone. No two voices possess exactly the same quality, but all should be pure. If the vowel sounds alone could be listened to in a perfectly pure voice, they would be found exceedingly musical, while those in an impure voice would be harsh and discordant.

To secure purity in the vowel sounds, practice with a lighted candle directly in front of the lips. The more musical and reverberatory the sound the less will the flame be agitated by the breath. Practice sentences, paying particular attention to the musical sound of vowels. Use this sentence, prolonging the italicized sounds to great length and preserving a clear musical tone:

"Rejoice, you men of Angiers! ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach—
Open your gates, and give the victors way!"

Or this: (Very high pitch) "To the deep!" (Very low pitch) "To the deep!" (Very high) "Down." (Very low) "Down."

The Creeds of the Bells will be found an excellent selection for practice.

COMPASS.—Though the voice be strong and powerful and possess all purity, if it be limited to a narrow range of tone, it will prove inadequate to the demands often made upon it in reading and speaking. It should possess great compass and range from light to heavy, very low to very high, etc. The natural voice seldom has sufficient compass for all forms of reading, and the speaker or learner should put forth much effort to improve in this regard. Language of awe, solemnity or grandeur requires a low-pitched voice, while joy and exultation call for a high-pitched tone. A well-trained voice readily responds to these constantly changing requirements, but the uncultured one can often give but an imperfect rendering of the thought because of its inability to adapt itself to the sentiment.

To secure greater compass of the voice use the following sentence in a monotone, repeating it again and again, each time with

higher pitch, until you have reached your limit; then give it with lower and lower pitch, taking care that a pure tone be preserved:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold,
Satan exalted sat." (*Repeat with different pitch.*)

AGREEABLENESS.—Ever study to reach the acme of smoothness, sweetness, richness and agreeableness of voice, realizing the influence which such a voice exerts upon all who listen to it. It reflects a genial nature, serene mind and an untroubled conscience. It is a well-spring of joy in the home, a resistless power of eloquence in the pulpit or at the bar, and cash capital to the business man, for its magical influence wins friends and is one of the surest passports to success. With its vast importance in mind, neglect nothing that will render your voice more agreeable and pleasing. This will give a charm to your conversation, though in reading you should often lay it aside for a rugged tone more in harmony with the stern thoughts that you may be called upon to express.

RESONANCE.—Some voices are clear and pleasing, yet lacking in dignity and character. The chest should vibrate in speech, the air in that reservoir being set in agitation by the vocal cords. Like the violin or Æolian harp, the reverberation of sound within it produces the resonance and richness of tone. The public speaker who employs chest-resonance can speak easily and with great character in his tones, while he who endeavors to talk in public with a throat or head-tone soon wearies himself and his audience; his words do not carry that conviction with them that they might, and he often, by overstraining the larynx, lays the foundation for bronchitis and "clergyman's sore throat."

Give the three sounds: *ave, ah, ee*. The first is a chest-tone, the second a throat-tone, the last a head-tone. Now place the finger upon the breast-bone and continue giving the three sounds followed by other sounds, sentences, etc., until you can produce them easily with chest-resonance or great vibration of air in the chest cavity, which can be perceived by the finger, while the voice has

added body and power. Distinguish between chest-resonance and chest-tone, for *ce* is a head-tone even when given with chest resonance.

If a tuning-fork be sounded, a musical instrument keyed to the same note will instantly begin to play and re-enforce the sound. Sing various notes near a large glass jar (or cylinder or even a steel bar or saw blade) capable of emitting a musical sound, and the moment you give the proper note the jar will in a clear ringing tone re-enforce your voice. In this manner the large resonance-box of the lungs will re-enforce the notes uttered by the vocal cords. Attune the cavity of the mouth with the throat and the chest, and a full, clear voice marked by chest-resonance will result.

FLEXIBILITY.—The flexible voice is the expressive voice. It has in it many slides and pictures the finest shades of meaning. Women's voices are naturally more flexible than men's, therefore, more expressive. Every one should cultivate both strength and flexibility, employing each where the thought requires it. The monotone is the stately vehicle for conveying power. A strong passage often demands the monotone in its rendering when a merely expressive voice would weaken it. Flexibility of tone may be termed the natural language of the intellect, strength and stateliness of voice the language of the physical man.

To acquire flexibility practice the slides and circumflex. Give the vowels in the form of question and answer, thus: A? A. E? E. I? I. O? O. U? U.; then with full emphatic slides, thus: A', A', E', E', etc., with ordinary and emphatic rising and falling circumflex, thus: \bar{A} , \hat{A} , \tilde{E} , \hat{E} , etc. *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I, Scene III., affords good drill. Use this and similar sentences:

"Should I not say

'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'"

DISTINCTNESS AND ACCURACY.—Without either of these no voice can be regarded as cultivated or even well adapted to use in public. It must be sharply cut and well defined in order to be easily heard and understood. You should make the listener hear without an effort on his part. If he is kept busy in trying to catch the sounds, he cannot give his attention to the thought. Again, the sounds should be correct, that you do not offend the sensitive ear. You wish to be considered a lady or gentleman of refinement and culture; remember that inaccuracies of speech arise either from carelessness or ignorance and are a good test of real refinement.

Practice the sentences under Articulation in any of the school readers, or any selection in this book. Much of value can be found on pages 21-24 and 75-81 of FENNO'S ELOCUTION, with fine exercises for drill. For accuracy use this sentence: "He adds fourths and sixths with greatest skill."

BRILLIANCY.—There is a certain brightness or flash termed brilliancy of tone that distinguishes a really fine musical instrument from a poor one. This is also found in the voice and is a most valuable quality. Some have it naturally, the direct outcome from a sunshiny heart and genial nature. The eyes beam and flash, the face glows and the tone fairly sparkles with life and vivacity. It is something that cannot be acquired except by a cultivation of what lies back of it. Sprightliness and dash come from health and vigor of the physical body; so the light, merry heart, the active mind and the noble, expansive soul will in their free exercise give a brave, strong, bright tone which, it has been truly said, can be equalled by no music beneath the skies.

Lack of brilliancy in the voice may come from the sounds being formed too far back in the mouth. Seem to throw the tone forward and remember that the will, the physical and mental condition have much to do with the quality of sound produced. Practice this exercise:

"Ye bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me."

ADAPTATION.—The voice should always be in perfect harmony with the thought rendered. To read without changes of tone and manner is as much out of place as to play upon the organ using no care as to whether the notes accord or not. As the bass note is frequently and rapidly changed to preserve harmony of sound, so should the reader's manner and tone adapt themselves to the ever-varying sentiment. To illustrate.

“ Oh ! Mona's waters are blue and bright
When the sun shines out like a gay young lover ;
But Mona's waves are dark as night
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.”

In this the first two lines are given with light voice and natural rate, the next two heavy voice and natural rate, the next two natural voice and fast rate, the last two natural voice and slow rate. To read all with one voice or rate would be incorrect. Yet all through nearly every piece of prose or poetry are found these changes, and not one reader in a dozen marks the transition with its appropriate change of expression. The voice should ever stand ready to adapt its pitch, force, rate, stress and quality to each line and word exactly as required by the sense.

FERVOR.—It has been said that few speakers dare to acquit themselves with pathos and fervor, and this is emphatically true of reading. To give best expression to language it is necessary to feel what one is saying and express it in the most natural and effective manner. When the heart is full the lips are eloquent ; when the whole being is fired with enthusiasm and energy no art is required to teach the eye to flash, the tongue to form appropriate words, and the entire body to speak in gesture and manner. What we need is to work ourselves up to the point of earnestness and sympathy with our subject, then the soul can speak in fiery words of irresistible force, and our fervor will give to expression a reality and vividness that will move the hearer to smiles or tears at will. This is highest art.

READING.

THE late Prof. John S. Hart, LL.D., said: "There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this because it is a thing so very much neglected, and because it is so elegant and charming an accomplishment. Where one person is really interested in music twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skillful musician twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent there are twenty for that of good reading."

WHAT IS READING? Reading is of two kinds—Silent Reading and Reading Aloud. Silent Reading is the process of thought-gathering from the printed or written page. Reading Aloud includes besides the act of thought-gathering the oral expression of that thought in the exact words of the book.

SILENT READING.—Since nine-tenths of our reading belongs to this class, a few words regarding it will be pertinent. The best reader is he who rapidly takes in the subject matter and remembers it longest. He should be observing and analytic, seizing upon the more important facts or arguments. He should be able candidly to weigh statements and deductions in order to ascertain whether they accord with his own preconceived ideas; by this means he may discriminate between fact and falsehood, or true and false reasoning and conclusions. He should be willing to learn when uninformed, to become convinced when in error, but not to be led aside by specious reasoning.

In the mechanical act of reading the reader should be

able to take in a whole sentence or clause at a glance. No one accustomed to silent reading finds it necessary to move the lips during the process.

WHAT TO READ.—Richardson, in an excellent work says: "To *know* one good book well is better than to know something *about* a hundred good books at second hand."

"All books," said Ruskin, "are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good books for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther. The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day; whether worth keeping or not is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time; but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and road and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be,

in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read.' A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it; he is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this is the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another; my life was as the vapor and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' This is his 'writing;' it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a 'book.'"

READING ALOUD.—In reading aloud care should be taken that the ideas are correctly grasped by the reader and the entire and precise meaning given. The tone of voice should be clear and pleasing, the manner agreeable, and the mood varying with the sentiment. Except in very serious language or on grave occasions, the characters should be imitated in the voice, as this gives a reality and naturalness to the picture.

In listening to readers we readily distinguish three classes, the first being

MECHANICAL READERS.—These simply pronounce the words without giving attention either to the meaning

or the sentiment. A wooden figure could be constructed with keys, cords and pulleys that would do the same, yet how many such readers do we often hear!

INTELLIGENT READERS.—These give the words and the sense with the proper accentuation, modulation and pauses, but are like an artist's autumn landscape sketch in black and white—they lack the color that gives naturalness to the picture.

EMOTIONAL READERS.—These enter into the spirit of a selection and convey feeling as well as meaning.

The true test of reading or speaking is this: Does it fill the listener with the subject and *move* him? Demosthenes' oratory fired his hearers to go and fight Philip. The successful preacher not simply argues and enlightens but *convicts* and *converts*. The flowery speech and the well-modulated voice please, but they do not arouse to action. When truth leaps from heart to heart, like lightning from cloud to mountain peak, then reading or oratory is at its best. No mere intellectual effort can produce such results. Such oratory comes from the heart. The fire of argument, the vividness of description, the re-enactment of scenes and portrayal of incidents are made real only by a proper sympathy of feeling on the part of the reader.

To read intelligently is not enough; it convinces, but does not move. Re-enforced by fervor, pathos if need be, you convey not only the thought but the feeling that prompted the thought. This is true reading—sympathetic, effective.

READING IN PUBLIC.

THE art of pleasing an audience is one in which many fail and many less gifted succeed. A thorough knowledge of elocution is the greatest help to success in this, but it is not all. The person should have a natural aptitude, the best of judgment, a knowledge of man in general and of his audience in particular. He must have a taking selection well rendered, with good impersonations if any are attempted. Here the natural imitator, or mimic, often excels, though he may be only an indifferent reader. Naturalness should be the aim, for it is true that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

CHOICE OF SELECTION.—The selection should be chosen with reference to the audience and the occasion. A reader's success is often due largely to his happy choice in this regard, as a lecture often draws or a book sells by a taking title. As a rule, seek for something new, though a cultured audience will take kindly to anything, however old, by an artistic reader. Impersonations just now lead all other styles in public favor, as is shown by the *repertoires* of our best entertainers. Anything containing a peculiar intonation, echo, or other startling effect, or snatch of song, if well done, always pleases. If on a programme with others, endeavor to have something of a different character from the other performances. Public readings are nearly always memorized; audiences prefer them, and committed selections are always better recited.

REQUISITES.—The requisites of a public performance are a pleasing and adequate voice, easy delivery, clear enunciation, natural gestures, keen appreciation of the author's meaning, sympathy with the subject, a reliable memory, self-confidence, an absolute knowledge of per-

fect preparation, familiarity with elocutionary *technique*, and power to command the attention of the audience and win its sympathy and applause.

PREPARATION.—Select your piece as long as possible before appearing, master it thoroughly as to meaning and manner of rendering, commit it well so as to make it in reality a part of yourself. Familiarize yourself with every inflection, gesture and change of position, and, if possible, with the room in which you are to appear. Tune the voice privately as soon as possible before commencing to speak.

THE PERFORMANCE.—Be deliberate—not hasty. Begin too low rather than too high, and increase as you proceed. Speak to those upon the back seats rather than to those directly in front of you at the start—this insures fuller tones. In manner, be deferential—not arrogant, and varied in style—not monotonous. Gain the attention and sympathy of your audience at first, and afterward show that you are deserving of both. Try to make a climax at the close, if the selection will admit. In facial expression use your judgment, but let the countenance always reflect the sentiment and never remain passive in an animated delivery.

THE ENCORE.—Provide a second or third short selection to give if recalled. Always choose something with a point. Do not reappear at the first suggestion of an *encore*, as that will prove you too eager.

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.—When the character of the selection will admit, a fine effect is often produced by a light musical accompaniment. Much practice however, is required and great care should be taken to preserve harmony and time. Such selections as *Nearer to Thee*, *The Drummer-Boy of Kent*, *The Monks' Magnificat*, *Death of Garfield*, *The Old Continentals*, *The Challenge*, *Burdock's Music-Box*, *The Catholic Psalm*, and perhaps one or two others in this volume may thus be given with fine effect.

THE MISSION OF SPEECH.

OF the animate forms with which we are acquainted, nearly all are provided with a voice, but Man only is furnished with the power of producing articulate speech. Parrots, however, talk ; this is not speech, but simply the exercise of their power of imitation.

The brute creation seem to enjoy the privilege of expressing their satisfaction, dislike or affection by certain vocal manifestations, but this cannot properly be termed speech, as no ideas can be conveyed, but simply a state of feeling. As many animals possess all the organs of voice and of articulate expression, it is easily seen that speech is reserved for that class of beings who have mentality and judgment ; hence, we must consider it an exalted gift to Man as the superior creation.

In the possession of mind and speech, then, we differ from the lower organisms ; and the possession of these two "talents" implies a responsibility in their cultivation and development. No one denies that the improvement of the mind is a moral duty resting upon all, but with the voice few recognize the same existing obligation. Candid thought will convince everyone that vocal culture is as desirable as any other physical or mental attainment.

By a careless and almost criminal oversight, the ear

is allowed to be constantly assailed by a degree of coarseness and inelegance in the voice that would be tolerated in no other department of the physical or mentaleconomy, and we have become so familiar with uncouth speech that it falls upon the ear with its extreme offensiveness unnoticed. If all recognized the fact that we owe to our neighbor a distinct, clear-cut articulation as well as a cordial shake of the hand, the result would at once be apparent. Slovenliness of voice should always be classed with slouchiness of manner. It has been well said that words should fall from the lips as new coins fresh from the mint, properly stamped, and each of due weight and proportion.

Speech is the great medium of communication between individuals, and so closely is it related to our inmost nature that the vehicle which conveys our thoughts from us to another is also the grand supporter of life itself, and, if we were deprived of this vocal medium, the air, death would be the instant result. Let us for one moment ponder the thought that this great atmospheric ocean which surrounds us, in constant vibration from thousands of throats, is constantly furnishing us the life-sustaining oxygen, and, as it relieves the body of the ashes of our existence laden with the poisonous seeds of disease and death, is continually bearing upon its freighted wings all the expressions of joy, love, hope and tenderness of which the human voice is capable.

Aside from the use of speech in conversation, the voice is employed in reading, and the difference between read-

ing and ordinary conversation is so slight that all rules governing the one concern the other, with this distinction: in reading, ideas are obtained from the printed page, and the reader is compelled to give expression to them by the use of words which may not be the same words which he would employ were he not guided by a book. Practically, the use of unfamiliar words and forms in reading is the only real distinction between it and conversation, and, when the reader acquires a mastery of such words and forms, the two acts are identical. A "reading voice," as distinct from a conversational voice, is a term that should have no necessity for a place in the English language.

The habit of assuming a false or monotonous tone in reading may usually be traced to false instruction given in primary school days; and the use of an unpleasant, impure voice, in nine cases out of ten, may be followed to the same source.

No two persons possess voices alike in all respects, owing to a difference in size or shape of the vocal and articulate organs, or to a different manner of using them; and, differing as widely one from another, each person has an individual style of expression, which is designated his elocution, or manner of speaking. We may possess either a good or a poor elocution. To acquire a good elocution, it is necessary to pay attention to the *voice* as the basis of all speech, and, by means of vocal drill, to render it strong and agreeable and to place it under control. This done, we must study the *principles* upon

which correct enunciation rests; and, lastly, obtain a mastery over our emotional faculties.

Elocution as a study is the science and art of true vocal expression. The art once acquired, it may be applied to simple conversation as well as to forensic declamation, to pathos as well as to tragedy. It is as valuable in the home circle as in the lecture-room; it is an equal acquisition to the business man and the public speaker; it is indispensable to the pulpit as well as to the stage. A mistaken idea prevails that the study of elocution is confined merely to the tragic, the dramatic, and the theatrical. This idea arises from the fact that elocution is too often degraded into a theatrical form to entrap the ear of the masses, who expect something startling, monstrous and exciting—tinsel merely, not the gold of true expression.

That elocution may be carried into the theatre is no argument why it should always be of a dramatic form, and it is a deplorable fact that even in the pulpit we too often perceive a false style not at all in harmony with the simple majesty of the truth. When the world recognizes the universal adaptation of the principles of expression, then, not before, will the study take its proper place in American education.

He who possesses the best thoughts should strive to present them in his best manner, and he whose thoughts are poorest should employ even a better style in order to render them presentable. Hence, it devolves upon every one to improve his manner of communication with

his kindred. An improved style will suggest better thoughts, and as so much of our happiness if not existence itself depends upon a conveyance of our ideas, cultivation in this direction will certainly make us happier, nobler and better. This cultivation will necessitate the separation of the wheat from the chaff, the true from the false; and when we have removed and cast away the incumbrance—the outer coating—of that which is artificial, that has accumulated through years of contact with error until our own individuality has been partially or wholly lost, there will remain the natural gem, free from all impurities, with all its qualities of richness and value. Natural expression is the key to all utterance except in impersonations, but it can be reached only by casting away from our own individuality all that is foreign to it.

That no false impression may arise, it will be well to exemplify the foregoing statement by an illustration. A person who always uses the monotone in reading or speaking does so habitually, not naturally; that is, the practice results from an acquired habit, and he does not give to thought its natural expression, but an unnatural, artificial utterance. He who is accustomed to a conversational style must break away from it in the expression of dramatic language, and he whose manner is declamatory must depart from it in simple description or narration. To make all elocution conversational is as great an error as to render it all dramatic. All phases of thought require appropriate expression—the simple and pathetic, the impassioned and vehement. Let all be

true to nature—to our highest nature—and not dwarfed by unnaturalness of habit.

It is only by means of true elocution, as here defined, that orators are enabled to move their audiences—to produce in them smiles or tears at will. It was this that gave Demosthenes the power of rousing his Grecian countrymen and firing them with a desire to “go and fight Philip;” it was this which caused Mark Antony to move the iron-hearted Romans to tears over the body of the assassinated Cæsar. This caused the intellectual fire of Webster and Clay to communicate itself to every one who caught the words of burning eloquence that fell from their lips.

In view of these facts, that speech is a divine gift to Man, that its possession implies its cultivation, that it is a universal means of communication, that by its use we can most easily reach the minds and hearts of those with whom we are placed in contact, that when properly employed it is one of the greatest instruments of good—let us resolve so to use this faculty that we may secure our own happiness and the advancement physically, mentally and morally of those around us, and the highest mission of this priceless gift will have been accomplished.—*Extract from Lecture on “The Human Voice,”* by FRANK H. FENNO.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

IF you have children under your charge, or boys and girls who have almost reached manhood and womanhood, it is your duty to give them the best possible preparation for active life which your circumstances will permit. In the nineteenth century an education is so easily acquired that every one may take advantage of the opportunities presented in our schools, and no thinking parent should allow anything to prevent his children from enjoying all the facilities there afforded. Let us ask whether a common and high-school education is all that should be provided for our rising generation. With all deference to the public school system, no one can deny that it is impossible for an ordinary school course to reach that degree of completeness which might be desired. In elocution, especially, is this often noticeable. Of course, reading is taught in all schools, though we must admit that it is neglected in many, or made to give place to the other branches to the extent that a majority of our school graduates, though passing rigid examinations in Latin, geometry and history, are poor readers; and it is well-known that we are a nation of indifferent readers and speakers. This state of things arises from the fact that our teachers, as a rule, have not had special advantages in the training and use of the human voice. But we see a gradual improvement in this respect. Many teachers are beginning to realize the deficiency, and in colleges of elocution are making special efforts to reach a high position

of excellence in the art. We are glad to see a change in this direction, but, as pupils can not wait for the reform to result beneficially to them, they are beginning to take advantage of the opportunities afforded, and improve their voices at the same time that they improve their minds.

The study of elocution, as properly taught, is comprehensive in its scope, embracing not only the culture of the voice for reading, making fine and effective readers, but the development of the same voice for public speaking, giving an easy and graceful delivery. In addition to this, however, is something generally overlooked, though of great importance—the culture of the voice aside from its use in reading and public speaking. It is well to be a charming reader, it is better to be an eloquent speaker, but these are not all the advantages arising from a knowledge of elocution. Vocal culture is of great value, because of its beneficial influence upon the body. It calls into action a set of organs that can be reached in no other way. Gymnastic exercise (rowing, for example,) strengthens the muscles of the arms and chest, but is not the best exercise for expanding and strengthening the lungs. Because the lungs are in the chest is no reason why they are raised to their highest perfection by the exercise which develops the chest. The lungs are acted upon by other muscles, and these are brought into active play by vocal exercise only. Hence these muscles are developed and the lungs are expanded and strengthened. Nor is this all. The lungs are in-

timately related to the other vital organs of the body, and these are so in sympathy with one another that growth and renewed vitality in one exerts a powerful influence over the others. The circulation is improved, digestion rendered more perfect, and, in fact, there is a marked change throughout the system.

Elocution, as properly taught, adds grace and ease to the manners, freedom to the movement and elegance to the carriage. It renders the mind stronger, more perceptive and discriminative, and gives added confidence and manliness. Taken in its highest phase, it is the education of the soul, teaching it perfect expression through the channels of human utterance. It radiates from its temple, the human body; speaks with the hands; is read in the attitudes and movements; beams through its window, the eye; drops in golden cadences from its portals, the lips; is reflected from its mirror, the human face. Thus does the soul send forth its wealth of thought from the brain, its royal throne. When educating and drilling and training the voice in its grand capabilities, may we not feel that it is a truly divine process of shaping, purifying and ennobling the soul itself by improving and polishing its outward expression?

Part II

Dialogues

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS

FOR THE SUCCESSFUL

PRESENTATION OF DIALOGUES.

FOR the home circle, the last day of school, literary and debating societies, as well as for Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, and other gatherings, short plays are often acceptable. For the successful presentation of these, a few directions may be found of service.

THE STAGE.—If possible, plays should be given from a raised platform, so all in the audience may have an unobstructed view. The height of the stage should be determined by the size of the room. If small, a few inches will answer, but a room fifty feet long requires a stage at least four feet high. This being arranged, a curtain should be provided.

THE CURTAIN.—This may be of any material that suits the fancy and the purse, though some quiet color is best. It may have small rings sewed along its upper edge to run upon a wire stretched across the room; or two curtains may be arranged to meet in the middle, and be drawn to the right and left by a boy on each side, out of sight of the audience. A better way, however, is to have a drop-curtain to rise and fall as the scene changes; this can be easily managed by tacking, at the top, a roller to which a pulley is fastened, around which a cord is wound. Such an arrangement allows the curtain to work easily and

smoothly. Another plan is to run several cords from bottom to top of the curtain, inside, catching them by loops at short intervals. These cords unite at the top and pass over a pulley. When they are drawn the curtain rises and hangs in graceful festoons. Cords and tassels add much to the appearance.

When plays are acted in a parlor with folding-doors, no curtain is needed.

BACKGROUND.—A background is not necessary when ordinary in-door scenes are presented, for the wall of the room, with chairs, etc., will be sufficient, but in many instances it is needed. A little practice, if you are somewhat accustomed to the use of the brush, will enable you to paint a passable background. Take some picture for a copy and attempt the boldest outlines, merely, paying particular attention to the perspective. The slope of a hill, or a lake with mountains beyond and blue sky above, will answer for an out-door view; a row of houses running back will give a good street scene. In exterior views let the carpet on the stage be green, avoiding the incongruity of a background of trees set with a foreground of red carpet.

When several scenes are to be presented, it is better to tack the backgrounds to light frames arranged to run in a groove at the top. These frames slide to either side and thus the scene can be quickly changed, even while the front curtain is raised. It is best to have each scene mounted on two frames meeting in the centre, so they can be drawn or opened from the middle outward. These are usually called flats. A centre entrance is often formed by cutting a door through one of the flats.

FOOTLIGHTS.—To secure a better illumination a row of small lamps is often placed along the front of the stage, with a tin reflector between each and the audience. These reflectors may consist simply of a curved piece of tin with a socket at the bottom for holding the candle.

EFFECTS.—Many striking effects may easily be produced that will add much to the success of a performance. Thunder is imitated by vigorously shaking a large piece of thin sheet-iron to produce the rattle; a bass-drum can be made to closely resemble the

muttering of a storm, and, both together, will produce the crash. *Lightning* is imitated by blowing a handful of powdered resin through the flame of a lamp. The *sound of rain* is imitated by a revolving drum filled with peas or shot, which strike among a number of small pegs driven for the purpose, or by alternately raising and lowering the end of a long box containing peas, the bottom stuck full of pegs. *Snow* is represented by small pieces of paper dropped from above. *Mist* is imitated by allowing a curtain of thin white gauze or mosquito netting to hang in front of the performers. *Vanishing a scene* is effected by dropping thin curtains of gauze one after another. *Colored fires* are often employed in tableaux, etc. Burning a little alcohol upon thoroughly dried nitrate of strontian in an iron vessel gives a crimson light; upon nitrate of barytes, a yellow flame; boracic acid or nitrate of copper, a green light; on muriate of copper, an orange color. In these great care should be taken. A *wizard flame* for supernatural effects is produced by burning a solution of alcohol or oil and common salt, but all other lights in the room should be turned down. This gives a sallow, deathly hue to every face and dulls nearly every color. *High lights* are produced by placing at the side of the stage a lamp in a box lined with tin, the light directed upon any desired part of the stage or scenery.

REHEARSALS.—After the parts are well committed, rehearsals should be held to fix the whole firmly in the mind and to secure ease in postures and acting. If possible, obtain the services of a competent critic to drill in modulation and naturalness of manner. Position upon the stage throughout should be attended to that the players may not interfere with one another, and that the grouping be artistic and pleasing. Every detail of the acting should be carefully practised.

PROMPTER.—At every performance some one with a book should act as prompter and stage manager. He should see that the scenes are properly arranged, the properties in order, and, with a bell, should ring up the curtain and signal for it to fall.

REPRESENTATION.—In acting the player should study to assume the identity of the character taken, and to do this suc-

cessfully often requires that he lay aside, to some extent, his own personality. He should continually be on his guard that the representation be life-like. The gait, manner, and voice must be changed, oftentimes, to suit the character, and the acting must be kept up steadily to the end. The success of a play greatly depends upon the varied characteristics of the players, and each should endeavor to make his part as distinct from the others as possible, except in commonplace colloquy.

Every player should enter into the scenes with spirit, and strive to bring out all that is in them; every situation should appear natural and not pre-arranged; every presentation should appear a page of real life, with its joys, perplexities, and victories, and the player who makes it appear most real succeeds the best. Playing receives just condemnation when it depicts phases of life that are low.

Care should be taken that the voice is sufficiently loud for every one in the audience to hear distinctly. The "asides" should be spoken so all in the room may understand, but with the face averted from those upon the stage, who are not expected to know what is said.

It is often difficult to know exactly what to do with yourself upon the stage while others are speaking. Assume an easy manner, appearing to join in conversation with those near you, or, if the dialogue be animated, show your interest in what is being said; but never attract the attention of the audience toward yourself when another is speaking, unless the play expressly calls for such demonstration upon your part, as in this way many a fine performance is marred.

COSTUMES.—In ordinary domestic scenes, costumes are rarely needed, but whenever they would add to the success of a dialogue they should be employed. The elegance of the dress, or its plainness, will depend altogether upon the character to be represented and the taste of the performer. Bear in mind, however, that great expense is not essential to an attractive and showy dress.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.—Make the interval between scenes as short as possible, that the audience may not be wearied. Music should usually be introduced at this point.

TABLEAUX.—Sometimes it is thought advisable to fill up a portion of the evening, or the time between acts, with tableaux, pantomimes, etc. Tableaux require some care in arranging, but are very effective. Allegorical and other subjects may be chosen, the figures properly posed so as to make a tasty picture, and the curtain drawn for an instant only. *Statuary* tableaux representing single figures or groups, neatly draped in white and brightly illuminated, are very pretty. In all tableaux, of course, the figures must remain perfectly immovable when in view of the audience.

PANTOMIMES.—In these the story is acted out by signs and gestures, not a word being spoken. Ingenious players can make it a realistic, and if desired, very laughable performance. Take some familiar subject, such as "Washington and His Hatchet," "Bluebeard," "William Tell," etc. Or take some well-known play and enact the most striking scenes.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.—Suspend a white curtain between players and audience, and place a strong light upon the floor back of the performers, thus throwing their shadows upon the screen. Turn down all other lights in the room. Much amusement may be created by allowing the actors to enter and retire by leaping over the lamps, the appearance upon the curtain then being that of players dropping from above and rising through the ceiling.

ACTING BALLADS.—A fine entertainment consists in actors expressing, in pantomime, that which is sung by a concealed singer, with instrumental accompaniment. The singing should be slow, the acting perfect and in exact time to the music. Many pleasing effects may be introduced into this performance.

THE GOBLIN CREW.—Hang a white curtain in front of the stage and a black one a little to the rear. Through the latter should be an opening perhaps a foot in size, and in this fit a square of card-board, from which a grotesque figure has been cut. Then let several persons pass behind, each with a lighted lamp. The astonished spectators will then see upon the screen,

in continual motion, a number of goblins, wizards, demons, or whatever else may be shown. The figures should dance to music played upon an organ or piano, and, by turning down the light and at last extinguishing them, one by one, the figures will appear to fade away in a miraculous manner.

SURPRISING EFFECTS may be produced by means of a magic lantern behind the scenes. At the proper time during a play the lights are lowered and various figures, visions, etc., appear, one after another, upon the scenery or the walls. They have all the appearance of supernatural visitations, and with a little care and ingenuity the spectators can be completely mystified. A resinous substance may be burned upon the stage, and in the ascending smoke startling and life-like pictures may be seen. With lever slides in the lantern actual motion can be given to these figures.

THE TALKING HEAD OR MAGICAL MYTH.—Hang the stage with curtains at the sides similar to those at the back, avoiding a large-figured cloth. In the centre of the stage so place a three-legged table that one leg shall be directly in front. Have two mirrors with narrow frames (or better, no frames at all) of such size as will exactly fill in the spaces between the table-legs. A person behind this arrangement will thus be invisible to the audience, the mirrors reflecting the curtains in such a way that the appearance is exactly that of a living head floating in the air, and no one can explain the illusion.



FENNO'S FAVORITES.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

CHARACTERS.

JEMIMA JIMSCOOZLER . . { *An Ancient Maiden Lady, on the
Lookout for a Husband.*
LUCY JIMSCOOZLER JEMIMA's Niece.
BONAPARTE BOGGS . . . { *A Young Man with a Desire to Marry
Somebody.*
DEACON TROTTER { *A Widower, with a Desire to Marry a
Fortune.*

SCENE.—*A Room. JEMIMA and LUCY JIMSCOOZLER
discovered seated and in conversation.*

Jemima. This is an unparalleled and unpropitious evening. It might also be said to be an equatorial borealis and a whillaker.

Lucy. Yes; old Boreas seems to be whispering his tempest tune.

Jem. Old Boreas! Who's that again? I'd like to know. I guess I've read a heap of novels, but I never read nor heard of old Mr. Boreas.

Lucy. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! I think we'll have sleighing if this continues.

Jem. Yes; the snow-flakes are flying through the misty air. They patter against the window-panes, they flirt up against the spouting of the houses; they eddy,

and skurry, and kerwherry through the spectral branches of the trees; and ere long we will hear the merry sleigh-bells, as they go a-jingling o'er hill and dale.

Lucy. Aunt, you are quite poetical in your conversation.

Jem. And isn't it proper that I should be so? There is not enough attention devoted, in these regenerate days, to the poetics and the didactics. If I did not converse with fluability and consanguinity, I would not be honored so frequently with the company of Deacon Trotter. The deacon knows when a person has conversability and philoprogenitiveness; and he is irresistibly attracted by those things. And there's Bonaparte Boggs, he has been coming here frequently of late; and I have no doubt but that it is the volubility of my conversation, my poetic talk, and my iambic, as well as my didactic flow of language, that is urging him on.

Lucy. Why, aunt! I supposed that I was the attraction to Mr. Boggs.

Jem. Good land of Nantucket! The idea is absurdical! Why, Lucy, you are but a child, and Mr. Boggs doesn't wish to converse with infantile persons. He looks higher, and wishes to converse with those who have intellectability and understand the poetics.

Lucy. But, aunt, you shouldn't claim both Deacon Trotter and Mr. Boggs. You ought to allow me one of them.

Jem. Why, what an absurd girl you are! If they are both attracted by my conversability and my knowledge of the dead languages, how can I help it? And it would be the height of impolitability for me to palm off one of them upon you. If they are devoted to me, how can I avoid it? I am helpless, utterly helpless. (*Knock at door.*) Land o' Goshen! who can be wandering around amidst the hullabaloo of the present elementical season? I wonder if it can be Deacon Trotter or Mr. Boggs! And I have not got my best dress on! Fly to the door, Lucy, and do not keep the dear man standing in the midst of the elemental strife. (*Lucy opens the door.*)



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Enter BONAPARTE BOGGS.

Lucy. Good evening, Mr. Boggs.

Bonaparte. Good evenin'.

Jem. (*Advancing, and taking BONAPARTE's hand.*) Good evening, Mr. Boggs. I am dilapidated to see you—yes, even more, I am rejoiced and expostulated. But the roar of the elemental strife! It is a wonder that you withstood and outrode it.

Bona. Yas, it does blow some.

Jem. It is perfectly horoscopolical. But give me your hat, dear Mr. Boggs, and sit down, and make yourself comfortable. (*BONAPARTE gives his hat to JEMIMA, who hands it to LUCY.*) Here, Lucy, put Mr. Boggs's hat on the table.—Now, sit down, Mr. Boggs, and I will endeavor to make the evening pass as pleasantly obnoxious as possible. (*They seat themselves.*)

Bona. Yas, that's it. Miss Jimscoozler, yeou talk so highfalutin that it is delightful tew listen tew yeou.

Jem. (*Simpering.*) O, Mr. Boggs, you are such a flatterer!

Bona. Wal, I guess not. (*Aside.*) I wish she'd git eout o' this, and go tew bed. I want tew talk tew Lucy.

Jem. There must have been some powerful attraction somewhere to lead you to forsake your cheerful and downy fireside, and to go abroad upon this uproarious night. Where can the attraction be?

Bona. Why, in course the attraction is here, Miss Jimscoozler.

Jem. (*Simpering.*) O, Mr. Boggs, you are such a flatterer! It is so hard to believe the men!

Bona. Yeou don't mean tew say I'm a liar, dew yeou?

Jem. O, Mr. Boggs! No, no, indeed, Mr. Boggs! I ask your pardon. Far be it from me to let such an idea into my pericardium. I was merely indulging in a figure of rhetoric.

Bona. Wal, I guess you'd better not indulge in any more of them things.

Jem. You are not offended—are you, Mr. Boggs?

Bona. No, I guess not.

Jem. If you are, I shall never forgive myself. I shall weep, and mourn, and be incapacitated all the days of my life, and I shall go down to my grave weeping; and when I am there, the wild waves and the wind in the lone branches will sing a requiem over me. O, I should be so sad, Mr. Boggs.

Bona. (Aside.) Heow on airth am I goin' tew git rid of this old gal? I come over tew-night to ax Lucy, and I'm goin' tew dew it, or make a rumpus. (*To JEMIMA.*) O, it's all right. But I want tew ax yeou to git me a drink of water. This snow storm makes me as dry as a fish.

Jem. That is a similar circumstance, Mr. Boggs; but you shall have a drink. You shall have a drink from the old oaken bucket; and you know the poet says this is equal to the neck of the bottle which Jupiter sips. Lucy, get Mr. Boggs a drink of sparkling water.

Bona. No, I don't want Lucy tew git it. Git it yerself. It will taste better from your beautiful hands.

Jem. O, Mr. Boggs, you are such a flatterer! Yes, it shall be so. I will get it for you, Mr. Boggs.

Bona. And while yeou air abeout it, s'pose yeou draw it from the bottom of the well. I allers like tew have the water I drink fotched right up from the bottom of the well, partic'larly on a stormy night; (*aside*) and when I want the old gal tew be away as long as possible. (*To JEMIMA.*) I never did like tew drink water that had been standin' in the house fur a while. It's bad fur the health.

Jem. It shall be so, Mr. Boggs, I would do anything to oblige you. (*Exit JEMIMA.*)

Bona. (Aside.) I'm mighty glad the old gal's gone. Neow I must improve my time. (*To LUCY.*) Yeour aunt will be eout for a few minutes. I will come to the p'int at once. I want tew marry yeou, Lucy. Will yeou hev me?

Lucy. No.

Bona. Thunder and Jerusalem.

Lucy. Are you surprised?

Bona. By Jehosaphat, I guess I am! Why, I kal-kilated I could git yeou jest as slick as blazes.

Lucy. Our calculations are often at fault.

Bona. Come, neow, Lucy, yeou don't mean it. Yeou're jest a-foolin—ain't yeou?

Lucy. No, sir; I am in earnest. I have given you the only answer I can give you.

Bona. Wal, I'll be doused if that don't beat the dickens!

Lucy. I think Aunt Jemima would be willing to marry you. Why don't you propose to her?

Bona. O, she's too old.

Lucy. But she has money, and that attracts the men.

Bona. Heow much dew yeou reckon she has?

Lucy. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! She has just come into the possession of a large amount of property. I suppose she is worth thirty thousand dollars.

Bona. Jericho! Dew tell! I reckon she aint got that much.

Lucy. Here she comes.

Enter JEMIMA with glass of water.

Bona. Yeou warn't long away.

Jem. O, no. I flew upon the wings of the wind. I wished to oblige you, and therefore I made haste. (*Gives the glass to BONAPARTE. He drinks.*)

Bona. That is excellent water. (*Hands the glass again to JEMIMA, who sets it down.*) Yeou air a tip-top woman, Jemima.

Jem. O, Mr. Boggs, you are such a flatterer!

Bona. And I think a powerful heap of yeou.

Jem. O, dear! You are so sudden! Lucy, you will retire, of course. (*Exit LUCY.*) She is gone now. You may continue, Mr. Boggs. (*Sits herself beside BONAPARTE.*)

Bona. I hev been thinkin' consid'able abeout yeou fur a consid'able spell.

Jem. Really, Mr. Boggs,—dear Bonaparte,—have you? O, I am so happy!

Bona. Yas, dear Jemima.

Jem. O, dear Bonaparte, will you let me rest my head upon your shoulder?

Bona. Why, yas, I'm agreed fur that.

Jem. (*Lays her head on his shoulder, and sighs.*) O, I am so full of happiness.

Bona. Yas, and I am chuck full tew!

Jem. Now you may procoed, dear Bonaparte. I think I can listen to you.

Bona. About how much money hev yeou got, dear Jemima?

Jem. O, Bonaparte, why do you descend from such beautiful talk; why do you cease soaring away in the Egyptian fields and gardens of rhetoric, and come down to talk of filthy lucre?

Bona. Filthy Lucre! Who's that, again? I don't know him.

Jem. O, Bonaparte!

Bona. He must be a rail scallawag of a feller.

Jem. Dear Bonaparte, you do not understand.

Bona. Wal, tew come tew business, is it trew that yeou've got the snug pile of thirty thousand dollars?

Jem. Yes, it is true. But why descend to talk of that, when there is such a happy field of conversation before us?

Bona. But I think a feller ought tew attend tew business fust; then, you know, we can go into the highfalutics afterwards.

Jem. Perhaps you are right, noble Bonaparte.

Bona. Then, if I should ax yeou tew hev me, and yeou should say, Yes, heow will it be abeout the money?

Jem. O, that will be all right, Bonaparte. You are not afraid to trust me—are you?

Bona. Wal, tew tell the truth abeout it, I never trust anybody. I'd like tew know abeout heow much yeou air goin' tew hand over tew me if we get hitched. I ain't got much money neow; and I want some. I hev bought two yoke of cattle from Squire Doolittle, deown to Turkey Run, and I ain't got nothin' to pay for 'em with.

Jem. Go on with your proposal, Bonaparte, and I will settle for the cattle.

Bona. Wal, that's purty fair; but I want a heap more'n that.



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Jem. Would it not be more proper to talk of these matters after the consummation of our hopes? after we are united? after we are one?

Bona. Wal, I guess not. I don't dew business in that way.

Jem. Well, Bonaparte, continue. Suit yourself, and you will suit me; only continue.

Bona. I s'pose yeou wouldn't be willin' tew hand over all the money tew me.

Jem. O, Bonaparte, I will be very good to you. You need not work any more. I will endeavor to make our path through life a pleasant and a flowery one.

Bona. Wal, neow, that's purty clever, too; but it isn't quite satisfactory. (*Knock at door. JEMIMA lifts her head from BONAPARTE'S shoulder, rises, and goes to window.*)

Jem. Good land! If it isn't Deacon Trotter! I can see him by the faint star-beams which peep from under the snow-cloud.

Bona. I wonder what the dickens the old fellow's comin' here fur!

Jem. O, he is probably coming to see me—that is, to see me about the donation for the miuister. Bonaparte, just step into the other room, and converse a while with Lucy.

Bona. Confound the luck! I could wring old Trotter's neck! (*Exit BONAPARTE at one side of the stage; JEMIMA opens door at the other side.*)

Enter DEACON TROTTER.

Jem. Good evening, deacon. How do you do? I am unlimitedly rejoiced to see you. Take a seat and sit down. (*DEACON seats himself.*)

Deacon. Yes; it is a little late, probably, for calling; but I had a visitor, and could not come sooner.

Jem. I am always glad to see you, deacon—yes, always.

Dea. And I am always glad to see you.

Jem. O, deacon, you immense flatterer! How can you talk so?

Dea. Well, it is a fact, Miss Jimscoozler. I almost live upon your smiles.

Jem. O, deacon, you dear man! If this is true, I shall wear a smile continually.

Dea. And I will be continually delighted. Miss Jimscoozler, I have been thinking seriously for some time of speaking to you upon a certain subject. The subject is an important one, and deeply concerns my temporal welfare and happiness.

Jem. Go on, deacon, I shall listen with an eager ear and a palpitating heart.

Dea. I have taken notice of you for some time, Miss Jimscoozler, and I am convinced that you are an excellent woman.

Jem. O, deacon, you are an extraordinary flatterer!

Dea. No, Miss Jimscoozler; I but speak the truth. You know I have been a widower for one whole year. The interests of my children, and my own interests, demand that I shall take a wife.

Jem. O, deacon, how you make my heart tremble with the palpitulations!

Dea. Here, rest your head upon my shoulder, and you will be better able to listen to my tale of love. (*JEMIMA rests her head upon his shoulder.*) Now, shall I proceed?

Jem. Yes, deacon, dear man, proceed.

Dea. As I was saying, my own interests, and the interests of my children, demand that I should hasten and take unto myself a wife. Since my first dear wife passed away, I have looked upon you and thought upon you. I have studied you; I have noted your every movement. I have only called upon you a few times; but I made up my mind to-day that I would delay no longer. I determined that I would know my fate to-night. I have come for that purpose. Miss Jimscoozler—*Jemima*—will you make me a very happy man by becoming my wife?

Jem. I—O—yes—that is—

Enter BONAPARTE hastily.

Bona. Here! Hello! What upon airth does this mean, anyheow! (*DEACON TROTTER and JEMIMA spring up.*) Jemima, heow dare yeou lay yeour head upon that villain's shoulder?

Dea. Do you call me a villain?

Bona. Wal, neow, I dew. That woman is my be-troughligated wife, and it is contrary tew Scriptor fer yeou tew spark her.

Dea. Is this true, Jemima.

Jem. No, not a word of it. He asked me to marry him; but he didn't seem to care as much for me as for my money.

Dea. Ah! he wanted your money!

Bona. And that is what yeou want, yeou old hypocrite!

Dea. Beware, sir. I can be aroused—

Bona. So can I, yeou old dromedary. By the jumpin' Jehosaphat, I've a mind tew pull yeour old head off!

Jem. Mr. Boggs, retire. I love you not. You are too fierce and lion-like to mate with me. I am as gentle as a tender lamb. The deacon suits me better. We are centrifugal spirits.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Aunt, here is a letter for you.

Jem. (*Takes it, and reads aloud.*) "Miss Jimscoozler, this to inform you that Webster & Co. have suspended, and all your money is swept away. Yours, B. B. CONWAY."

Bona. Jehosaphat! What a sweep!

Dea. Dreadful! dreadful!

Jem. 'Tis sad, indeed; but you are left to me, dear deacon; and I can yet be very happy.

Dea. O—ah—that is—I have changed my mind.

Jem. Changed your mind! What means this? Do I hear aright—or am I crazy?

Dea. I think I shall never marry. It will suit me better to remain as I am.

Jem. (*Weeps.*) O! O! Boo hoo! O! O!

Dea. Don't sorrow so. All is for the best.

Jem. (*Turning to BONAPARTE.*) You will not desert me, too—will you, dear Bonaparte?

Bona. Wal, yas, I kalkilate I will. Yeou desarted me; and I reckon turn abeout is fair play.

Jem. (*Weeps.*) O! boo hoo! O! O! Cruel, cruel man! But you shall pay dearly for this. O! Boo hoo! boo hoo!

Lucy. Now let me say a word. I had an idea that you two *gentlemen* wanted to marry aunt Jemima simply because she had some money. You didn't care for the woman, but you wanted the woman's money. Bah! how I despise you! But I haven't told you all. That note, purporting to have come from my aunt's attorney, was written by *me*. Aunt has not lost her money. (*Scornfully.*) *Gentlemen*, how do you feel?

Dea. (*To JEMIMA.*) O, I am so sorry! Can you forgive me?

Bona. Yeou know it warn't my fault. I reckon yeou can forgive me tew.

Jem. (*To DEACON TROTTER.*) You would be willing to marry me, if I should turn my entire fortune over to you?

Dea. (*Eagerly.*) Yes.

Jem. And you, Bonaparte Boggs, are you willing to marry me, provided I hand the thirty thousand over to you?

Bona. Wal, yas, I guess I am.

Jem. Then here is my answer. (*Seizes broom, and strikes DEACON TROTTER.*) You are a pretty deacon. Go! (*She raises the broom, and strikes BONAPARTE BOGGS.*) Brave man! Cautious calculator! Leave!

(*Exeunt hastily, DEACON TROTTER at one side of the stage, and BONAPARTE BOGGS at the other.*)

Lucy. Aunt, you have done nobly.

Jem. And so have you, for you have enabled me to see these two men in their true light. I am determined now that I will remain single, and keep my THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE.

HUMBUG.

CHARACTERS.

MR. HUM *An Elderly Gentleman of Quiet Tastes.*

MRS. HUM *A Dashing Middle-aged Lady.*

MISS HUM *Their Daughter.*

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in Hogsnorton House. MR. HUM busy with the morning paper, seated before the open fireplace. MRS. HUM opposite engaged at some piece of fancy work. MISS HUM gazing impatiently out of the window.*

Miss Hum. O, winter in Brighton, Regency Square!
O, winter in Brighton! the court will be there;

'Tis not for myself that I ask it—O, no;

'Tis for dear papa's health that I'm anxious to go.

Mrs. Hum. My dear, she is right; you should really
arrange

Some party of pleasure—you *do* want a change;

For *you*, just at present, this place is too dull.

Do winter at Brighton, for Brighton is full.

Mr. Hum. O, don't think of moving for *my* sake, my
dear;

You're really too anxious—I'm very well here.

Miss H. Well! O, my dear father, excuse me,
you're wrong

To sport with my feelings—go look at your tongue.

Mrs. H. Well! O, my dear husband, you cannot
disguise

That terrible yellowness under your eyes!

Mr. H. Begone, ye two birds of ill omen! I see
Through this sensitive, anxious attention to *me*.

If I am so delicate, why should I hear

The noise that the sea makes at this time of year?

You, miss, and *you*, madam, are trying by stealth

To coax me to Brighton, by talking of health.

I know what *you* want, miss, and *you*, madam, too—

You want a gay season—yes, both of you do.

Miss H. Papa, you're unkind—but I scorn to com-
plain:

In Hogsnorton House I'm content to remain.

I *did* think the moving might do you some good—
 No matter—my motives are misunderstood.
 But even suppose that I *did* want a change
 From stupid Hogsnorton, I'm sure it's not strange.
 You don't want to see me established for life;
 Who'd come to Hogsnorton to look for a wife?

Mrs. H. Don't talk to your father—sweet girl, it's
 no use—

He deems my solicitude all an excuse;
 I've nursed him, and watched him, and now he imputes
 —No matter—I'm silent—but all men *are* brutes!
 He deems me deceitful—you heard what he said?
 He'll be sorry enough, perhaps, when I'm dead.

Mr. H. Maria, don't cry. Leonora, for shame!
 Ask any soul living if *I* am to blame.
 At Hogsnorton House there's my leather arm-chair,
 So easy and snug (only look at it there!),
 And then, there's my cellar, my genuine wine—
 Without my old sherry I really can't dine.
 This house, too, is snug—and pray, why should I lighten
 My purse for a gingerbread mansion at Brighton,
 Where, sleepless, you hear the perpetual din
 Of the tide going out, or the tide coming in?

Mrs. H. Nay, dearest, don't say so—the lodging
 shan't be

In one of the terraces over the sea;
 You'll sleep undisturbed, love, in Regency Square;
 And how *could* you think I'd forgot your arm-chair?
 I planned that all nicely, my dear, if we went—
 It was by the van to be carefully sent.
 And then, too, the wine, love—(how odd you and I
 Should think of the very same things, by the bye!)—
 Your genuine sherry I meant to have placed
 In hampers. You see, dear, I study your taste.

Miss H. And, dearest papa, you and I will walk out;
 (You'll lean on my arm, and a fig for the gout!)
 You'll go to the library every day,
 And read all the papers in such a snug way;
 And don't you remember the shop on the Styne?
 The pastry-cook's shop, kept by Phillips, I mean—

The shop where you used to eat soup!

Mr. H. Very true;

I almost can fancy I smell it—can't you?

Mrs. H. Yes, love, so delicious! and then, too, the chat,

And the whist at Sir Robert's, you don't forget that?

Mr. H. The whist! O, that was quite pleasant!

Mrs. H. Yes, very!

Shall Sampson have orders to pack up the sherry?

Mr. H. Egad! but you're certain Sir Robert is there?

Mrs. H. O, positive—when shall we pack the arm-chair?

Mr. H. I went there, last year, by the doctor's advice—

That mulligatawny is certainly nice—

The sherry may travel, 'tis true—and the chair—

But Sampson must pack it with very great care.

I think it may do me some good—so I'll write

To Parsons to take me a lodging, to-night. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. H. *There!* did I not manage him well? I declare,

While I live, I shall dote on that darling arm-chair.

A lucky idea, was it not?—and the wine?

Miss H. Yes, mamma, and the soup was a good hit of mine.

Mrs. H. And the whist at Sir Robert's! the whist and the chat!

Miss H. Sir Robert's in France, mamma,—

Mrs. H. Never mind that.

We'll vow we expected to meet him, and then

We'll soon find out two or three humdrum old men.

Miss H. And now, dear mamma, you're aware that I want

A bonnet and gown—

Mrs. H. No, Maria, you can't—

You really *can't* have a new bonnet, my dear,

You've worn that so little I gave you last year,

Your gowns, too, must serve for the present.

Miss H. Ah! no—

You cannot help sending to Carson.

Mrs. H. Why so?

Miss H. O, really, mamma, though you do not want dress

To set off your figure and face, I confess;
Yet still, I *did* see *such* a hat and pelisse,
They'd suit you exactly—I never shall cease
To wish that you had them! Cerulean blue!
Send for them to please your Maria, now *do*.

Mrs. H. My amiable daughter, I cannot refuse
To send up to Carson. What gown will you choose?
I'll order the blue for myself—and I think
Your bonnet, my darling, had better be pink.

QUEEN VASHTI.

CHARACTERS.

ARTAXERXES	King of Persia.
VASHTI	Queen of Persia.
ESTHER	A Jewess.
HAMAN	Officer of the Court.
MORDECAI	A Captive Jew.
HEGAI	} King's Chamberlains.
TERESH	
FEMALE SLAVE	Attendant of Vashti.

COSTUMES.

ARTAXERXES	{ Purple dress with silver stripes, and adorned with jewels; scarlet tunic and tiara of gold, with a golden sceptre.
VASHTI	{ Dress of golden tissue; royal tiara; rose-col- ored veil spotted with gold.
ESTHER	{ Simple Oriental costume at first—afterwards with rich dress and royal tiara.
HAMAN	Rich Oriental dress, turban with plume.
MORDECAI	Black sackcloth dress, tied with rope.
HEGAI	} Oriental dress; white linen turban.
TERESH	
BIGTHANA	

SCENE FIRST.

A splendid apartment. From pillars of marble are suspended, by silver rings, hangings of rich stuffs, white, green, and scarlet, looped up with silver cords. A table covered with rich vases and dishes containing fruits and wine. QUEEN VASHTI seated upon a raised seat, an attendant behind her.

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN.

Queen Vashti. What means this intrusion upon our privacy?

Chamberlain. The king bids Queen Vashti appear in her royal robes, with the crown upon her head, that all may behold her beauty and confess his taste.

Q. V. (Rising in anger.) Do I hear you aright, my lord?

Cham. You do, most royal lady. The king expects you.

Q. V. Is the king mad? What! does he bid me—the queen!—descend from my state, to appear in the midst of a drunken revel? Doth he bid a delicate lady come forth from her privacy to submit to the wanton gaze of his idle, half-inebriated courtiers? Return, my lord; there is some mistake in this. *(She draws her veil around her, and resumes her seat.)*

Cham. Nay, royal Vashti, hear me. It is the king's command, and I dare not return without the queen.

Q. V. How! do you stand arguing with me thus, as if you deemed I would obey this insolent command!

Cham. You will not thus rebel against—

Q. V. Begone, slave! *(Stretching her hand majestically towards him.)* Begone! and tell your king *I will not come!*

SCENE SECOND.

KING seated with HAMAN.

Haman. Bravely hath my lord spoken of wine. But if I dared hazard an opinion, there exists a more powerful thing than wine

King. What may that be, Haman? Say on.

Haman. It is *the king*. Man is lord of the earth, you say ; he planted a vineyard and maketh the wine ; and doth not the king command all men ?

Enter CHAMBERLAIN with ESTHER.

King. Bring hither no more maidens, Hegai ; this is my queen ; earth can give no fairer.

Exit KING, ESTHER, and CHAMBERLAIN.

HAMAN (alone). *Enter MORDECAI.* *HAMAN looks at him proudly, but MORDECAI stands erect.*

Haman. What, slave ! know you not the king's command ? Down there and kneel before me !

Mordecai. I bow not to mortal, my lord. To my God alone, my knee is bent in adoration. (*Exit MORDECAI.*)

Enter TERESH, who kneels before HAMAN.

Teresh. Hail, Haman, son of Mythra !

Haman. Who is the man who has just gone forth ?

Teresh. It is Mordecai, my lord, a Jew, and we do suspect a relation of the new queen ; for messages have gone between them, and Hegai said he brought Esther to the palace.

Haman. Bring me the surety of all you say, and a golden daric shall reward you.

Exit TERESH.

Haman. (Soliloquizes.) A Jew, and a relative of the queen. Esther is in my power, and the throne is mine, for Haman is not so weak as to work for another. No, proud Vashti, thou art but my agent, and when the king is dead, my faithful Macedonians, whom I have secreted in the city, will place me upon the throne of Persia.

Enter VASHTI, in disguise.

Haman. Joy, joy, Vashti ! Thy rival is in my power, and thou shalt see her blood flow at thy feet.

V. Ha ! what sayest thou ?

Haman. I have discovered her well-kept secret at last. Vashti, Esther is a Jewess, a despised captive Hebrew.

V. Then shall I be avenged, Haman; I breathe freely once more. (*Shaking back her disheveled hair.*)

Haman. Yes, she is of that hated, obnoxious race. As yet the king knows it not, nor shall he until my plans be arranged.

V. Quick, tell me all!

Haman. Listen. I will work upon the king against the Jews. I will represent them as a dangerous race, which it is the king's duty to exterminate. I can guide Artaxerxes as a child, by his own good qualities; for the benefit of his country, he would sacrifice his dearest friend. A decree goes forth for the massacre of the Jews. Mordecai and Esther share the fate of their people, and Vashti mounts the throne of Persia.

V. O, soul-ravishing news! Then I shall know that peace which flees my bosom while my rival lives, and is beloved.

Haman. Vashti, remember thy oath! If we require the king at thy hands, strike sure!

VASHTI *shrieks and flees.*

SCENE THIRD.

Enter BIGTHANA and TERESH. MORDECAI concealed.

Bigthana. Of all the villainous deeds of which our employer Haman has been guilty, this murder of the Jews and of the innocent queen are the worst.

Teresh. Let them die! They are Jews, and deserve death!

Bigthana. I care not much for the Jews, but it does seem a pity this gentle creature should be massacred. However, I am sure the king will prevent it.

Teresh. His leave will not be asked. In the confusion of the day it is my province to see that she shares the fate of her people. Haman hopes to excuse himself to the king afterwards, and even place Vashti upon the throne.

Bigthana. But if he should not be pardoned?

Teresh. Then the king dies, and the Macedonians will be called in.

Exit both.

SCENE FOURTH.

The KING reading a record. HEGAI stands by him.

King. Have the traitors been examined?

Hegai. No, my lord.

King. What honor and dignity have been done to Mordecai for this?

Hegai. There is nothing done for him, my lord.

Knocking heard without.

King. Who is in the court?

Hegai. Behold, Haman standeth in the court!

King. Let him come in! (*Enter HAMAN.*) Come hither, Haman. What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?

Haman. For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him: Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor!

King. Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate; let nothing fail of all thou hast spoken.

HAMAN turns reluctantly to go. Enter ESTHER, hesitatingly. The KING holds out his golden sceptre, which ESTHER touches.

King. What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to the half of my kingdom.

Esther. (Kneeling.) If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bond-



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men and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage.

King. Who is he, and where is he that durst presume in his heart to do so?

Esther. The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.

King. Ho! my guards. (*HAMAN kneels and takes ESTHER's hand.*) Ha, wretch! wilt thou insult the queen before our eyes? Away with him to death! Call Mordecai.

Enter guards and drag HAMAN away. Enter MORDECAI.

King. Here is my signet-ring, Mordecai. It was once Haman's; it is now thine. Take it, and with it all the wealth and power and rank of Haman. I cannot revoke my decree; but thou shalt have soldiers and arms to defend thy people against those employed by the wicked Haman, who seeing this preparation will not dare to strike. Save as many as thou canst. I have promised to Nehemiah the government of Judea. See that he hath men and money to rebuild his holy city, for I would do all I can to recompense my queen and the Jews for my unjust decree.

MORDECAI kneels and kisses his hand.

CINDERELLA.

CHARACTERS.

KING
 PRINCE RUPERT *The King's Son.*
 CINDERELLA *A Poor Maid, afterwards the Princess*
 PEACOCINA } *Vain Sisters.*
 STUCUFETTA }
 MOTHER *Mother of the Sisters.*
 GRANDMOTHER *A Fairy in Disguise.*
 COURTIER, SERVANTS, ETC.,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A handsome room. PEACOCINA and STUCUPETTA before mirrors. Their MOTHER busied about them. CINDERELLA among the ashes by the fire.*

Peacocina. I do declare, how badly this is made!
Cinderella! Cinder! where's that lazy jade?

Stucupetta. Cinderella! come here first, and bring
a pin;
And mind you stick it very gently in.

CINDERELLA comes to them.

Mother. My darlings, not so loud,—you'll spoil your
voices,—
A sweet, low tone your mother's heart rejoices.

Verg sharply to CIN.

Be quick, you minx!—I'll leave you till you're dressed;
Think of the prince, and try to look your best.

Exit MOTHER.

Peacoc. Think of the prince! I guess I shall, for-
sooth!
O don't I long to see that stunning youth!
He surely will admire my silky curls;
I know he'll pick *me* out from all the girls.

Stucup. How very big you feel! well, we shall see;
I'm pretty sure he can't but look at *me*.
Don't you wish, Cinderella, *you* could go
And see the palace and the glittering show?

Cin. (Timidly.) O yes, I never wished for pleasure
more;
Couldn't I go and stand behind the door?

Stucup. Silence, you creature! Go to your cinders,
do,—

For that's the only place that's fit for you.—
Sister, I'm ready, put your cloak right on.
Bring us the lantern, jade, and call for John.

SCENE II.—CINDERELLA *alone in the kitchen crying by the fire.*

Cin. What *shall* I do? O cruel, cruel fate!
How shall I bear my life amid such hate?
I've tried to kill myself,—but then it hurts,
And so I live and serve these heartless flirts. (*Cries.*)

Enter GRANDMOTHER.

Gran. Cinderella, why these tears, and why alone?

Cin. O grandma dear, my sisters are both gone
To the grand ball! But do sit down awhile,
I am so lonely,—'twill the time beguile.

Gran. And do you cry because you can't go too?

Cin. Yes, grandma; I'm ashamed to say I do.—
I know my thoughts are cast on things above me,
But I'm forlorn: there's no one here to love me.

Gran. Cheer up, my child! I love you, *that* I do.

(*Aside.*) And I'll be even with those other two.

Cin. O, thank you, grandma! but you're only one;
And what becomes of me when you are gone?

Gran. Why, then, my dear, your husband,—he will
take you,

And prize you well, and never more forsake you.

Cin. Ah, grandma, that's an idle jest, you know!

Gran. An idle jest, my Cinder? nay, not so!
Now, would you like to see the ball to-night?

Cin. O gracious! is it true I hear aright?
Go to a ball in these old sooty clo'es,
Covered with ashes?

Gran.

O no, not in those!

She claps her hands. CINDERELLA'S rags drop off, and she is in a beautiful dress.

Cin. What *is* this? I all dressed in purest white!
Pearls in ~~my~~ hair,—O mercy! what a sight!
Such lovely rustling to my silken skirt!—

Why, wheres my cinders, grandma, and the dirt?

Gran. Gone, with your care and trouble for to-night.
Go,—dance; and let your lovely face be bright.

Cin. But how shall I the muddy crossings pass?
For, only look, my slippers are of glass!

Gran. Fetch me a pumpkin, Cinder, and some rats.

CINDERELLA brings a pumpkin and some rats. GRANDMOTHER claps her hands, and they are changed to a carriage and footmen.

Here is your carriage; and these powdered brats
Will safe conduct you to the palace gate,
And wait to bring you home in queenly state.
But, grandchild, this remember,—'mid' your fun,
When midnight strikes, you must be sure to run,—
Run for your life! Now, bear this well in mind,
Or else yourself in rags again you'll find.

SCENE III.—The ball-room. Dancing and music. The PRINCE stands apart.

King. Why don't you dance, my boy? you look quite bored.

Prince. And so I am, dear dad, upon my word.
Parties are very slow, I really think;—
I guess I'll go down stairs, and take a drink.

Enter CINDERELLA.

Good heavens! there's a girl I haven't seen;
Venus herself! why, she's a very queen!
What graceful manners, and what eyes of fire!
What is her name? I really must inquire!

Bowing to CINDERELLA.

Madam, your most obedient,—I can't wait
To ask your leave, and be led up in state,—
I am Prince Rupert. Won't you take a turn?

They dance.

Are you fatigued? (*Aside.*) Her cheeks begin to burn!

(*Aloud.*) Shall I get you some oysters, or an ice?

Cin. O no, I thank you, sir. (*Gazes about.*) O, ain't it nice!



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Prince. What is it, madam, you are pleased to praise?

My palace-walls are honored by your gaze.

Cin. O, sir, it's all enchanting, every way!
I never dreamed of anything so gay.

Prince. (Aside.) Sweet verdancy! *(Aloud.)* Perhaps you've just come out.

I think I haven't seen you much about.

Cin. Yes, sir, I'm almost always *in*,—you're right;
Indeed I little thought to come to-night.

Prince. Sweet princess, surely you came not alone!
Which of these ladies is your chaperon?

Cin. If you please, sir, I don't know what you said.
I am no princess, but a poor young maid.

Prince. (Aside.) Poor, with that dress, when gold's
so very high?

I guess her poverty's all in my eye.

Madam, I see you choose to act a part,
And even know the art of *hiding* art.

I won't intrude upon you. Let us walk.

They promenade.

Do you like dancing or prefer to talk?

Cin. Whichever suits you best; I feel so gay,
Nothing can take my happiness away.

I always heard *the world* was very vile,

But, sir, I think it's charming! How you smile!

Prince. O, pray go on! I love to hear you speak!

Peacoc. Who is that creature? Ha'n't she got the
cheek!

Stucup. She looks like—But of course it cannot be!
O, if Prince Rupert would but look at me!

Peacoc. At you, indeed! I hate these stupid balls!

Cin. Do you live always in these lovely halls?

Prince. (Shrugs his shoulders.) Why, yes, this
palace is where I hang out:

But half the time I like to roam about.

But does this tinsel and glittering show

Really, my princess, please your fancy so?

Cin. O prince, how can you doubt of my delight?
I never saw so beautiful a sight.

12 o'clock strikes.

Mercy! the clock!

She appears suddenly in rags, and runs out.

Prince. Where is she? Robert! John!

Servant. What would your highness?

Prince. Where's that fairy gone?

Servant. I saw no fairy;—tripping through the hall,
A ragged beggar-girl just ran,—that's all.

Prince. A beggar-girl? you stupid! Watch the
gate!

Let no one pass!

Servant.

I reckon you're too late.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The kitchen. CINDERELLA waiting upon the sisters and
their mother at breakfast.*

Peacoc. (Sharply.) Some buckwheats! hot ones!

Stucup. Don't be in a huff!

I think the ball has made you cross enough.

Mother. Peace, peace! dear daughters! tell me, once
for all—

Some coffee, Jade!—how did you like the ball?

Peacoc. A slim affair, though very well attended!

Mother. How did you find the prince?

Stucup. The prince is splendid!

What eyes! he looks as haughty as a king,
And dances so,—in fact, he's quite the thing!

Cin. Did you dance with him?

Stucup. Not exactly,—no,—

But then I think he was just going to—

Peacoc. O, what a girl! you know that's all a lie.

But now he really once did catch my eye.

And who knows what may happen, after all,
If ever there should be another ball?

Mother. Who knows, indeed, my wise and thoughtful
daughter,

If you conduct yourself just as you oughter?
 But, children, who was that,—that young upstart
 With whom the prince conversed so much apart?

Peacoc. That's just the question I can't answer,
 mother,

But I declare she was an awful bother!
 It's true, she had a very handsome face,
 And then she moved and danced with so much grace!

Stucup. The hussy! how I hate her! a spoilsport!
 What business had she coming so to court?

Cin. O, how I'd like to see her if I could!

Mother. You'd like to see her! yes, I guess you
 would!

Cheer up, my children, Rupert's very young,
 And charmed by every silly siren's tongue.—
 Why, here comes John, and brings a note. (*Enter*
servant with a note.) The dickens!

It's from the prince; my children, the plot thickens!
 We're all invited to another ball.

Peacoc. O, ain't it jolly!—well, I see it all,
 The thought of *me*—

Stucup. I never, I declare!
 Sister, you're really more than I can bear;
 I know he thought of *me*!

Mother. Well, 'tis no matter;
 No doubt he thought of both; but cease this clatter.
 You'd better go up stairs and clean your gloves;—
 And don't spoil your complexions;—go, my loves.
 And, Cinderella, clear these things away,
 And sweep the room, and don't you stop to play.

SCENE II.—CINDERELLA alone in the kitchen as before.

Cin. Well, so they're gone! My last hope dies out
 quite,

For I can't hope to go another night.
 O, well! perhaps it's just as well I shouldn't,
 For I could not forget that prince,—I couldn't!
 O silly goose! O foolish Cinderella!
 Think of your cinders and your dusty cellar!

Enter GRANDMOTHER.

Gran. Well, grandchild, what's all this?

Cin. I'm such a goose!

Gran. Get ready, Cinder! you've no time to lose!

Cin. O gracious! what! and can I really go
And dance again! and is it truly so?

Gran. Of course you can, you silly, foolish child!
Why, I declare, your eyes they look quite wild!
You are no kindred to this cross old mother.

Yours was a countess,—yes, my dear, no other.
She died; your father sought a wife again,
And got inveigled in this woman's train,
And now *you* serve, and *they* command. Look out!
Some day the tables yet may turn about.

Cin. Why, I'm delighted, grandma! Anyhow,
I needn't be afraid of princes now.

Gran. Princes, indeed! but look out, Cinderella!
Don't let your mind dwell too much on that fellow.
He's well enough; but *princes* grow on trees,
While princely *hearts* one very seldom sees.
But where's a pumpkin? and the rats, my dear!
We mustn't stop to chatter longer here.

*CINDERELLA brings pumpkin, rats, etc. They change as before, and
CINDERELLA's dress also.*

Farewell, my dear! go, have a jolly time,
But don't forget the fatal midnight chime.

SCENE III.—Ball-room.

Prince. (*Lounging about.*) This longed-for time has
really come at last,
And where's my vision? Can she yet have passed?

Enter CINDERELLA.

Ah, there she is! (*Hastens to her.*) My princess, you
are here,

And for this evening I have naught to fear.

Cin. (*Casts her eyes at him.*) I don't exactly, sir,
know what you mean.

Prince. Then listen, princess, I'm not what I seem,—
No haughty creature, proud of princely fame,—

You're more to me than crown and royal name.

Cin. Come, now, my lord, I do not want to preach,
But, if you please, I do not like that speech.

Prince. Well, I'll improve it;—here on bended knee,
I offer you my realm and sovereignty.

Cin. Can this be true? What, *I* a prince's wife?
Sir, if you only knew about my life—

Prince. Your life! you carry it upon your face,—
A life of loveliness, of ease and grace.

Cin. O no! no! no! it's nothing of the kind,
It's very far from that, indeed, you'll find.

Prince. Perhaps your father's failed,—but that's
soon told:

I'll pay up all the bills,—I roll in gold.

Cin. It's worse than that—

Prince. Perhaps you teach a school;
I'm proud of that; it shows you aren't a fool.

Cin. Worse still—

Prince. Whatever can be worse, I pray?
O well, you keep a shop now, I dare say.—

12 o'clock strikes, and CINDERELLA runs.

Good gracious! why, she's gone! she's run away!
But here's her slipper. (*Gazes at it.*) Now just look
at that!

It makes my royal heart go pit-a-pat!
O woman, lovely woman! why so fair,
To dazzle me, and then to melt in air?
But it's no vision! it's reality!
And now I swear to find her out—or die!

Sinks into a chair, overcome with his emotions. Curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Street. Enter town-crier, ringing his bell.*

Crier. Listen, my countrymen and lovers, friends!
Prince Rupert far and wide his greeting sends.
Assemble, maidens! he will ride this day,
And stop at every house along the way.

That you should know his purpose is but meet.
 Tremble ye maids forlorn who have large feet!
 Prince Rupert has a shoe! his purpose bold
 To find the maiden whose foot it fits. Behold!
 That one he'll choose to be his royal bride,
 Though, save her beauty, she have naught beside.

Goes on, ringing his bell.

SCENE II.—CINDERELLA's home.

Stucup. 'Well, to be sure! I never heard such news!—

O mother, what's the number of my shoes?

Peacoc. There's very little chance for you, I fear,
 For mine's the smallest foot you know, my dear.

Mother. I'm very anxious, children, I must own.
 Here, let me see: why, how your feet have grown!
 Go get a vice directly,—*now*, this minute!
 And never mind the pain, but press them in it.
 My mind with hopes and fears is crowded sore!
 Cinderella, wash your face and tend the door.

Enter PRINCE and Courtiers.

Prince. Ladies, your pardon, do not think me rude.
 With thoughts of a fair vision I'm pursued.
 Here is the slipper; may I try it on (*to MOTHER*),
 And see if your fair daughter proves the one!

Mother. Certainly, sir; you do me very proud.
 Cinderella, jade, your thick shoes clump too loud;
 Go to the kitchen;—why do you stay here?

Exit CINDERELLA.

Approach, my daughter, there is naught to fear.

PEACOCINA sits in the chair and the courtier tries on the slipper.

Mother. Why, yes, I think it fits; is it not so?

Courtier. Quite well, ma'am, I believe, all but the toe.

Mother. O yes, I think it does fit very well;
You know at times the feet are apt to swell.

Prince. Pardon me, madam, *almost* will not do,
The slipper must go on all trim and true.

Mother. Well, here's my other daughter, Stucup-
etta;—
I shouldn't wonder if 'twould fit her better.

STUCUPETTA sits down, and the courtier tries it on.

Why, that goes on! my dear, how does it feel?

Courtier. It's all right, madam, just except the heel.

Prince. *Exactness*, madam, must be my excuse,
If *both* your charming daughters I refuse.

I bid you all a very fair good-day,
With many thanks to you (*bows*); but oh! ah! stay!
I saw with you just now a little maid—

Mother. O, sir, you mean my servant,—idle jade!—
She is without;—she isn't fit to see!

Prince. No matter! call her in,—leave that to me.

CINDERELLA enters and courtesies; the PRINCE looks at her.

(*Aside.*) Why, I believe I recognize those features.
But can she be a servant to these creatures?

Hands her a chair and proceeds to try on the slipper himself.

Allow me, madam—

Mother. Sir, your royal hands!

Prince. Henceforth they are but slaves to her com-
mands.

(*Rising.*) For, look! how perfectly the shoe slips on!
You're found at last, my own, my fairest one!

Mother. Really, sir—

Stucup. She's a wicked, false deceiver!
It cannot fit her! no, don't you believe her!

Peacoc. I've squeezed my foot until the blood runs
out,

And is it all for nothing? (*To CIN.*) Minx, get out!

Prince. (*Sternly.*) Bow to your princess royal!
Henceforth this

Will be the name your lips will call her, miss!
 No further insults, jeers, or rude commands,
 For she is now transferred to other hands.

Enter GRANDMOTHER.

Gran Hurrah! all's right at last! well, I declare,
 I'm glad for one! Long live the royal pair!

Courtiers cry, "Long live," etc.

Mother. Well, did you ever, girls!

Stucup. It makes me wince,
 To see her going with a real live prince.

Prince. (Angrily.) Hard-hearted sisters!—

Cin. O, forgive them, do!
 Surely, if I can pardon, you can too!

Gran. She's right; let scorn and anger have no part
 In any corner of your royal heart;
 Crown all your kindnesses with fitting ends,
 And say with me (*to audience*), Heaven bless you all, my
 friends!

G. H., in *Our Young Folks*.

THE GRIDIRON.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN *The Master of a Shipwrecked Vessel.*

PATRICK *A Shipwrecked Sailor.*

FRENCHMAN *One who does not understand Irish.*

SCENE.—*The seashore strewn with fragments of a wreck. The CAP-
 TAIN and PATRICK looking about them anxiously.*

Patrick. Well, Captain, whereabouts in the wide
 world are we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or the Jarman
 Ocean?

Captain. Tut, you fool! it's France.

Pat. Tare an' ouns! do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France, Captain dear?

Capt. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay when the vessel was wrecked.

Pat. Troth, I was thinkin' so myself. And now, Captain jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Capt. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Pat. Because I'm starving with hunger, Captain dear.

Capt. Surely you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Pat. Ate a gridiron! bad luck to it! no. But if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefsteak.

Capt. Yes; but where's the beefsteak, Patrick?

Pat. Sure, couldn't we cut it off the pork?

Capt. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick. (*Laughing.*)

Pat. There's many a thrue word said in a joke, Captain. And now, if you will go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the wreck, I'll go to the house there beyant, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Capt. But, Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Pat. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furriner myself as any o' them?

Capt. What do you mean, Patrick?

Pat. Parley voo frongsay?

Capt. Oh! you understand French, then, is it?

Pat. Throth, you may say that, Captain dear.

Capt. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I will be back with the pork in a minute. (*He goes out.*)

Pat. Ay, sure enough, I'll be civil to them; for the Frinch are always mighty p'lite intirely, and I'll show them I know what good manners is. Indade, and here comes munseer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the FRENCHMAN enters, PATRICK takes off his hat, and*

making a low bow, says:) God save you, sir, and all your children. I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but it's only being in disthress in regard of ating, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman. (Staring at him.). Comment!

Pat. Indade, it's throe for you. I'm tathered to paces, and God knows I look quare enough; but its by rason of the storm that dhruv us ashore jist here, and we're all starvin'.

F. Je m'yt. (*Pronounced zhe meet.*)

Pat. Oh! not at all! by no manes! we have plenty of mate ourselves, and we'll dhress it, if you'd be plased jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir. (*Making a low bow.*)

F. (Staring at him, but not understanding a word)

Pat. I beg pardon, sir; but maybe I'm under a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. Ain't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

F. Oui, monsieur.

Pat. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The Frenchman stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) I know it's a liberty I take, sir, but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

F. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Pat. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you'll obleege me?

F. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur,—

Pat. (Angrily.) By my sowl, if it was you that was in disthress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too, and a dhrop of drink into the bargain. Can't you understand your own language? (*Very slowly.*) Parley—voo—frongsay—mun-seer?

F. Oui, monsieur; oui monsieur, mais—

Pat. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say, and bad scram to you.

F. (Bowing and scraping.) Monsieur, je ne l'entend—

Pat. Phoo! the devil sweep yourself and your *long tongs*! I don't want a tongs at all, at all. Can't you listen to rason?

F. Oui, oui, monsieur; certainment, mais—

Pat. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate. (*The FRENCHMAN shakes his head, as if to say he did not understand; but PATRICK, thinking he meant it as a refusal, says, in a passion.*) Bad cess to the likes o' you! Throth, if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you. The curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner! The divil another word I'll say to you. (*The FRENCHMAN puts his hand on his heart, and tries to express compassion in his countenance.*) Well, I'll give you one chance more, you old thafe! Are you a Christian, at all, at all? Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you! Do you understand your mother tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

F. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Pat. Then, thunder and turf! will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The FRENCHMAN shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and PAT says vehemently.*) The curse of the hungry be on you, you owld negarly villian! the back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself yet! And wherever I go, it's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of it, and be hanged to you!

WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

THE YANKEE MARKSMAN.

CHARACTERS.

LORD PEBCY The British Commander.

JONATHAN { An Awkward-looking Country Boy who has
Outgrown His Jacket and Trousers.

SCENE.—*Boston Common. The British Soldiers in Costumes of Revolutionary Times Firing at a Target.*

Percy. Now, my boys, for a trial of your skill! Imagine the mark to be a Yankee; and here is a guinea for whoever hits his heart.

JONATHAN draws near to see the trial, and when the first soldier fires and misses he slaps his hand on his thigh and laughs immoderately. LORD PERCY notices him. When the second soldier fires and misses JONATHAN throws up his old hat and laughs again.

P. (*Very crossly.*) Why do you laugh, fellow?

J. To think how safe the Yankees are, if you must know.

P. Why, do you think *you* could shoot better?

J. I don't know; I could try.

P. Give him a gun, soldier, and you may return the fellow's laugh.

J. (*Takes the gun and looks at every part of it carefully; then says:*) It won't bust, will it? Father's gun don't shine like this, but I guess it's a better gun.

P. Why? Why do you guess so?

J. 'Cause I know what that'll do, and I have some doubts about this here. But look 'o here! You called that air mark a Yankee, and I won't fire at a Yankee.

P. Well, call it a British regular, if you please; only fire.

J. Well, reg'lar it is, then. Now for freedom, as father says. (*He raises the gun and fires.*) There, I guess that air red coat has got a hole in it! (*Turning to the soldiers.*) Why don't you laugh now, as that air fellow said you might? (*Pointing to Percy.*)

P. You awkward rascal, that was an accident. Do you think you could hit the mark again?

J. He! I don't know; I can try.

P. Give him another gun, soldiers; and take care that the clown doesn't shoot you. I should not fear to stand before the mark myself.

J. I guess you'd better not.

P. Why? Do you think you could hit me?



ROBT. MANTELL.

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J. I don't know; I could try.

P. Fire away, then.

Jonathan fires and again hits the mark.

J. Ha, ha, ha! How father would laugh to see me shooting at half gunshot!

P. Why, you rascal, do you think you could hit the mark at twice that distance?

J. He! I don't know; I'm not afeard to try.

P. Give him another gun, soldiers, and place the mark farther off.

Jonathan fires again and hits as before.

J. There, I guess that air reg'lar is as dead as the pirate that father says the judge hangs till he is dead, dead, dead, three times dead; and that is one more death than Scriptor tells on.

P. There, fellow, is a guinea for you.

J. Is it a good one? (*Ringin' it.*)

P. Good? Yes. Now begone!

J. I should like to stay and see them fellows kill some more Yankees.

P. (*Aside.*) The fellow is more rogue than fool. (*To J.*) Sirrah, what is your name?

J. Jonathan.

P. Jonathan what?

J. Wot'll you give to know?

P. What is your father's name?

J. He was named arter me.

P. You lying rogue, how could that be, if you are his son?

J. Why, you see, his name was George, and he was afraid they would think he was called arter King George, and so the Gin'ral Court altered it to Joe.

P. Do you think your father can shoot as well as you do?

J. I don't know, but I guess he wouldn't be afeard to try.

P. Where did you learn your skill?

Mr. S. Portions of the *dura mater*, *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor; in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him. (*Wipes his spectacles.*)

Mrs. S. Was the man killed?

Mr. S. I don't know, haven't come to that place yet: you'll know when I have finished the piece. (*Reads.*) It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit, that vital spark was extinct.

Mrs. S. Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at.

Mr. S. Do have a little patience. I presume we shall come upon it right away.

Mr. S. This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills.

Mrs. S. Now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not.

Mr. S. (*Looks puzzled, scratches head and scrutinizes paper.*) I declare, wife, it's curious; but really, the paper don't say.

ADAPTED.

THE CHATTERBOX.

CHARACTERS.

GRACE } Sisters.
MAGGIE }
GRETCHEN Their Cousin who is Visiting Them.
SOPHIA A Girl Friend.

SCENE.—GRACE, MAGGIE, and GRETCHEN seated. MAGGIE knitting a sephyr hood. GRACE embroidering a band. GRETCHEN making a pincushion.



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Grace. I met Sophia Ramsey to-day, and told her about the fair.

Maggie. Did you tell her we were to have a table?

Grace. She has promised to work for it.

Mag. She excels in fancy work.

Grace. She is very accomplished.

Mag. But such an everlasting talker!

Grace. I told her Gretchen was with us.

Mag. (*Glancing at GRETCHEN.*) Did you tell her—

Grace. (*Interrupting her.*) No, no.

Enter Sophia.

Grace. Good afternoon.

Sophia. Good afternoon.

Mag. Take the rocking chair.

Sophia. Thanks! (*Sits down.*) At work for the fair? I shall be glad to help you. I have a lovely new pattern, too, for a knit shawl, I have been longing to try. Grace says you have some dolls to dress. I do like to dress dolls.

Mag. I am—

Sophia. Knitting one of those lovely hoods—the new stitch? I made one for Mrs. Austin just before she went to Boston, and it was very much admired there. Mine was blue and white, and I can show you the loveliest way to make a border—something entirely new.

Mag. Thank you. I—

Sophia. Not a bit of trouble. Is that band for the fair, Gracie?

Grace. Yes, it is to trim—

Sophia. Those things sell so well. Many persons will buy something useful like that, who have not money to waste in merely fancy articles. I knit some cotton nightcaps for a fair once—a dozen, and they were all sold the first day.

Mag. We thought—

Sophia. Of course you must have fancy articles too. You don't want your table to look like a dry goods counter, and it is really pretty work to arrange a table tastefully.

Grace. Yes, we—

Sophia. I know you are not so fond of fancy work, Gracie, as Maggie and I are. You are more practical!

Grace. I don't—

Sophia. Don't call embroidery plain sewing. No, of course not, but still it is all white, and I am a perfect Indian in my love for colors! But do let me see the dolls I am to dress.

Grace. I will get them! (*GRACE goes out.*)

Sophia. What a lovely hat Gracie has. She has so much taste. I am thinking of making one of the new style of shopping bags if I can find a pretty pattern.

Mag. My new one—

Sophia. Oh, you have a new one? Has it come?

Mag. Yes. It came—

Sophia. It is so nice to have friends in a large city, especially if they are as kind as your cousins are about sending you new fashions and patterns.

Mag. Oh, yes, indeed!

Sophia. Do let me see them. You are so good-natured about showing your things.

Mag. If you will excuse me a moment, I will get them for you to examine.

Sophia. I should like to see them. (*MAGGIE goes out.*)

Sophia. (*Taking hold of GRETCHEN's work.*) You are making a pincushion, are you not? What a lovely pattern! It is really a kindness of the girls to allow me to contribute to their table, they will make such exquisite things themselves. Is this for the fair? Of course it is! What a stupid question! I have a pretty pincushion pattern in a French magazine. Papa takes it for me to improve my French, and it has the most exquisite patterns in it. You speak French, do you not? (*GRETCHEN looks up and smiles.*)

Sophia. Grace has a very pure accent, our teacher says, but Maggie is not so fond of languages as she is of music. She is a remarkably fine pianist for an amateur. Don't you think she plays Beethoven's music very finely? She has so much expression, and they say that is a rare accomplishment for a lady performer. She is

so modest about it, too. But of course you must have heard her very often, staying in the house. (GRETCHEN *smiles and nods.*) Is this your first visit here? You must let me take you out, and show you some of our pleasant walks. I am so fond of walking, and there are some of the loveliest views within easy walking distance. I particularly admire a waterfall that is about a quarter of a mile from here. (GRETCHEN *smiles again.*)

Sophia. I must take out-of-door exercise, and we do not keep a carriage, so I have become very fond of walking. I often carry a sketch-book, for I am very fond of sketching. Don't you admire pictures? Oh, if I could only be a great artist like Rosa Bonheur! But my poor little sketches don't amount to much and certainly make no promise of such proficiency. Are you not an admirer of her paintings? I wish I could see some of the originals, but in this obscure place we think ourselves fortunate if we see, now and then, a copy of any great picture. What a blessing photography is for those who cannot travel, is it not? (GRETCHEN *looks up again and nods.*)

Sophia. To be sure we don't have many fine photographs here, but our bookseller is very obliging about sending to New York for any that are ordered, so that some of us have quite a nice collection. I should like to show you mine, though I suppose you can see finer ones in the shop windows in New York. The one desire of my life is to travel. It is so improving. (GRETCHEN *smiles again.*)

Sophia. I want to go to Europe. I cannot imagine any greater pleasure than visiting the objects of interest in the Old world. The scenery, the galleries, the cathedrals, and the ruins. We cannot show those in this country. If, by some misfortune, anything is ruined here, it is built up again before the stones are grass-grown, much less covered with moss. And our churches—what are they compared with the cathedrals of Europe? (GRETCHEN *smiles again.*)

Sophia. How fast you work. You have embroidered a whole leaf while we have been conversing. I cannot

work and talk too. I have often tried it, but as soon as I am interested in my subject, or am listening to an entertaining friend, I find my hands lying idle in my lap! I do so enjoy an hour of conversation. It freshens up one's ideas so much to compare them with those of another, and it is so improving to meet a really intellectual companion. (GRETCHEN *looks up and nods.*)

Sophia. I hope the girls will succeed well with their table. It is a noble object. Mamma says she will make one of her pretty pairs of carriage boots, knit, and lined with wadded silk. Polish boots, some call them. And speaking of Poles, have you seen the new work on Poland? I borrowed it, and returned it, but I think I can get it again, if you would like to read it! (GRETCHEN *looks up and smiles.*)

Sophia. I thought it would interest you. There is no study so absorbing as history, and certainly none more instructive. I will send the book to you in the morning.

Enter MAGGIE and GRACE, with dolls and patterns in their hands.

Mag. I hope you will excuse us for being so long, *Sophia.* The patterns were mislaid, and Gracie stopped to help me look for them.

Sophia. Oh, don't speak of it. We have had a most delightful conversation. The time has passed very quickly.

Grace. (*Looking surprised.*) Conversation?

GRETCHEN *rises and goes out.*

Sophia. Your friend is charming. So very intelligent! I don't know when I have spent a more delightful hour.

Grace. (*Aside to Maggie.*) Can she be in earnest?

Sophia. She agrees with me perfectly in love of music and painting, and her desire to travel. I do so enjoy conversing with some one of congenial mind.

Mag. But, *Sophia*—

Sophia. And she is so anxious to see the new work on Poland, so I will try to get it again, and send it over in the morning.

Grace. Do you mean—

Sophia. I mean the new history. I cannot remember the name of the author, but it is delightful. We were discussing Rosa Bonheur. Miss Gretchen is as charmed as I am by her genius. Indeed, we agreed perfectly on all subjects.

Mag. But is it possible, you—

Sophia. You must come over soon and bring her. I have promised to show her my collection of photographs, although she has seen finer ones.

Grace. But Sophia, you must be mistaken; you—

Sophia. I shall depend on seeing you very soon. I do so enjoy meeting a companion whose conversation is so improving. I never enjoyed a more delightful half-hour.

Mag. (Aside.) It is perfectly incredible!

Sophia. I must be going. You will let me take these patterns home, will you not, for I really have not time to stop any longer now. Your charming friend made the minutes fly so fast.

Grace. You can take them home, certainly. But you are jesting about poor Gretchen, are you not, Sophia?

Sophia. Jestings?

Mag. It is too bad to make fun of her.

Sophia. Make fun of her? What do you mean?

Grace. Is it possible that you have been with her all this time, and never discovered—

Sophia. Discovered what?

Mag. That she is deaf and dumb!

FROST'S DIALOGUES.

THE COMPETING RAILROADS.

CHARACTERS.

No. 1.	} Four Men.
No. 2.	
No. 3.	
No. 4.	

No. 1 meets No. 4, who has a valise, and asks,

No. 1. Going East, sir?

No. 4. Yes.

No. 1. Well, step right up to the Union Ticket Office. Great through line, sir. Land you in New York sixteen hours in advance of any other route. Finest sleeping and dining cars in the world! Chicken three times a day, and beds free from vermin. Butter on two plates, and molasses all over the table. Come right along, sir.

Here No. 2 appears and hurriedly inquires.

No. 2. Going East, Sir?

No. 4. Yes.

No. 2. Glad to meet you. Step over to the office. Shortest line to New York by twenty-seven miles. Put you in there nine hours ahead of any other line. Finest eating-houses in the world. Soup three times a day, and fleas bulldozed by machinery. Come with me, sir.

No. 3 comes up from behind and asks.

No. 3. Going East, sir?

No. 4. Yes, sir.

No. 3. I'm just the man you want to see. Come along with me. Best and shortest route, by a long shot, to all points. Put you through in a jiffy. Splendid sleeping-cars on all night trains, and codfish balls for breakfast. Conductors all of pious and respectable parentage, and fires kept up constantly. Come along, sir.

No. 1 takes No. 4 by the left shoulder, No. 2 takes him by the right shoulder, and No. 3 takes him by the coat-tail. In concert they all pull and say,

Come with me, Sir.

They all ease up, and each says to the others,

Let go of this gentleman.

Then they all ask,

To what point are you going?

No. 4. Going to Maria.

Each one of the agents jerks out a railroad map and studies it intently.

After looking on the map several minutes, each looks at the other, and then at No. 4, and asks,

Where is Maria?

No. 4. Where's Maria? Why, I s'pose she's to home. Maria is my wife, and lives six miles east of town.

Arranged from the STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

SLEEPY HOLLOW HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

CHARACTERS.

PRESIDENT *A Mild-mannered Gentleman.*
MR. BUDLONG *A Loquacious Member.*

SCENE.—*Members seated about a long table. The President at a desk on a raised platform. Mr. Budlong asks a question.*

Mr. Budlong. Mr. President, I would like to ask a question in connection with the interesting discussion as to the best methods of orchard culture.

President. Proceed, Mr. Budlong.

Mr. B. I have been experimenting with the Russian mulberry for wind-breaks and other purposes. The mulberry was introduced by the Mennonites from the most severe climate on the globe, in 1873 or 1874. At least, it was soon after the great panic, which you all remember caused much anxiety and distress all over the country. At that time my wife's brother was engaged in making wheelbarrows, and had a large and profitable business, for wheelbarrows were in great demand in building railroads. You all know that railroad building was the rage at that time. In one year there were no less than 20,000 miles of railroad built. The large expenditure of labor and money was a gain to the country in securing access to regions previously inaccessible, but it caused a severe blow to all business in-

terests. So few railroads were there in former years, I used to be compelled, in visiting my uncle, a few miles south of here, to go by Podunk, nearly two hundred miles out of my way. Railroad fares were much higher then than now. My wife's sister was buying a ticket last Tuesday for New York—no, it was last Monday. Tuesday we all went to Deacon Jones's donation. Or else it was Wednesday. I know it was one of those slippery days when no fellow could——

Pres. Did you say you wished to ask a question, Mr. Budlong?

Mr. B. Yes, and that is just what I am getting at. I want to ask about the Russian mulberry. My experiments all tend to show that, coming from a cold climate, it has built up a hardy constitution and become exceedingly enduring and valuable. I have found the fruit of the Russian mulberry to be variable, some being of large size and fine flavor, suitable for the most fastidious tastes, and others of moderate quality and small, valuable mainly for birds and fowls, which are exceedingly fond of them. In fact, the birds that feed on early cherries and other valuable fruit will prefer the mulberries. This protects the marketable fruit. Chickens thrive and fatten on mulberries. When berries do not drop fast enough, the fowls fly into the trees and gather them. I used to protect garden flower-beds with brush and other unsightly obstructions to keep away the ever-scratching fowls. Now they have left the garden unmolested. All we find necessary is to gather the fallen mulberries. The hens then get hungry and fly into the trees, and remain there all day long, much to my relief. We have now built nests in the mulberry-trees and the fowls lay eggs there. I had six hens hatching broods of young chickens there last season. As soon as the chickens hopped out of the shells they would reach out and grab a mulberry, which seemed to put new life into the fledglings. Only last Monday I heard a strange commotion among the mulberries—no, it was Tuesday. It must have been Tuesday, for I went visiting Monday.

Pres. Mr. Budlong, if you have a question to ask, I

hope you will proceed with dispatch and allow us to continue the important discussion under consideration, which is not mulberries, nor orchard culture, nor rail-roads, but "Shall the English Sparrow be Protected?" Mr. Johnson has just said that he considers it the most industrious bird alive, and he believes industry should be encouraged and protected. What have you to say on the sparrow?

Mr. B. I intend to introduce the sparrow into my question and will do so later, for the mulberry and sparrow are intimately connected. I propose to wed the sparrow to the mulberry. Complaint is made that the sparrow not only is a nuisance about barns and carriage houses, but that they consume the farmer's grain. When the mulberry shall grow in abundance, I expect to see the sparrows fly from their roosts on the wagon-seats, carriage-tops, and dash-boards and become wedded to the mulberry. Speaking of weddings reminds me of the exemption of married men from the cholera, which is a remarkable fact requiring investigation, and speaking of cholera reminds me of a man who was taken suddenly last Sunday with violent pains—no, it was not Sunday. Sunday he went to meeting with the grey mare. It was Saturday. Well, as I was saying—

Pres. Mr. Budlong, if you will excuse me, we will call up your question the first thing to-morrow morning. Is there anything more about the sparrow, gentlemen?

Mr. B. I hope you will give me just one moment to reach my point, then I am done. My experiments have led me to hold the Russian mulberry in high esteem as a wind-break. It transplants easily, grows rapidly, is healthy and hardy, and soon forms an impregnable barrier to the winds. Considering this in connection with its beauty as a lawn-tree and its great fruitfulness, I doubt if it is recommended too highly. Valuable varieties of this mulberry will be secured by budding in time. In this age everything is doomed to improvement or annihilation. There is no half-way work about it. My wife's brother has invented a machine for picking apples. I say to him your machine will be a great suc-

cess or a great failure—no half way work about it. He came near breaking his neck the other day experimenting with this machine. That was the day the wind blew so—last Friday. He started his machine—no, it was Thursday he met with the accident. I know, because that was the day our hired girl went off to a dance. I am sure it was Thursday, or possibly Wednesday. I know it was one of those windy—

Pres. What was the question you were about to ask, Mr. Budlong?

Mr. B. Question?

Pres. Yes. You wished to ask a question. What was the question?

Mr. B. It was the—ah—ahem—well, really, Mr. President, it has slipped from my mind. If I recall it, I will again ask your attention for just a moment.

THE WILL.

CHARACTERS.

MR. SWIPER *A Brewer.*
 MR. CURRIE *A Saddler,*
 FRANK MILLINGTON *A Young Man.*
 MR. DRAWL *A Country Squire.*

Swiper. A sober occasion this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swiper, and those who live the longest only bury the most.

Swiper. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Currie. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swiper. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Currie. Not a whisper; the squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a cent.

Swiper. Has she, good soul! has she? you know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Currie. And I in *my own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate; he must be present as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter Frank Millington.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swiper. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Currie. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread—

Swiper. Ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Currie. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserve. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*Going he meets the Squire.*)

Squire. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Currie. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swiper. I hope the damp air has not affected the Squire's lungs again.

Squire. No, I believe not; you know I never hurry.

"Slow and sure" is my maxim. Well, since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swiper. (*While he is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

Currie. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "All is vanity."

Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit—The squire having put on his spectacles begins to read in a drawling, nasal tone.*) "Imprimis: Whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swiper, of Malt street, brewer, and Christopher Curry, of Fly Court, Saddler"—(*The Squire takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swiper. (*Takes out his handkerchief and attempts to snivel.*) Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

Currie. She was always a good friend to me, and she must have had her senses perfectly, as the Squire says. And now, brother Swiper, when we divide, I think I shall take the mansion house.

Swiper. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye on that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Currie. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swiper. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? and who knows what influence—

Swiper. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*going.*)

Squire. (*Who has been leisurely wiping his spectacles,*



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puts them on, and, with his calm, nasal twang, calls out.) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*all sit.*) Let me see—where was I—ay, “all my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swiper, of Malt Street, brewer” (*looking over his spectacles at Swiper.*)

Swiper. (*Eagerly.*) Yes!

Squire. “And Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler,”—(*Looking over his spectacles at him.*)

Currie. (*Eagerly.*) Yes! yes!

Squire. “To have and to hold—in trust—for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained to lawful age, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil ways as that he may be safely intrusted with the large fortune I hereby bequeath to him.”

Swiper. What’s all this? You don’t mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There—in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Currie. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swiper. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

Currie. That we will—

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young man must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

NO LAW-SUITS IN HEAVEN.

CHARACTERS.

PATRICK *A Quick-witted Irishman.*LAWYER *A Young Sprig Hoping for a Fee*SCENE.—*A lawyer's office.*

Lawyer. Well, Pat, what are you doing here?

Patrick. An' plase yer honor, ain't I sitting in this chair?

Law. Yes; I see you are sitting in that chair, but what are you here for?

Pat. Och! and what am I here for? and didn't I come to see yer honor about that drame of mine?

Law. What was your dream, Pat? Come, let us have it.

Pat. It was a strange drame; it was indade; an' all about my old frind, Mike O'Neil; bless his poor sowl.

Law. Well, what about your friend Mike?

Pat. Faith, an' did yer honor ever know Mike O'Neil? He was jist my age, for he died the very day I was born.

Law. That is singular; but what has that to do with your dream?

Pat. I was jist about to tell you that he died the same day that Jemey McMurphy died, who has been in his grave two years jist, this very day.

Law. But what has McMurphy to do with your dream?

Pat. But didn't my frind Mike chate everybody when he was alive? He was my next-door neighbor many a yare; for he only lived in the nixt strate but one.

Law. I think you must have forgotten your dream, Pat.

Pat. No, indade; I was jist thinking about it; for you must know that he chated me badly when he was my nixt neighbor.

Law. Who was it that cheated you so badly?

Pat. Plase yer honor, an' wasn't it my old frind Mike who chated me out of my own pig? Indade it was, dear sowl.

Law. But what was your dream?

Pat. An' wasn't it that of which I came to tell you; indade it was, sir; for, in my drame, I saw my old frind Mike, an' wasn't Jemey McMurphy with him, sure?

Law. Well, where were they, and what were they doing?

Pat. Bless yer honor, they were jist the same as before they died, only a little more so.

Law. What were they doing, Pat?

Pat. That is jist what I am about to tell you; for I didn't know before that people trade horses in another world.

Law. Did your dream take you to heaven, then?

Pat. May it plase yer honor, it did, indade; an' it was there I saw my old frind Mike.

Law. Did you say he was trading horses?

Pat. That is jist the thing he was doing; and wasn't it with Jemey McMurphy he was trading? Sure it was.

Law. I suppose they made a fair and honest trade?

Pat. Indade they didn't, for it was my frind Mike who couldn't be afther forgitting his old tricks, and he chated Jemey badly.

Law. Well, what did Jemey do then?

Pat. Faith, an' says he, "I'll prasecute you, sure I will."

Law. And how did they come out with the lawsuit?

Pat. Sure, an' they didn't have any, indade they didn't.

Law. Why didn't they have a lawsuit; I thought you said Jemey threatened to prosecute Mike?

Pat. That's the very thing I was about to tell you, sir; for I thought it was what yer honor ought to be afther knowing. You see, Jemey went to get a lawyer, an' he made inquiry iverywhere, indade he did; and then he came back, an' says he, "Mike, I can't prasecute you, any how, for I've sarched the whole kingdom of heaven for a lawyer an' there isn't a single one in it, indade there isn't."

THE JUST RETRIBUTION.

CHARACTERS.

ALBERTI *The Duke whose Life has been Assailed.*
 MONTALDI *Kinsman of the Duke.*
 JULIAN *The Accused.*
 STEPHANO } *Courtiers.*
 LUDOVICO }
 AMBROSE *Father of Julian.*
 VINCENT *Father of Rosalia.*
 COURTIERS, GUARDS, ETC.

SCENE.—*The Trial Chamber. JULIAN in chains, surrounded by Guards. ALBERTI upon the Judgment Seat. The others grouped near by.*

Alberti. My people!—the cause of your present assemblage, too well is known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful, but impartial justice; either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence, wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself; yet fear not but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor,—to MONTALDI only, I resign it.

Julian. He my judge! then I am lost indeed!

Alb. Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct. This only will I say: Should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Montaldi. (*Ascending the judgment seat.*) Your will and honor are my only governors. (*Bowing.*) Julian, stand forth! You are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman. The implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication?

Jul. First, I aver by that Power, whom vice dreads and virtue reverences, that no word but strictest truth shall pass my lips. On yesterday evening, I crossed the



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mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand ; my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley. Rosalie saw me enter the cottage. Soon afterward, a strange outcry recalled me to the door ; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye ; I raised it, and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood ! Consternation seized upon my soul ; the next moment I was surrounded by guards and accused of murder ! They produced the weapon which I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add,—I may become the victim of circumstance, but I never have been the slave of crime !

Mon. (*Ironically smiling.*) Plausibly urged ; have you no more to offer ?

Jul. Truth needs but few words,—I have spoken !

Mon. Yet bethink yourself. Dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea ?

Jul. Alas ! I have none else to offer.

Mon. You say, on yesterday evening you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there ?

Jul. To engage Father Nicolo to marry Rosalie and myself on the following morning.

Mon. A marriage, too ! Well, at what time did you quit the monastery ?

Jul. The bell for vesper service had just ceased to toll.

Mon. By what path did you return to the valley ?

Jul. Across the mountain.

Mon. Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted ?

Jul. (*Pausing.*) The wood of olives ?

Mon. Ha ! Mark ! He hesitates—speak !

Jul. No ! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood. I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon. Aye ! and pursuit was close behind. Stephano, you seized the prisoner ?

Stephano. I did. The bloody weapon bore his name; the mask and mantle were in his hands, confusion in his countenance, and every limb trembling with alarm.

Mon. Enough! Heavens! that villainy so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth! I fain would doubt, and in spite of reason hesitate to give my sentence; but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense—a tale too wild for romance to sanction—I find from your admission a chain of circumstances that confirms your criminality. The time at which you passed the wood and the hour of the duke's attack precisely correspond. You sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could only by slow degrees obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled. Pursuit was instant—your steps were traced—and at the very door of your cottage you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. Oh! wretched youth! I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul. My heart will burst—but I have spoken truth.

Mon. Then I must exercise my duty. Death is my sentence.

Jul. Hold! pronounce it not as yet!

Mon. If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. (*With despairing look.*) I call on Ludovico!

LUDOVICO hastily steps forward. *MONTALDI* starts back with evident trepidation.

Ludovico. I am here!

Mon. And what can he unfold? Only to repeat what we already know. I will not hear him—the evidence is perfect.

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) Hold! Montaldi, Ludovico must be heard; to the ear of justice the slightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. (*Confused.*) I stand rebuked. Well, Ludovico, depose your evidence!

Lud. Mine was the fortunat  arm appointed by

Heaven to rescue the duke. I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn. I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the height alone, I solemnly aver Julian cannot be the person.

Mon. This is no proof; the eye might easily be deceived. I cannot withhold my sentence longer.

Lud. I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across the right hand; the moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. (*Manifesting great excitement, and involuntarily drawing his glove close over his hand.*) A wound! mere fable.

Lud. Nay, more; the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers a jewel; it glittered as it fell; I snatched it from the ground, thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart; I now produce it; 'tis here; a ring,—an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) What say you? an amethyst set with brilliants! even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it.

As LUDOVICO advances to present the ring to the duke, MONTALDI rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.

Mon. Slave, resign the ring!

Lud. I will yield my life sooner!

Mon. Wretch, I will rend thy frame to atoms! (*They struggle with violence. MONTALDI snatches at the ring. LUDOVICO catches his hand, and tears off the glove—the wound appears.*)

Lud. O, Heavens! Murder is unmasked—the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin! (*All rush forward in astonishment.*)

Mon. Shame! Madness!

Alb. Eternal Providence! Montaldi a murderer?

Mon. Aye! Accuse and curse,—idiots, dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! Triumph not, Alberti,—I

trample on thee still! (*Draws a poniard and attempts to destroy himself. The weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.*)

Alb. Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mon. (*Delirious with passion.*) Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches and my veins run with fire! Disgraced, dishonored! O, madness! I cannot bear it. Save me—oh! (*Falls insensible into the arms of attendants.*)

Alb. Wretched man! bear him to his chamber; his punishment be hereafter. (*Montaldi is carried off.*)

Jul. Oh, my joy is too full for words!

Ambrose. My noble boy!

Vincent. Rosalie shall reward him.

Alb. Yes, they are children of virtue! their happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festal on my domain. Heaven, with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that howsoever in darkness guilt may veil its malefactions from the eye of man, an Omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious and protect the good!

DIMOND.

WEDDING "BEFO' DE WAH.."

CHARACTERS.

TOM *A Darkey Preacher.*
JOHNSON *The Bridgroom.*
MISS JONES *The Bride.*

SCENE. *A woods' meeting.*

Tom. Silence in dis 'sembly. Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have anything 'twixt

dem come forward and speak now ; if not, let dem hold der peace now and forevermore. I want every ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

Mr. Irvin Johnson, whomsoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe loving and beloved, holy and be holy ; do you love her mother, and do you love her father, do you love her sister, do you love her brothers, and, above all, do you love God de best ? Answer, I do.

Johnson. I do.

Tom. Miss Mary Jones, whomsoever stands so fastly by your right side, do you take for your loving husband, to wait on him through health and through confiction, through affliction and conviction, safe and be safe, holy and be holy ; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his master, do you love his mistress ; but, above all, do you love God the best ? Answer, I do.

Miss Jones. I do.

Tom. I command you, Mr. Irvin, to hold Miss Mary so fastly by de right hand, and by authority pronounce you both to be man and wife by the commandments of God. What God jines together let no man 'sunder.

We shall hope, and trusting through God and His 'postles, dat you may live right, and dat you may die right, now and forevermore. Now, Mr. Irvin, s'lute your bride. Let us sing a hymn—"Plunged in a Gulf of Dark Despair"

ADAPTED.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

CHARACTERS.

MR. JONES	} <i>A Congenial Couple.</i>
MRS. JONES	
SALLY JONES,	<i>Their Promising Daughter.</i>
HENRY JONES	<i>Their Hopeful Son.</i>

SCENE.—*About the sitting-room table. MR. JONES reading. MRS. JONES sewing. SALLY playing with a cat, and HENRY tearing a dog.*

Mr. Jones. (Throwing down the paper.) Now if I was President of the United States, I'd—

Mrs. Jones. But you ain't President, you know, and not likely to be.

Mr. J. (Pleasantly.) No, but I was just supposing the case.

Mrs. J. (Snappishly.) Then suppose something in reason. You might as well suppose you was the man of the moon, or the Man in the Iron Mask. *(Dog barks.)* Do, for pity's sake, keep your dog still, Henry!

Mr. J. (Smiling.) I was only going to say that if I was President of the United States, I'd—

Sally. My! Wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa! Wouldn't those Smith girls that now turn up their noses at me because I wear ma's old silk dress to Sunday School—wouldn't they change their tune? And don't you remember how the minister shakes hands with old Beerbarrel and not with you? And why—

Henry. Why? *(Dog barks.)* Because he pays a bigger pew-rent.

Mrs. J. O that dog! It would be a nice thing to be President and have chickens every day, and not have to pick off the feathers yourself. If there is any one thing I hate—. *(Cat mews.)* Now, Sally, you've got to put that cat out. I can't hear myself think. And then the trouble I have to get a new bonnet—once a year!

Sally. Why, ma, you get one twice as often as I do.

Mr. J. If I was President of the United States—

Mrs. J. If you was President, I'd have a new carpet put right down in the parlor, and buy a new piano, and get some new chairs. I'd take down that chromo we have had for a century, and get some with handsome gilt frames.

Henry. (Jumping up.) Why, ma, we'd live in Washington. We'd have horses and carriages, and Secretary Bayard would take you out riding, and I'd like to see the boy that would dare to lick me, coz it would be high treason.

Sally. You are a smart boy! Mr. Bayard is a Democrat, and pa is a Republican. Ma, ride with Bayard—

Mrs. J. Mercy! Why, I'd as soon be seen with our butcher or milkman. No, if I was the President's wife, I should ride in a carriage with four gray horses, and have a fat coachman. (*Dog jumps after the cat.*)

Sally. Now, ma, just see that horrid dog.

Henry. See that miserable cat. I wouldn't give two cents for a cat.

Mr. J. (*Getting excited.*) If I was President—

Mrs. J. Henry, you put your dog in the woodshed, this minute.

Henry. Shan't Sally put the cat out, too; you see he wouldn't have said a word if it hadn't been for that horrid cat.

Mr. J. Yes, Sally, you put the cat down cellar.

Both go, and, as they go, dog barks and cat mews fiercely.

Mr. J. There now! Well, as I began to say, if I was President of the United States—

Sally. If you was, pa, you'd make Henry kill off that dreadful dog, wouldn't you?

Henry. They don't have cats in the White House.

Mrs. J. No, we would not want cats and dogs, The postmaster would be begging for his place, but he wouldn't get it. I never liked that man. His wife actually came out of a pew the other Sunday when I went into it! Did you ever see such impudence!

Sally. I tell you Mr. Sackett is the man for postmaster. He has a beautiful pair of whiskers.

Mr. J. Just wait a minute, all of you. If I—

Henry. Josh Billings is the man for Postmaster-General. He'd let me come in and pick over the dead letters and make jokes about 'em.

Mrs. J. Nonsense. You are all half crazy, I do believe. We would have a special car to ride in, and a free pass on the railroads. And if you was shot, why it would be put in all the papers.

Mr. J. Oh! oh! (*Claps hand to his head.*)

Mrs. J. Why, what's the matter, Mr. Jones? The man hasn't said a word as to what he'd do if President.

Mr. J. Why, you haven't given me a chance.

Mrs. J. Haven't given him a chance! Why, you have had plenty of time, only you wouldn't do it. That's always the way! (*Snappishly.*) Now tell us, Mr. Jones, what would you do if President.

Sally and Henry. Yes, pa, do tell us.

Mr. J. I'd resign as soon as I could, you just bet your life on that. I could stand Bayard and Watter-son—but—but—

All. What is it?

Mr. J. I could run the nation, but not the nation and my family too.

SCHOOL JOURNAL.

THE FEMALE EXQUISITES.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. KERSEY	<i>A Sensible Lady.</i>
BECKY	<i>Her Affected Daughter.</i>
KATY	<i>Her Affected Niece.</i>
MADGE	<i>The Servant Girl.</i>

SCENE.—*The sitting-room of a city house.*

Mrs. Kersey. Tell me what you have done with the gentlemen who have just left the house in such a rage! Did I not request you to receive them as your destined husbands?

Becky. How could we treat them civilly, mother, when they offered themselves at the first visit?

Mrs. K. And what was there improper in that?

Beckie. O, horrible! If the affair were managed in this vulgar manner, a romance would soon have an end.

Katy. Aunt, my cousin is perfectly right. How can one receive people entirely unacquainted with the delicacies of gallantry? I don't believe they ever heard of Tenderland, and the sighs, and billet-doux, and sentimental raptures that are the peculiar growth of its soil.

Becky. Does not their whole appearance indicate this? Come to make a formal visit, and expect to be admitted the first time!

Katy. And then their hands without gloves! Besides, I noticed that their neckties were not in the newest style—

Becky. And their vests were full an inch too long.

Mrs. K. You are both crazy—Katy, and you, Becky—

Becky. O, for goodness' sake, mother, do leave off calling us by those outlandish names!

Mrs. K. Outlandish names, miss! are they not your true and proper Christian names?

Becky. Heavens! how vulgar! What astonishes one is, that you should ever have had so intellectual a daughter as myself. Who ever heard of Becky or Katy in refined conversation? And either name would be enough to blast the finest romance that ever was written.

Katy. It is true, aunt; for it is distressing to an ear of any delicacy to hear such words pronounced. And the name of Seraphina Cherubina, which my cousin has adopted, and that of Celestina Azurelia, which I have bestowed upon myself, have a grace which even you must perceive.

Mrs. K. Hear me—I have but one word to say, I will hear of no other names than were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as to the gentlemen, I know their worth, and am resolved that you shall marry them. I am tired of having you upon my hands.

Becky. Allow us to breathe awhile among the fashionables of the city, where we have hardly arrived. Give us time to weave the web of our romance, and do not hasten the catastrophe of our being with such unrefined precipitation.

Mrs. K. You are a finished pair of fools, and shall be married or go to the mad-house immediately. (*She goes out.*)

Katy. Mercy on us! how completely material your mother is! How dull is her understanding! and how dark her soul!

Becky. I can hardly persuade myself that I am really

her daughter, and I am sure that some adventure will hereafter develop a more illustrious parentage. (*Enter MADGE.*)

Madge. There's a man below, who says his lady wishes to speak with you.

Becky. Dolt! Cannot you deliver a message with less vulgarity? You should say, "A necessary evil wishes to be informed whether it is your pleasure to be accessible."

Madge. I don't understand French, ma'am.

Becky. Impertinent! How insupportable! And who is this lady?

Madge. He called her the Marchioness Quizzilla.

Becky. (*To Katy.*) O, my dear, a marchioness! a marchioness! It is, no doubt, some intellectual lady, who has heard of our arrival. Think of it—a marchioness! my dear.

Katy. Let us adjust our dress, and sustain the reputation which has preceded us. (*To Madge.*) Run, and bring us the counselor of the Graces.

Madge. Gracious, ma'ams! I don't know what sort of a critter that is. You must talk Christian, if you wish me to understand you.

Katy. Bring us the mirror, then, ignoramus! and take care you do not sully the glass by letting your ugly image pass before it. (*MADGE, going out, meets the MARCHIONESS entering, veiled.*)

Madge. Madam, these are my mistresses.

Mar. Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the audacity of my visit, but your reputation has brought it upon you. Merit has such charms for me, that I break down all barriers to get at it.

Becky. If you are in pursuit of merit, you must not hunt for it in our domains.

Katy. If you find any merit here, you must have brought it.

Becky. Madge!

Madge. Ma'am.

Becky. Approximate hither the sedentary aids of conversational intercourse.

Madge. Ma'am!

Becky. Bring some chairs, dolt!

Katy. Come, madam, do not be inexorable to that chair, which is stretching out its arms to receive you. (*The MARCHIONESS sits affectedly.*)

Mar. Well, ladies, what do you think of the city?

Becky. We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing its ineffable attractions.

Mar. Leave that to me. I will establish an academy of wits at your house, and not a rhyme shall be made in the city without your knowledge. I sometimes scratch a line or two myself, and you will find at least two hundred songs of mine, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, to say nothing of enigmas, charades, etc., running the rounds of the first circles.

Becky. Only think, my dear—over a thousand madrigals!

Katy. And in the first circles, too!

Mar. Hearing of your arrival, I have come to do you the homage of presenting you an impromptu that I made upon myself yesterday. I am unequalled in impromptus.

Katy. An impromptu is the touchstone of wit.

Mar. Listen, then.

Katy and Becky. We are all attention.

Mar. You will understand that I suppose a gentleman to make the verses upon receiving a glance from my eyes.

Katy and Becky. What an ingenious device!

Mar. Listen:— (*With much affectation.*)

Ah! ah! suspicionless of smart,

And seeking in your charms relief,

Your eye, cataceous, stole my heart.

Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!

Katy. O, heavens! desist; it is too exquisite.

Mar. Did you notice the commencement—"Ah! ah!" There is something fine in that "Ah! ah!"—as if a man suddenly thought of something—"Ah! ah!" Surprise—"Ah! ah!"

Becky. Yes, I think the "Ah! ah!" admirable.

Katy. I should rather have made that "Ah! ah!" than "Paradise Lost."

Mar. You have the true taste, I see.

Katy and Becky. Our taste is not the most corrupt.

Mar. But did you not also admire "suspicionless of smart?"—innocent, you understand, as a sheep—not aware of danger—and "seeking in your charms relief,"—expecting, you understand, that I should smile him into life. "Your eye, cataceous;" What do you think of the word *cataceous*? Was it not well chosen?

Katy. Perfectly expressive.

Becky. "Cataceous"—that is, slyly, like a cat. I can almost see a feline quadruped watching its prey.

Katy. Nothing could be more superingeniously conceived.

Mar. "Stole my heart"—robbed me of it—carried it right away. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Becky. O, stop! stop!—let us breathe.

Mar. Would you not think a man was crying after a robber to arrest him?

Katy. There is a transcendental spirituality in the idea.

Becky. Do repeat the "Ah! ah!"

Mar. "Ah! ah!"

Becky and Katy. O! O!

Mar. "Suspicionless of smart."

Becky. "Suspicionless of smart." (*Looking at Katy.*)

Katy. "Suspicionless of smart." (*Looking at Becky.*)

Mar. "And seeking in your charms relief."

Becky and Katy. O! "In your charms relief!"

Mar. "Your eye, cataceous."

Becky. "Cataceous,"—O!

Katy. O! "Cataceous."

Mar. "Stole my heart."

Becky. "Stole his heart!"

Katy. "Stole his heart!" O! I faint!

Mar. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Becky. O! "stop thief! stop thief!"

Katy. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"



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All together. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"
(*Enter MADGE.*)

Madge. "Stop thief!" What is the matter? Who has been robbed?

Becky. O! how your material presence brings us to earth again! (*Mrs. Kersey uncovers her face.*)

Madge. Why, ma'am, what trick are you playing on the young ladies?

Mrs. K. I am only teaching the silly exquisites that some folks may make as refined fools as some folks, and that affectation is not learning. "Ah! ah! Cataceous! Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Becky. I am imperturbably petrified.

Katy. And I am indiscriminately confounded.

Mrs. K. Becky Seraphina Cherubina, and Katy Celestina Azurelia, my advice to you is, to aim at nothing above common sense, and not to suspect that all the world are fools, because *you* happen to be.

WM. B. FOWLE.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

CHARACTERS.

JOSEPH *A Bashful Youth.*
PATTY *A Flirt.*

SCENE.—*By the garden gate, a moonlight evening. Joseph and Patty in the shadow of a rose bush.*

Patty. But why *don't* you get married?

Joseph. Well, I—

Pat. Well, go on; you what? (*Approaching nearer.*)
Now just tell me right straight out—you what?

Jos. Why, I—. Oh, pshaw! I don't know.

Pat. You do—I say you do know. Come, now—I want to know?

Jos. Oh, I can't tell you.

Pat. Yes, you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me, of course you know, for haven't I always been your friend?

Jos. Well, you have, I know.

Pat. And I'm sure I always thought you liked me. (*Placing her hand in his.*)

Jos. Oh, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed I do, *Patty.* (*Warmly.*)

Pat. And then—tell, Joseph. (*Dropping her eyes.*)

Jos. Eh! Oh! Well! (*Dropping his eyes and Patty's hand at the same moment.*)

Pat. I'm pretty sure you love somebody, Joseph—it's a fact. (*Assuming again a tone of raillery.*) I know you're in love; and, Joseph, why don't you tell me all about it at once?

Jos. Well, I—

Pat. Well I! Oh, you silly mortal! What is there to be afraid of?

Jos. Oh, it isn't because I'm afraid of anything at all; and I'll—well, now, *Patty*, I will tell you.

Pat. Well now, Joseph?

Jos. I—

Pat. Eh?

Jos. I—

Pat. Yes.

Jos. I am in love! Now don't tell—you won't, will you? (*Violently seizing Patty by the hand, and looking into her face with a most imploring expression.*)

Pat. Why, of course, you know, Joseph, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't, don't you, Joseph?

Jos. Well, *Patty*, I've told you now, and you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and—

Pat. Yes, Joseph.

Jos. I am sure you would do anything for me that you could.—

Pat. Yes, Joseph, you know I would.

Jos. Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it.

Pat. I declare, Joseph, I—you might have told me long ago, if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life.

Jos. No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but—

Pat. It's not too late now, you know, Joseph.

Jos. Well, Patty, *do* you think I am too young to get married?

Pat. Indeed, I do *not*, Joseph, and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another.

Jos. That's just what I think; and now, Patty, I *do* want to get married, and if you'll just—

Pat. Indeed, I will, Joseph; you know I was always partial to you—I have said so often behind your back.

Jos. Thank you, Patty, I have all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you.

Pat. Object! No, I'd die first; you may ask of me just what you please.

Jos. And you'll grant it?

Pat. I will.

Jos. Then, Patty, I want you to pop the question for me to Fanny O'Neal, for—

Pat. *What!*

Jos. Eh?

Pat. Do you love Fanny O'Neal?

Jos. Oh, indeed I do, with all my heart.

Pat. I always thought you were a fool.

Jos. Oh!

Pat. I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! Oh, you—you—*you stupid!*
(*In a shrill treble, giving JOSEPH a slap on the cheek and rushing from the room.*)

ADAPTED.

THE BAFFLED BOOK-AGENT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. JONES *A Wag of a Lawyer.*
 AGENT *An Expert Book-Agent.*

SCENE.—JONES seated at table reading paper. Enter AGENT briskly.

Agent. "The Universal History of the Universe"—in two thousand instalments—fifty cents an instalment—three hundred engravings—

Jones. Stop, my friend. Restrain that intellectual flow—dam up that torrent of eloquence. Listen to me. Do you know what has come to me since I saw you last? It was in Octo—

Agent. But, sir, you never saw me before.

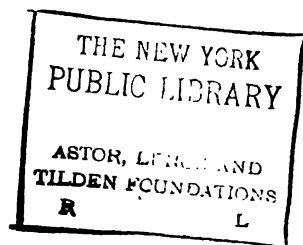
Jones. Never saw you! Impossible! Could one who once gazed on those noble lineaments ever forget them? Could that coy wart on the nose be ever forgotten, or that eloquent mole on your iron jaw? Never, never! It was in October that I met you last. Blessed October—that month of ripeness and of sobered passion! Do you know of all the months in the year, October is—

Agent. Pardon me, sir. (*Rolling his brass eyelids in desperation.*) You are—

Jones. Pardon me, sir; I cannot allow any man to hold the reins of conversation over me—I will not be interrupted. To resume; my great-grandmother was the pertest woman of her age that you ever saw. She was one hundred and thirty-two years old, and yet was as chipper as the best of us. My brother, who was an inventive man, put her on a pair of wheels, and it would have done you good to have seen her scoot around. I suppose ours was the only family that could boast of a grandmother on wheels, and yet—



DE WOLFE HOPPER AND MARION SINGER.



Agent. But, sir, I am in a great hurry, and—

Jones. You must positively not interrupt me, my friend, as I was saying before, when a man has a family growing up around him it is hard to say which one he loves best. And yet that boy of mine, with the strawberry mark on his left ear—there's a queer story connected with that strawberry-mark, that would please you—have you a child?

Agent. I am the father of thirteen miserable children.

Jones. Ah, then you can sympathize with my story. You have been a mother yourself. Ah, you can sound the depth of a mother's love! It is as deep as an artesian well, as high as a liberty pole. It soars like a Chinese kite, it grovels like a ground-hog. It is sweet to be a mother. It gives us a new life, and fills us with a broad deep, sweet—

Agent. Really, sir, I haven't the time—

Jones. Now there you go again. You throw me out every time. But to go back to our conversation; I do think he was the sweetest dog I ever saw. Although he was quite young when he was born, he seemed to take to learning naturally. When I would send him to drive the pigs out of the yard, he would take the little pigs patronizingly by the ear—

Agent. Ha, ha! (*Dolefully.*) Quite a bright dog—quite bright—but would you like this “Univ—

Jones. Interrupting me again there! But it don't matter. To resume: As I said before, the boat was very small, and quite cranky. It rocked wildly, the girl became excited, and it was hard to control her. You have doubtless been on the water, and understand—(*The BOOK-AGENT rises casts one wild, scared look around him and makes for the door.*) Come back and see us again. You are such a good listener it is a pleasure to talk to you. Yes, come again. Come during the next Centennial.

ADAPTED.

UNCLE NATHAN'S INDIAN.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE NATHAN *An Old Settler.*
 UNCLE CHRIS *His Brother.*
 TOM *Their Nephew, aged twelve.*
 BILL *Their Nephew, aged ten.*

SCENE.—*Room in UNCLE NATHAN'S house.*

Tom. Uncle Nathan, you promised us boys that if we wouldn't pester you when you were husking corn, you would take an evening and answer our questions about settling up the backwoods. Now, here it is almost Christmas, and we haven't heard from you yet.

Uncle Nathan. Who is to blame, Tom, you or I, eh?

Tom. No matter now; expect we boys are. Well, were the Indians here when you came?

Uncle N. Indians? Guess there were. Right across the river, a mile from here, there was a camp of over two hundred.

Tom. What—real, wild Indians?

Uncle N. To be sure they were.

Tom. Weren't you afraid? Had they bows and arrows, tomahawks, scalping-knives?

Uncle N. Nobody was ever scalped to my knowledge. We used to be somewhat fearful at first, but we soon found out that they were either afraid, or had no disposition to hurt us. They had bows and arrows, and some guns and tomahawks, and long knives which they used for dressing game.

Bill. O Tom, wouldn't you like to see an Indian—a real, bloody, wild Indian?

A rap at the door, which UNCLE NATHAN opens and UNCLE CHRIS enters disguised as an Indian, his face colored a reddish brown.

Uncle Chris. *(Stepping back a little into the darkness.)*
 Who-o-o-o-o-p!

Tom and Bill. *(Starting for the stairs.)* Oh, dear! he's an Indian.

Uncle N. Come back, boys, he won't hurt you. Come in, Wild Cat.

Uncle C. (Laughing.) Papposes big scare, oogh! Big Injun no kill pappoose—no kill squaw—kill schmauckie man, oogh!

Bill. (Whispering to his Uncle.) Oh, I'm afraid he'll kill you, 'cause you smoke. Hide your pipe, uncle, for fear he does.

Uncle N. (Taking his pipe from his pocket and handing it to UNCLE CHRIS.) Have a smoke, Wild Cat?

Uncle C. Oh! schmaukie man much good. Heap tobacco, big pipe. *Any wiskee?*

Uncle N. No whiskey to-night.

Uncle C. (Sorrowfully.) Oogh! Wild Cat much cold. Moccasin no good. *Blanket, oh, much hole.* Wiskee make warm come—make no shiver. Little much wiskee, eh?

Uncle N. (Shaking head.) No whiskey.

Uncle C. Schmaukie man no good. Poor Injun want wiskee—make warm come—make Injun much money—much fight. No wiskee? Injun take papposes, eh? Schmaukie man give wiskee, get papposes back. *(Makes a spring, catches TOM and BILL and starts for the door.)*

Tom. Murder! MURDER! MURDER!

Bill. Oh! *We'll be scalped!*

Uncle N. Hold on, Chris, enough, enough; let them go.

Uncle C. How do you like a real, bloody, wild Injun, Bill?

Bill. (A little sulky.) You ain't an Indian. Indians wouldn't scare little boys like us.

Uncle C. Come now, Bill, let us be friends again. Here is a book about the Indians that I bought for you the other day. Won't that pay for your big scare? And I'll sit down and behave myself the rest of the evening. Come, let us make up.

Tom. All right. Hurrah for Wild Cat, the celebrated Flat-head Chief! Had any roasted dog to-day, Wild Cat?

Uncle N. Now, boys, don't be too hard on Uncle Chris, for I engaged him to favor us with an Indian

performance to-night, and he has done nobly. Old Wild Cat himself couldn't have surpassed him in playing his part.

Bill. I've got over my scare now, and I want to know if that was the way the Injuns used to talk, and did they yell like that?

Uncle N. When we came here forty years ago, the Indians had traded with the white people enough to understand the English language, and speak it about as well as your uncle did to-night. Some, of course, got hold of it more readily, and others again were very hard to be understood. Uncle Chris is a fair average Indian.

Tom. What did they live on? Did they farm any?

Uncle N. Many years ago they had some corn-fields on the river bottom. Wherever they had a village, there was usually a small field close by, where the squaws raised corn, beans, and sometimes pumpkins.

Tom. *The squaws!* Hey, Wild Cat, does your squaw raise your corn for you? Wouldn't Aunt Em "raise cane" if her "big Injun" wanted her to hoe corn?

Bill. Hush, Tom, Uncle Nathan is full of talk; let us hear what he has to say.

Uncle N. They depended on their guns and bows for most of their living. I have seen a young Indian shoot a blue-bird with his bow and arrow, pull a few feathers off, and roast it on a rod over the smoke and fire, and then eat it.

Tom. Mighty nice, Uncle Wild Cat. How'll you take your blue-bird? Feathers off or roasted whole?

Uncle C. Tom, I'm afraid you are not truly thankful to me for showing off the Indian to-night.

Tom. Oh yes! Much obliged to you, Mr. Wild Cat, for scaring me out of a year's growth. Won't you oblige me by taking off my scalp? Would it be too much trouble to roast me to death, and dance around me while I'm burning? Would you have some "wiskee" to get drunk on? Now please do favor us with one of your delightful whoops before going to your wigwam to beat your squaw, and scare your poor papposes to death.

Uncle C. I give it up, Tom; and if I didn't see the

fun in your eyes, I should feel sorry that I had come over here to-night to play the Indian, or the fool, whichever you please to call it.

Tom. (Laughing.) There, now, Uncle Chris, I'm even with you. You made me believe you were an Indian, and I made you believe I was mad about it, so after we've had one-a-piece of Uncle Nathan's bell-flower apples we'll go home, and leave an appointment to hear the rest next week.

Uncle N. Passing the apples. In order to make you prompt next week, I will tell you that I bought the tree of which these apples grew, of "Old Johnny Applesseeds," who was a great character in the early day. I will undertake to tell about him next time.

MODEL DIALOGUES.

THE UNWILLING PATIENT.

CHARACTERS.

DOCTOR *A Talkative Quack.*
 SINCLAIR *A Stranger.*
 VOLATILE *The Doctor's Servant.*

SCENE.—*The doctor's office.*

Volatile. Your humble servant, sir ; walk in, sir ; sit down, sir. (*Bringing a chair.*) My master will wait on you in a moment, sir ; he's busy dispatching some patients, sir. I'll tell him you are here, sir. Be back in a twinkling, sir.

Sinclair. No, no. I only wish to inquire—

Vol. Right, sir ; you could not have applied to a more able physician. My master understands physic as fundamentally as I do my mother tongue, sir

Sin. He appears to have an able advocate in you.

Vol. I do not say this, sir, because he is my master ;

but 'tis really a pleasure to be his patient, and I should rather die by his medicines than be cured by those of any other; for, whatever happens, a man may be certain that he has been *regularly* treated; and, should he die under the operation, his heirs would have nothing to reproach him for.

Sin. That's a mighty comfort to a dead man.

Vol. To be sure, sir: who would not wish to die methodically? Besides, he's not one of those doctors who husband the disease of their patients. He loves to dispatch business; and, if they are to die, he lends them a helping hand.

Sin. There's nothing like dispatch in business.

Vol. That's true, sir. What is the use of so much hemming and hawing, and beating round the bush? I like to know the long and short of a distemper at once.

Sin. Right, undoubtedly.

Vol. Right! Why, there were my three children, whose illness he did me the honor to take care of, who all died in less than four days, where, in another's hands, they would have languished as many months.

Enter Doctor.

Vol. Sir, this gentleman is desirous of consulting——

Dr. I perceive it, sir; he is a dying man. Do you eat well, sir?

Sin. Eat! yes, sir, perfectly well.

Dr. Bad, very bad; the epigastric region must be shockingly disordered. How do you drink, sir?

Sin. Nobody drinks better, sir.

Dr. So much the worse. The great appetite of frigid and humid is an indication of the great heat and aridity within. Do you sleep soundly?

Sin. Yes, always.

Dr. This indicates a dreadful torpidity of the system; and, sir, I pronounce you a dead man. After considering the diagnostic and prognostic symptoms, I pronounce you attacked, affected, possessed, and disordered by that species of mania termed hypochondria.

Vol. Undoubtedly, sir. My master never mistakes, sir.

Dr. But, for an incontestible diagnostic, you may perceive his distempered ratiocination and other pathognomonic symptoms of this disorder.

Vol. What will you order him, sir?

Dr. First, a thorough salivation.

Vol. But should this have no effect?

Dr. We shall then know the disease does not proceed from the humors.

Vol. What shall we try next, sir?

Dr. Bleeding, ten or fifteen times, twice a day.

Vol. If he grow worse and worse, what then?

Dr. It will prove the disease is not in his blood.

Vol. What application would you then recommend?

Dr. My infallible sudorific. Sweat him off five pounds a day, and his case cannot long remain doubtful. This, you know, is my *regular* course, and never fails to kill or cure.

Vol. I congratulate the gentleman upon falling into your hands, sir. He must consider himself happy in having his senses disordered, that he may experience the efficacy and gentleness of the remedies you have proposed.

Sin. What does this mean, gentlemen? I do not understand your gibberish and nonsense.

Dr. Such injurious language is a diagnostic. We wanted to confirm our opinion of his distemper.

Sin. Are you crazy, gentlemen? (*Spits on his hands and raises his cane*).

Dr. Another diagnostic! frequent sputation.

Sin. You had better be done and make off.

Dr. Another diagnostic! anxiety to change place. We will fix you, sir. Your disease——

Sin. I have no disease, sir.

Dr. A bad symptom, when a patient is insensible of his illness.

Sin. I am well, sir, I assure you; and, having lost my way, only called to inquire after the most direct route to the city. Show it to me this instant, or, by Hypocrates, I'll break every bone in your skin!

ADAPTED FROM MOLIÈRE.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

CHARACTERS.

OLD SOLDIER *A Tramp*
 GEORGE *A Boy.*

SCENE.—*A village street.*

Enter OLD SOLDIER, with valise.

Soldier. This must be the place; every tree and shrub is familiar to me—even the old pump that I passed just now has a semblance of days gone by. It seems to me a—a— (*Enter GEORGE with whitewash pan and brush.*) Ah, here comes some one that can give me the information I seek. Young man, can you tell me if—ah! for three weeks I have not tasted food.

George. (Aside.) He must be rather gone by this time.

Sold. Twenty years ago I left this spot, and my poor little brother must be quite a man by this time. I left him gamboling on the hillside.

Geo. (Aside.) O, he was a gambler, oh, my!— (*SOLDIER advances and drops valise on GEORGE's toes.*) Oh, dear!

Sold. Ha, wouldst rob me of my all? (*Seizes him.*)

Geo. Oh, don't! I wouldn't take anything.

Sold. My all is in that casket.

Geo. (Aside.) His awl? Why, he must be a shoemaker. (*Aloud.*) Say, have you got your hammer and lapstone with you?

Sold. (Looking around.) I haven't seen an honest face since I came into this part of the country. I really a— (*To some one in audience.*) Well, there is one! that's what I call a good, honest, open countenance.

Geo. Open, ha, ha! Yes, you'd say so if you could only see him about dinner-time.

Sold. Young man, (*Advances.*) wouldst listen to a painful story?

Geo. I would, for twenty years.

Sold. Twenty years! Listen then, and mark me.
(*GEORGE marks him on the back with whitewash brush.*)
Twenty years ago—do I live while I tell it? (*Weeps.*)
—there lived in this village a respectful woman who had
two sons—both boys.

Geo. Both boys! Wasn't one of them a girl?

Sold. Silence and listen! For many years they grew
up, the delight of their parents, till the oldest boy conceived
the idea of joining the army. The old folks
interfered to make him change his mind, but go he would;
so there was no use in talking. He left their side in the
summer bloom, and in one hour—one short hour—he
was thousands and thousands of miles away. Since then
he has never seen his aged sire, and longs for the time
when he shall see once more that little gamboling brother
on the hillside—

Geo. Does my earsight deceive my eyesight? Ah!
(*Looks sharply at SOLDIER's feet.*) Had you a mother?

Sold. I had a mother. Why, of course, I had a mother.

Geo. That mother had two sons—boys?

Sold. She had, as you remark.

Geo. One day, he left for parts unknown; he has
never been heard of since that time.

An' one dreadful night the wind it blew,

The thunder thundered, an' the snow it sned.

Sold. Hm! (*Both approach in front.*)

Geo. (*Meditatively.*) Ha, ha, he, ho, hu, hy! Me-
thinks I should know that brother by the scar on his
wrist.

Sold. I have that scar, and many a good old soldier
have I scar'd with it.

Geo. That eyes!

Sold. Them nose!

Geo. Those hair.

Sold. That feet! Oh, dear! Twelves at least!

Both. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Come to the arms
of your long-lost brother. (*They embrace and each treads
on the other's foot. Both limp painfully. GEORGE very
sulky.*)

Geo. (Indignantly.) I don't care to meet any more of my relations just about now; no sirree. (*Limps off.*)

Sold. Stop, little brother George, and listen to the rest of my misfortunes and history for twenty years. (*Hobbles after him.*)

ADAPTED.

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHARACTERS.

SNOBBLETON } Rivals.
 ROBINSON }
 PRUDENCE A Young Girl.

SCENE.—A meadow.

Snobbleton. Yes, there is that fellow Robinson again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Robinson. Do we wander on the beach? So does Robinson. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Robinson once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I cannot spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Robinson, beware! But here he comes. (*Enter ROBINSON.*)

Robinson. (Not seeing SNOBBLETON, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand.) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it

fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snob. Good-morning, Robinson—that is, if you will shake hands.

Rob. What! you—you forgive! You really—

Snob. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but, let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Rob. With all my heart, my dear fellow!

Snob. What is the matter with you, Robinson? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Rob. Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—it is unbearable!

Snob. But, never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. I know what it is to be in—

Rob. Ah! you can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

Snob. Of course I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! And then the letters—the interminable letters!

Rob. Oh, yes, the letters! the *billet doux*!

Snob. And the bills—the endless bills!

Rob. The bills!

Snob. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Rob. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snob. In debt. To be sure I did.

Rob. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! it's worse than *that*.

Snob. Worse than that! Come, now, Robinson, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Rob. Yes, I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob. Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See! I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Rob. Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob. Whom?

Rob. Your cousin Prudence.

Snob. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winter?

Rob. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob. Harm, my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

Rob. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob. Well, that is something, to be sure. But leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Rob. Defect! You surprise me.

Snob. What! And you did not know of it?

Rob. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

Snob. Oh, no! only a little— (*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see, you understand it.

Rob. Merciful heaven! can it be? But really, is it serious?

Snob. I should think it was.

Rob. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Rob. Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snob. Zounds, man! she's not crazy!

Rob. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob. Slightly deaf. That's all.

Rob. Deaf?

Snob. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Rob. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting



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these flowers!" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Rob. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*)

"Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snob. Louder, shriller, man!

Rob. "Miss, will you—"

Snob. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Rob. (*Almost screaming.*) "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snob. There, that may do. Still, you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Rob. Very good. Meantime I will go down to the beach, and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—" (*Exit ROBINSON.*)

Enter PRUDENCE.

Prudence. Good-morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

Snob. Only Robinson. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Pru. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf?

Snob. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he's in love.

Pru. In love! with whom?

Snob. Can't you guess?

Pru. Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Pru. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Robinson?"

Snob. Do you think he would hear that?

Pru. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Robinson?" How would that do?

Snob. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Pru (*Almost screaming.*) "Good-morning!"

Snob. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

Enter ROBINSON.

Snob. (*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Robinson, cousin. Miss Winter, Robinson. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains where he can view the speakers.*)

Rob. (*Speaking shrill and loud.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Pru. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really, sir, I—I—

Rob. (*Aside.*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Robinson. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Rob. (*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear! (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Rob. (*Aside.*) Bless me! the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob. Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they can scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Pru. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Rob. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Pru. Bravo—bravo!

Rob. Thank you! THANK—

Pru. Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

Rob. And do you fancy *me* deaf, Miss? (*Natural tone.*)

Pru. Are you not, sir? you surprise me!

Rob. No, Miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Pru. Snobbleton! Why he told me that you were deaf.

Rob. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.
BEADLE'S DIME SPEAKER.

THE LITTLE PRESBYTERIAN MAID.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED A Youth
ETHEL A Maid.

SCENE.—A parlor. *Alfred and Ethel seated on a sofa.*

Alfred. My little Presbyterian maid,
Tell me why thou 'rt so shy.
I hold thee fast. Be not afraid!
No harm shall come thee nigh.
Dost love me? Speak, and tell me so!
By thy silence I am pained.
Ethel. I love thee well, as thou dost know;
For it was *fore-ordained*!

Alf. Ordained? Before? By whom, my sweet,—
Thy father or my mother?—
Eth. By Father of us all, 'twas meant
That we should love each other.
Alf. Nay, tell me plainer, little maid,
I'm but a careless fellow;
And ne'er before my vows have paid
Since cowslip blooms were yellow.

Thank God, I came, nor was delayed ;
 For should some happier brother
 Have found thee first, my precious maid,
 Thou mightest have loved another.

Elh. Nay ; suitors oft have sought my hand,
 In lovers' art perfected ;
 But then, they were not like to thee,
 From out all time *elected*.

Alf. Sweet heart, thy doctrine, strangely wise
 Most gracious honor does me ;
 Yet how were we to know all this,
 Is that which does confuse me.

Elh. No sparrow falleth to the ground
 Without our Father knoweth ;
 No heart but hath somewhere its mate,
 To which in time it goeth.
 And so, by *inward consciousness*
 My soul thy soul approving,
 I felt a *special Providence*
 Had sent thee for my loving.

Alf. I ask no more ; I am content
 With all thy sweet believing.
 But *never lose thy faith*, sweet maid
 Or else I die a-grieving.
 For I'll confess, I greatly prize
 Thy mystery of *election* ;
 And none can see thy face and doubt
 The doctrine of *perfection*.

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THE CONJUGATING GERMAN.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES *An Englishman.*
 JONATHAN *An American.*
 GOTTLIEB *A German.*

SCENE.—CHARLES and JONATHAN seated together at one table;
 and GOTTLIEB at another.

Charles. (*To JONATHAN.*) Sir, did you hear of that celebrated dwarf that has arrived in the city?

Gottlieb.* (*Before JONATHAN has time to answer.*) I arrive, thou arrivest, he arrives; we arrive, you arrive, they arrive.

Chas. (*Looking around at GOTTLIEB in surprise.*) Did you speak to me, sir?

Gott. I speak, thou speakest, he speaks; we speak, you speak, they speak.

Chas. (*Angrily.*) How is this? Do you mean to insult me?

Gott. I insult, thou insultest, he insults; we insult, you insult, they insult.

Chas. (*Still more angrily.*) This is too much! I will have satisfaction! If you have any spirit with your rudeness come along with me.

Gott. (*Arising and following CHARLES without any resistance; while JONATHAN in the rear looks on with surprise and interest.*) I come, thou comest, he comes; we come, you come, they come.

Chas. (*Flourishing a loaded cane threateningly.*) Now sir, you must fight me!

Gott. (*Coolly disarming his antagonist.*) I fight, thou fightest, he fights; we fight, you fight, they fight.

Chas. (*In a milder tone.*) Well, you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied.

* Gottlieb's portion may be Germanized, if deemed expedient.

Gott. I am satisfied, thou art satisfied, he is satisfied ; we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied.

Chas. I am glad everybody is satisfied. But pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner ; and tell me what your object, if you have any, is in doing so ?

Gott. I am a German ; and am learning the English language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs ; and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before.

Jonathan. (*Laughing heartily.*) Really, gentlemen, this is a pleasant ending to what, a few minutes ago, threatened to be a very unpleasant affair ; and we see herein exemplified two prominent national traits of character — namely, German perseverance, and an Englishman's determination to obtain satisfaction for insulted dignity, whether personal or national. Come ! let us go back into the restaurant now, and dine together.

Gott. (*As the three retire from the stage.*) I will dine, thou wilt dine, he will dine ; we will dine, you will dine, they will dine. And we'll all dine together.

VALE CHESTER.

THE CENSUS TAKER.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. NORTON *A Country Woman.*
 SAMANTHY *Her Daughter, Addicted to Poetry.*
 BILL *Her Ten Year Old Son.*
 MRS. HARRIS *A Neighbor.*
 CENSUS MARSHAL *A Uniformed Officer.*

SCENE.—*A Kitchen. SAMANTHY in a soiled wrapper, loose hair and inky fingers, sits with portfolio in lap, trying to write.*

Enter BILL, with cap on back of head, whistling, and bringing kite, knife, stick, and tacks.

Bill. Say, sis, where's ma?

Samanthy. Over to Mis' Harris'. (*Bill whittles on floor.*) You had better not let her catch you whittlin' on her clean floor!

Bill. You can clean it up.

Sam. Do I look like it?

Bill. I'm going to fix my kite, anyhow. Who's afraid of her?

Enter MRS. NORTON.

Mrs. N. William! (*Bill drops knife and tacks, picks them up, and sits down further back.*) What be you a-doin'?

Bill. I was just a-makin' my kite.

Mrs. N. I'll "kite" you, if you don't stop whittlin'!
(*Takes broom. Knock.*) Come in!

Enter CENSUS MARSHAL.

C. M. Good morning!

Mrs. N. (*Grumblingly.*) Mornin'. Take a cheer!
(*Dusting one with apron.*)

C. M. Thanks.

Mrs. N. Needn't mind about anything for *that*.

C. M. Madam, I'm commissioned by the United States Government to collect—

Mrs. N. Ain't got nothin' to give; another feller was 'round beggin' *last* week!

C. M. You don't understand me, madam; I am simply authorized—

Mrs. N. I should *think* so!

C. M. To take the census!

Mrs. N. *indignantly* sweeping the dust into his face, he moves back, and places hat, with papers and gloves in it, on the table. *Bill puts on hat and gloves, and takes papers for kite-tail.*

Mrs. N. (*Very loud.*) You can't take none of my senses!

C. M. You will please remember that one of my

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senses is peculiarly *acute*; and I can hear perfectly, if you don't speak half as loud!

Mrs. N. You'll have to be "*cuter*" than I think you be, if you *take* anything here!

C. M. Are you the *head* of this family, madam?

Mrs. N. Well, yes; that's what folks say.

C. M. I mean, have you a husband?

Mrs. N. O yes, when he's to hum; but he ain't to hum to-day, 'cause I sent him down to Seth Brown's, to get a pound of candles. (*Sweeping.*)

Bill. Say, ma, old Brown says he won't trust you no more!

Mrs. N. William!

C. M. What's your husband's name?

Mrs. N. 'Liphalet!

C. M. Hasn't he any other?

Mrs. N. Yes, sir—Ebenezer! *His* mother and Ebenezer Jones kep' company for years, kinder; that is, he used to take her to spellin' schools, and huskin's, and sich; but when *he* went to sea, and wasn't heard from in six hull months, and my man's father kinder hung 'round, and, being good-looking and forehanded, she just up and married him, and named her first boy arter both on 'em—'Liphalet Ebenezer.

C. M. My goodness!

Bill. And *my* name's John William. Uncle John run off to Californy after he stole that horse.

Mrs. S. 'Taint no such thing! *Bill*, if you ever tell *where* he went to ag'in, I'll flog you; there!

C. M. Hope I haven't got to hear the whole family history. But what do the neighbors call him?

Mrs. S. Squire, mostly.

C. M. (*Aside.*) Doesn't she know anything? (*To Samantha.*) Young lady, will you tell me the name of the man of this house?

Sam. Certainly. Norton; N-o-r-t-o-n!

C. M. (*Writing in his book, and reading aloud.*) "Eliphalet Ebenezer N-o-r-t-o-n."

Sam. Oh, that horrid man!

C. M. What's his occupation?

Mrs. S. His what?

C. M. What does he work at?

Mrs. S. Oh, as to that, he don't do much, my man don't; he's weak in the back, and work don't agree with him fust rate, and, being of a sociable sort of mind, he sets 'round to the tavern mostly.

Sam. Oh, mother!

C. M. How much land have you?

Mrs. S. (*Leaning on her broom and pointing out the window.*) Well, there's the three-corn'ed lot over east (*pointing*) where we had turnips last year, and that one jining Job Harris' forty-acre; but that's so stunny that it hain't never been plowed, and he took care of Job's melon-patch on shares—

Bill. When they got ripe!

C. M. Keep to your own property.

Mrs. S. That ain't much; just this 'ere house-lot; the rest is mortgaged.

C. M. (*Writing and reading aloud.*) Let me see—acre, acre-and-a-half, two acres. Well! have you any horses?

Mrs. S. No! Eliphalet thinks them's too resky property.

Bill. Why, yes we have, ma.

Mrs. S. No we haint, nuther; what do you mean?

Bill. That old saw-horse down in the shanty. (*Goes to driving tacks with knife.*)

Mrs. S. (*Approvingly.*) Now, *Bill.* (*Samantha giggles.*)

C. M. Have you any other stock?

Mrs. S. Just one load of 'em, that Farmer Bailey give us to feed our cow.

C. M. Then you have one cow? (*Writing.*)

Mrs. S. Who denied it?

Bill. And she gives such *awful* rich milk; ma always has to water it before sending Mis' Harris any.

Mrs. S. *Bill!* you tell that ag'in, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life!

C. M. I forgot to inquire about the children. Say them over, slowly, and I'll write them down.

Mrs. S. (Counting on fingers very slowly.)—Well, there's 'Liphalet, named after his father, that's one; Samanthy, named after me, is two; Ne'amiah, but he's married, that's four; Peter, he's working for Bailey, so we ain't got to pay for him; and Desire, she's the seventh, isn't she? Let me see! 'Liphalet, named after father; Samanthy, named—

C. M. I don't *desire* you should repeat them; go on!

Mrs. S. And Ne'amiah is four, and *Bill* is five, and Sairy Ann—but she's the baby, so we won't count her in either; Jim and Peggy the twins, seven—and the other's at school.

C. M. Others! How *many* others? Now their ages?

Mrs. S. Whose?

C. M. Oh 'Liphalet, Ne'amiah, etc.

Mrs. S. I wonder if I can tell! Ebenezer is—(*C. M. writes again.*) Well, now I wouldn't a-thought he was *that* old. Why, he was growin' on two when Jeff Smith—he's *his* cousin—married Sophy Jones—she's *my* cousin—and their oldest is big enough to come sky-larkin' 'round here on Sunday nights. *She (pointing to Samanthy)* is just his age, lacking six months. Next one's two year older than Peter; and he's—

Pointing to BILL, who snatches off hat, etc.

C. M. How old *are* you, bub?

Bill. A whole year littler than Bill Coon; but when he said as how I *dasn't*, I just told him I wasn't the man to take no sasse, and I just at him, I *did*, and I'll lick him more, yet.

Sam. Where *does* he get that slang?

Mrs. S. (To Bill.) You ain't to fight no more! (*To C. M.*) Why, see here, reckon it yourself; he was born the May after the brindle cow killed herself with turnips—you see—

C. M. No, I don't see, and I don't *want* to. Got any poultry?

Mrs. S. (Aside.) Techy, ain't he? (*Aloud.*) Yes, Samanthy writ lots of it. (*To Samanthy.*) Say, supposin' you tell him some of your pieces.

THE CENSUS TAKER.

Sam. (Affectedly.) I only consult the muses as a recreation, sir, when the lambent fire burns so brightly in my brain; I have no other way of relieving my over-taxed mental faculties.

Bill. I say, sis, did you ever try cold water to put out the fire?

Sam. Oh, that horrid boy!

Mrs. S. (To Bill.) Stop your noise, sir. (*To Samantha.*) Just tell over the names of some of the prettiest ones. *Do!*

Sam. Well, there's "The Ode to the Moon," and "Thou Modest Violet That Opens Thy Eye"—

Bill. "To every—body—passin' by!" (*C. M. laughs.*)

Sam. (To Bill.) Shut up!

C. M. I mean, hens, ducks, geese, and the like.

Mrs. S. Oh! Well, there's three white ones, one black pullet, one speckled, one that's blind, and one with her feet froze off. Counted 'em?

Bill. And two ruseters!

C. M. Seven in all. (*Writes.*)

Enter MRS. HARRIS, with shawl over her head.

Mrs. H. Mis' Norton, be you goin' to take care of that yearlin' of yourn' or not? My man he says he'll shut him up in the pound!

Mrs. S. Shut him up in the pond, will he? I suppose she means he'll drown him! He'd better try it!

Bill. I tell you, he's a beauty, all red; the one *this* year is spotted.

C. M. I'll put those in with the other stock. (*Writes. Rises.*) Well, madam, I believe that is all; I thank you for your information.

Mrs. S. I'm sure you're welcome to all the inflammation you've got out of me.

C. M. (Turns and snatches things, while he shakes and talks to Bill.) You young rascal! (*Looks for papers in hat.*) What have you done with my papers?

Bill. (Whining.) I didn't think you'd care, so I took 'em for the tail of my kite.

C. M. (Leaves the room muttering.) I'd "kite" you, if I were your mother!

Bill. Thank my stars you never will be my mother.

Sam. Mother, will you chastise that boy, while I retire to revel in my accustomed flights of fancy?

Mrs. S. Do you mean *lick* him? That I will.

MODEL DIALOGUES.

"AWFULLY LOVELY" PHILOSOPHY.

CHARACTERS.

PRISCILLA *A Boston Girl.*
KATIE *A New York Girl.*

SCENE—*In the cars.*

Katie. I hear you have been attending the Concord School of Philosophy.

Priscilla. Oh, yes! It's charming. I must tell you all about it.

Katie. And philosophy. How do you like it?

Pris. Oh! it's perfectly lovely. It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science.

Katie. It must be nice. What is it about?

Pris. It's about molecules, as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy, it's molecules.

Katie. Tell me about them, dear. What are molecules?

Pris. O, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Fiske, too. They can explain everything so beautifully.

Katie. How I'd like to go there!

Pris. You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach

protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules.

Katie. Tell me all about protoplasm. I know I should adore it.

Pris. 'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Fiske tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is a Fiske hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them.

Katie. How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science.

Pris. O! I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it is every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it! I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him on account of the interest he takes in differentiation.

Katie. What is it, anyway?

Pris. This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace—

Katie. I don't mean that—that other?

Pris. Oh! differentiation? Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world.

Katie. What do look like, dear? Did you ever see one?

Pris. O, no! nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Fiske, but they are something like an oyster, with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly.

Katie. Do you learn anything else besides?

Pris. O, yes; rhetoric and those common things like metaphysics, but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiation and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasm, and ascidians and Mr. Fiske, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook or Mr. Fiske had done it, we should have told him to his face he was too terribly, awfully mean.

ADAPTED.

ROMANCE AT HOME.

CHARACTERS.

SERAPHINA	<i>An Authoress.</i>
MR. BROWN	<i>Her Husband.</i>
HARRY	} <i>Her Sons.</i>
JOHNNY	
IRISH GIRL	<i>A Servant.</i>
SMALL BOY	<i>A Servant.</i>

SCENE.—*Seraphina seated at table, writing. The various characters enter abruptly, speak, and immediately retire.*

Seraphina. Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the *Dutchman*. Let me see; where did I leave off?—The setting sun was just gilding with his last ray—

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Ma, I want some bread and molasses!

Ser. Yes, dear—gilding with his last ray the church spire—

Enter BROWN.

Brown. Where's my Sunday pants?

Ser. Under the bed, dear—the church spire of Inverness, when a—

Brown. There's nothing under the bed, dear, but your lace cap—

Ser. Perhaps they are in the coal-hod, in the closet—when a horseman was seen approaching—

Enter IRISH GIRL.

Irish Girl. Ma'am, the *pertators* is out; not one for dinner—

Ser. Take some turnips!—approaching, covered with dust, and—

Brown. Wife, the baby has swallowed a button.

Ser. *Reverse him*, dear! Take him by the heels—and waving in his hand a banner, on which was written—

Johnny. (*Outside.*) Ma! I've torn my pantaloons!

Ser. —Liberty or death! The inhabitants rush *en masse*—

Enter BROWN.

Brown. Wife, *will* you leave off scribbling?

Ser. Don't be disagreeable, Brown; I'm just getting inspired—to the public square, where De Begnis, who had been secretly—

Irish Girl. Butcher wants to see you, ma'am.

Ser. —secretly informed of the traitors,—

Irish Girl. Forget *which* you said, ma'am, sausages or mutton chop.

Ser. —movements, gave orders to fire! Not less than twenty—(*Enter Brown with child held head downward.*) My gracious! Brown, you haven't been *reversing* that child all this time! He's as black as your coat. (*Enter small boy with crumpled paper. SERAPHINA snatches it.*) And that boy of *yours* has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. (*Two very small children heard crying outside.*) There! It's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect. BROWN, hand me them twins.

FANNY FERN—ADAPTED.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

CHARACTERS.

BRAKEMAN *In Uniform, or with Brakeman's Cap.*
SMITH *His Friend.*

SCENE.—*The waiting-room of a railway station.*

Brakeman. I wen to church yesterday.

Smith. Yes? And what church did you attend?

Brake. Which do you guess?

Smith. Some union mission church.

Brake. No. I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and, when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it.

Smith. Episcopal?

Brake. Limited express; all palace cars and two dollars extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too.

Smith. Universalist?

Brake. Broad gauge; does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road.



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Smith. Presbyterian?

Brake. Narrow gauge, eh? Pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars a little narrow; have to sit one in the seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over ticket allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the cars are full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules.

Smith. Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?

Brake. Scrub road; dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to, kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said "nobody." I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs

nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it.

Smith. Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?

Brake. Popular road; an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers.

Smith. Did you try the Methodist?

Brake. Now you're shouting! Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts "all aboard," you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday.

Smith. Perhaps you tried the Baptist?

Brake. Ah, ah! She's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do;

river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends, where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the doctor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—(*Voice outside. "All aboard."*)

Both rush out.

R. J. BURDETTE—ADAPTED.

PEDANTRY.

CHARACTERS.

DIGIT *A Mathematical Pedant.*
 SESQUIPEDALIA *A Linguist and Philosopher.*
 TRILL *A Musical Pedant.*
 DRONE *A Servant.*

SCENE.—*The reception room of a handsome residence.*

Digit. Is your master at home, sir?

Drone. (Speaking very slowly.) Can't say; s'pose he is; indeed, I'm sure he is, or was just now.

Dig. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answering a question of five words,—I mean if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him?

Dr. Very likely, sir. I will inform him that Mr.

Dig. Digit, Digit.

Dr. O, Mr. Digy—Digy wishes to see him.

Exit DRONE.

Dig. (Alone.) That fellow is certainly a *negative quantity*. He is *minus* common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he cannot but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of *sines*, and my elbows have so often formed *tangents* with the *surface* of my table, that a new coat is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell. (*Enter SESQUIPEDLIA.*) Sir (*bowing low*), I am your most mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble; but an affair of consequence—(*pulling the rage over his elbows*)—an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you—

Sesq. Servus non est mihi, domine; that is, I have no servant, sir. I presume you have erred in your calculations; and—

Dig. No, sir. The *calculations* I am about to present you are founded on the most correct *theorems* of Euclid. You may examine them; if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. So you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon my observation. I was about, or, according to the Latins, *futurus sum*, to give you a little information concerning the *luminary* who appears to have deceived your *vision*. My name, sir, is Tullius Mars Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia, by profession a linguist and philosopher. The most obtruse points in physics or metaphysics to me are as transparent as ether. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I have produced conviction in *mente tua*; that is, in your mind, that your calculation was erroneous.

Dig. Yes, sir, your person was mistaken; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct to the tenth place of a *circulating decimal*.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript?



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Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter?

Dig. No, sir; we cannot reckon infinity; and I have nothing to do with subjects that cannot be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I can *reckon* about it. I *reckon* it is divisible by *infinitum*. But perhaps your work is upon the materiality of light; and if so, which side of the question do you espouse?

Dig. O, sir; I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What! light *immaterial*! Do you say light is immaterial?

Dig. No; I say it is quite immaterial which side I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And, besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to espouse anything at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion? You know matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Dig. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I cannot perceive what you have written upon, then. O, it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Dig. (*Peevishly.*) No, no; I wish Mr. Morrell would come. Sir, I have no motions but such as I can make with my pencil on my slate, thus (*figuring upon his hand*)—six, minus four, plus two, equal eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. O, I see you grovel in the depths of arithmetic! I suppose you never soared into the regions of philosophy. You never thought of the *vacuum* which has so long filled the heads of philosophers?

Dig. *Vacuum*! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! what? have you got it *sub manu*; that is, under your hand? Ha! ha! ha!

Dig. Eh! under my hand? What do you mean, sir, that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me, sir? insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into *infinite divisibility*. I'll set you on an *upright cone*. I'll give you a centrifugal motion out of the

window, sir! I'll tear you up by the *roots*, and scatter your *solid contents* to the winds, sir!

Sesq. *Da veniam*; that is, pardon me. It was merely a *lapsus linguæ*; that is—

Dig. Well, sir, I'm not fond of *lapsus linguæ* at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come.

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Dig. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of a circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction of terms. You cannot make one.

Dig. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle, which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle and the diagonal of a square. And, by my rule, the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are, to me, incomprehensible. *Diagonal* is derived from the Greek *dia* and *gone*; that is, "through the corner." But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Dig. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in pouring over philosophy and the dead languages. You have never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of an insoluble problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Pooh! pooh! (*Turns round in disgust, and hits Digit with his cane.*)

Dig. O, you villain!

Sesq. I wish, sir, —

Dig. And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the *fourth power*, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand. Oh! oh!

Sesq. Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of repulsion around your shin? I must confess, sir—(*Enter Trill.*) O, here is Mr. Morrell. *Salve domine!* Sir, your most obedient.

Trill. Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. O, neither, sir. I took you for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir. I am a teacher of music,—flute, harp, viol, violin, violoncello, organ, or anything of the kind—any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morrell.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentleman and myself here.

Dig. (*Still rubbing his shin.*) Oh! oh!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a tune? Hem! hem! *Fa—*

Dig. No, no; I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance, too, if he hadn't made a *vulgar fraction* of my leg.

Sesq. *In veritate*; that is, in truth, it happened *forte*; that is, by chance.

Trill. (*Talking to himself.*) If B be flat, *me* is in E.

Dig. Ay, sir, this is only an integral part of your conduct ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and at last have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes Digit never experienced such a *reduction descending* before.

Trill. (*To himself.*) Twice *fa, sol, la*—there comes *me* again.

Dig. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But if you can sing, we may carry a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anacreon? I should like to hear one of them.

Dig. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those composers, sir. Where do they belong?

Sesq. They *did* belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. Ah! Italy? there are our best masters—Correlli, Morrelli, and Fuseli. Can you favor me with their compositions?

Sesq. O, yes, if you have a taste that way, I can furnish you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, Quintilian; and I have an old Greek lexicon that I can spare.

Trill. *Ad libitum*, my dear sir; they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Dig. But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Sesq. Nor prove the infinite divisibility of matter.

Trill. Pretensions, sir! I have gained a victory over the great Tantamarrarra, the new opera singer, who pretended to vie with me. 'Twas in the symphony of Handel's Oratorio of Saul, where, you know, everything depends upon the *tempo giusto*, and where the *primo* should proceed in *smorzando*, and the *secondo* in *agitato*. But he was on the third *leger line*. I was an octave below, when, with a sudden *appoggiatura*, I rose to D *in alt.*, and conquered him.

Enter DRONE.

Dr. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Dig. What is your name, sir?

Dr. Drone, at your service.

Dig. No, no; you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone? That is derived from the Greek *dram*, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He rather seems to move in *andante* measure; that is, to the tune of Old Hundred.

Dr. Very likely, gentlemen.

Dig. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence. Fa, sol, la; fa, sol, etc., etc. (*Singing as he goes out.*)

WILLIAM R. FOWLE.

ROLLA AND ALONZO.*

CHARACTERS.

ALONZO *A Prisoner Condemned to Death.*
 ROLLA *His Friend.*
 SENTINEL *A Uniformed Guard.*

SCENE.—*The corridor of a prison with the doors of the cells in the background.*

Enter ROLLA disguised as a monk.

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time—

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla. (*Advancing toward the door.*) Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. (*Pushing him back with his gun.*) Back! back! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold? Look on these precious gems. In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take

* In this colloquy, that part represented as spoken by ROLLA should be uttered in a softened tone of voice, indicative of affability and courtesy. As it advances, it should be changed somewhat, and an imploring tone assumed; as when he says: "*I must speak with him.*" Afterward it becomes more of an argumentative character; as when he says, "*Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death.*"

The part as represented as spoken by the SENTINEL, at first should be in a grum, stern tone of voice, indicative of firmness and courage. Toward the close the tone of voice should become somewhat softened.

them, they are thine, let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? *Me*, an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them? God knows my heart—I do.

Rolla. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land—What would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children?

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told,—“thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife;”—What wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. (*Exit SENTINEL.*)

Rolla. (*Calls*) Alonzo! Alonzo! (*Enter ALONZO, speaking as he comes in.*)

Alonzo. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo—know me?

Alon. Rolla! O Rolla! How didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon, now take it thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla—

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me? *No!* Rather eternal tortures reach me.

Rolla. I shall *not* die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not *Rolla's*; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo, not to save thyself, but Cora, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend,—I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla! you distract me! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a *man*! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit—till his own feelings bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head to save my heart strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Alon. I fear thy friendship drives me from honor, and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? (*Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.*) There, conceal thy face—Now God be with thee.

KOTZEBUE.

O'HOOLAHAN'S MISTAKE.

CHARACTERS.

JUDGE YOUNG *A County Judge.*
 PAT }
 TED } *Two Irishmen.*
 BIDDY *Pat's Wife.*

SCENE.—*Judge Young's court room, the JUDGE seated upon a little raised platform with a railing or desk in front.*

Enter PAT and TED, breathless, both speaking at once.

Pat. }
 Ted. } Mr. Judge, Mr. Judge! Oh, yer honor—
 Judge—Judge.

Judge. One at a time, if you please.

Pat. Judge—yer—honer—will I sphake thin?

Ted. Silence! I am here! Let me talk! Phwat do you know about law?

Judge. Keep still yourself, sir. Let him say what he wants.

Pat. Well, I want me naime aff the paiper. That's phwat I want.

Judge. Off what paper?

Pat. Well, aff the paiper; ye ought to know what paiper. Sure, ye married me, they say.

Judge. To whom?

Pat. Some female, sir; and I don't want her, sir. It don't go! and I want me naime aff the paiper.

Ted. Silence! (*Bringing his huge fist down upon the little pulpit, just under the JUDGE's nose, with a tremendous thwack.*) Silence! I am here. Phwat do you know about law? Sure, yer honor, it was Tim McCloskey's wife that he married—his widdy, I mane. You married thim, yer honor.

Pat. And I was dhrunk at the time, sir. Yes, sir; an' I was not a free aigent; an' I don't know a thing about it, sir—devil rowast me. I want me name aff the paper—I repudiate, sir.

Ted. Silence! Let me spake. Phwat do you know about law? (*Bringing his fist down upon the judge's desk.*)

Pat. But I was dhrunk; I was not at the time a free aigent.

Ted. Silence! I am here to spake. It does not depind on that at all. It depinds—and there is the whole pint, both in law and equity—it depinds whether was the woman a sole trader or not at the time this marriage was solemnated. That is the pint, both in law and equity!

Pat. But I was dhrunk at the time. Divil rowast me if I knowed I was gittin' married. I was not a free aigent. I want the Judge to taik me naime aff the paiper. It don't go.

Judge. Well, but drunk or sober, you are married to the woman fast enough, and if you want a divorce, you must go to another court.

Pat. Divil burn me if I go to another court. Ye married me, and ye can unmarry me. Taik me naime aff the paiper!

Ted. Silence! (*Bringing his fist down in close proximity to the Judge's nose.*) Phwat do you know about law? I admit, Judge, that he must go to a higher court; that is (*down comes the fist*), if the woman can prove (*whack*) that she was at the time the marriage was solemnated (*whack*) a regularly ordained sole thrader (*whack*). On this pint it depinds, both in law and equity.

Judge. I have had enough of this! I cannot divorce you. You are married, and married you must remain, for all I can do.

Pat. Ye won't taik me naime aff the paiper, thin!

Judge. It would not mend the matter.

Pat. Ye won't taik it aff?

Judge. No; I won't! (*Very loud.*)

Ted. Silence! (*Bringing down his fist.*) It depends whether, at the time, the woman was a regular sole—

Judge. Get out of here. I've had about enough of this! (*Rising.*)

Pat. Ye won't taik it aff? Very well, thin, I'll go hoam and devorce myself. Divil rowast me, I'll fire the

thatch ! I will—(*Glances toward the front door ; his under jaw drops, he ceases speaking, and in a half-stooping posture goes out of the back door of the office like a shot.* TED also glances toward the door, doubles up and follows.

Enter BIDDY, a very large Irish woman, with fire in her eyes. She advances toward the JUDGE.

Biddy. Did I, or did I not, see Patrick O'Hoolahan sneak out of your back door?

Judge. I believe O'Hoolahan is the name of one of the gentlemen who just went out.

Biddy. You be-e-lave! You know it was Patrick O'Hoolahan! Now what is all this connivin' in here about? Am I a widdy again? Did ye taik his naima aff the paiper? Did ye taik it aff?

Judge. N-no.

Biddy. Ye didn't? Don't ye decave me!

Judge. No; I give you my word of honor I didn't, couldn't—I had no right.

Biddy. It's well for ye, ye didn't. I'll tache him to be rinnin' about connivin' to lave me a lone widdy ag'in, whin I'm makin' a jintleman of him! (*Marches to door, turns, shakes fist, and says.*) Now, do ye mind that ye lave his naima on the paiper! I want no maddlin' wid a man wanst I git him. No more connivin'!

ADAPTED

TURNED HIM OUT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. GORDON An Elderly Gentleman
TOM His Son.

SCENE.—Mr. Gordon seated at his sitting-room table reading the morning papers.

Enter TOM.

Gordon. Why, Thomas, what are you home for? It isn't vacation now, is it?

Tom. No. (*Looking around uneasily.*)

Gor. Well, I thought you were not coming home again until the end of the term?

Tom. Changed my mind.

Gor. When are you going back?

Tom. Ain't going back.

Gor. Not going back! Why, 'pon my soul! What's that for?

Tom. Don't like it there. (*Seating himself.*)

Gor. I always thought that was a very good school.

Tom. I don't like it.

Gor. Well, well, 'pon my soul, Tom, I have heard that spoken of as one of the best schools in the country.

Tom. I'm not going back, just the same.

Gor. Tom (*seriously*), that school has turned out some of the smartest men of this state.

Tom. Yes, I know that; they turned me out.

THE HEIRS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. FRENCH	A Wealthy Old Gentleman.
JIM	
MR. TWIG.	
BOB HEARTY	
FRANK WHIFFY	
} His Heirs.

SCENE.—*Mr. French standing before the open fire-place of his library warming his hands.*

Mr. French. Well, here I am, a rich, old man, without a child, and, as far as my knowledge extends, without a relation. I have hit upon a singular method of

finding out my heirs ; and I have some hope that it will prove successful. I have caused my death to be published in the papers, and have advertised for my heirs to appear this morning and prove their claims. I shall pretend to be my steward ; and I think I shall be amused, if not enlightened, by this first opportunity of seeing eleventh cousins. Hark ! here may be one of them. (*A knocking is heard at the door. He opens it and lets in a raw country fellow.*)

Jim. Air you Mr. French's steward, hey ?

Mr. F. I have the care of his property, sir.

Jim. Well, I'm come to git my *shear* on 't.

Mr. F. Pray, how were you related to him ?

Jim. You see, my mother's aunt's husband's sister was second cousin to Mr. French's grandfather ; at least so they tell'd me, and our squire said how I ought to look arter the property, or somebody else would cut me out.

Mr. F. Pray, did you ever see Mr. French ?

Jim. No, but they tell me he was a clever old iockey.

Mr. F. He was a good friend to me.

Jim. Well, my old daddy, if I get his money, I'll not let you go a-begging. Can you curry a horse, hold a plow, or drive a team ? No, I guess not ; but you'd soon learn.

Mr. F. I'm too old to take lessons in any new science. (*Some one knocks.*) But some one is coming. Please to step into the next room for a few moments. (*He does so, and Mr. French opens the door and admits Mr. Twig.*)

Twig. What's your business here ?

Mr. F. I am the steward of the late Mr. French.

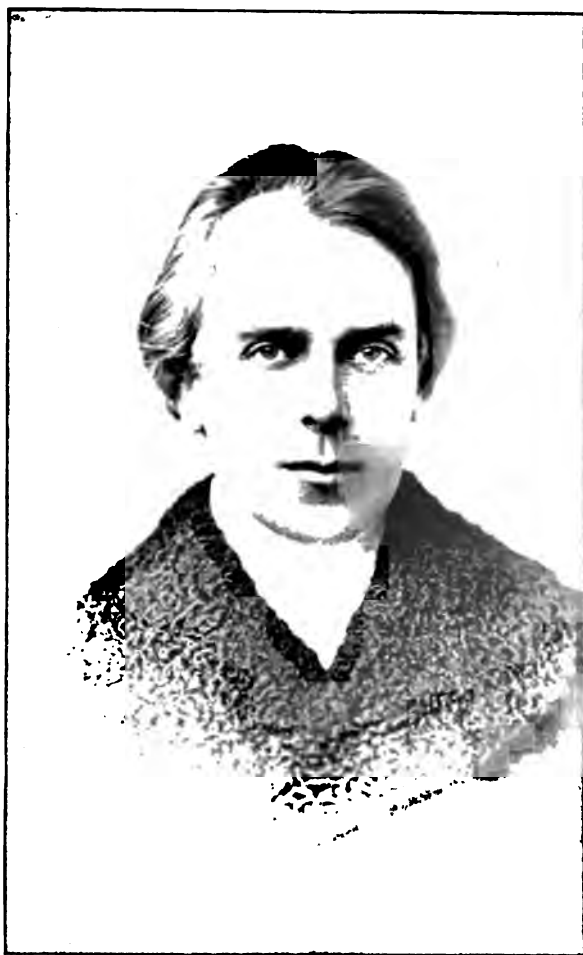
Twig. You mean you *were* his steward ; for you are no longer so. You may clear out.

Mr. F. Sir !

Twig. I am owner here, sir, and have no further need of your services.

Mr. F. Who may you be, sir ?

Twig. The heir of Mr. French, sir. Have you the keys of his safe, etc. ? Come, give up, surrender and begone.



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Mr. F. Why, you would not turn me out of doors, sir?

Twig. No; you may go of your own accord.

Mr. F. I lived with Mr. French from his birth till now, and he always treated me kindly.

Twig. He kept you too long and treated you too well for the interests of his heir. Come, sir, pack up and begone. I shall make clean work of it when I get possession.

Mr. F. I should think you would feel more respect for the feelings of Mr. French than to—

Twig. Respect for a fiddlestick! the old scoundrel is where his feelings can't be hurt by anything I may do.

Mr. F. Yes, he is. (*Knocking again.*) But some one knocks. Please to walk into the next room for a few moments.

Twig. Yes; I should like to look around a little and see what the old fellow has left me. (*He retires, and MR. FRENCH lets in FRANK WHIFFY.*)

Frank. Well, who are you, old boy, hey?

Mr. F. The steward of the late Mr. French.

Frank. O, ay, yes, true! Well, I shall relieve you from your care. I say, old boy, can I get at any of the shiners, hey?

Mr. F. No; they are all under lock and key.

Frank. No specie payments, hey? Well, no matter, if his bills are current. Come, hand us over some bank rags, if you've nothing better.

Mr. F. Pray, who *are* you, sir? and what are your claims to the estate which is left in trust with me?

Frank. What was the old fellow worth? Will he cut up well, hey? Why did he not die ten years ago, hey? And so give me a chance to live. I tried once to break his neck for him; but he would not let me do him the favor, you see; and so I've been running in debt ever since on the strength of my expectations.

Mr. F. He would never have harmed *you*.

Frank. No, I suppose not; for he did not want my money, as I did his. But, come, let's have a hunt for the needful. (*Knocking again.*)

Mr. F. Presently. Some one knocks. Please to walk into that room till I see what is wanted.

Frank. Well, make haste, old square-sail, and let's see what luck there is about the house. (*Exit FRANK, and MR. FRENCH lets in BOB HEARTY.*)

Bob. Are you the steward of Mr. French?

Mr. F. I was so. You know he is dead, I suppose?

Bob. Yes; and I am sorry for it.

Mr. F. Why? Are you not one of his heirs?

Bob. They tell me so; but I should rather have been one of his friends.

Mr. F. Did you know him?

Bob. Not personally. I have heard my mother speak of him. You have lived long with him?

Mr. F. Yes, very long.

Bob. He loved you, they say.

Mr. F. Yes; as he did himself?

Bob. Well, why didn't he leave you his property? Did he die suddenly?

Mr. F. He had no mind to make a will.

Bob. What heirs have put in claims to his estate?

Mr. F. Several are now in the house. I am shocked at their disrespect for his memory, more than at their unfeeling treatment of myself.

Bob. I could wish my claims were the best, that I might disappoint them. Say, how nearly are they related? I am only a cousin's nephew; and that, you know, is a distant remove.

Mr. F. I would you were nearer; for then a faithful old servant might not be turned out of doors, as I shall certainly be.

Bob. My chance is so small I should not have called had I not been in the city for the purpose of embarking for a foreign land to try my fortune. But, look ye, my honest friend, I have obtained a small advance to send my old mother, and she will share it with you for the sake of your good old master, whom she recollects; and I shall, perhaps, return before you need any more aid. If I do not, take the will for the deed. There is the purse (*giving it*), with directions for finding my mother.

God bless you ! Never let poverty make you unfaithful ; and it seems you are in no danger of being made unfeeling by the possession of too much wealth.

Mr. F. Stop a moment, my generous fellow, I hear wrangling in the next room, and may need your protection.

Bob. You shall have it.

JIM, TWIG, and FRANK burst into the room, contending with great violence.

Twig. The title is mine by one degree of kindred, at least, and I will have one-half, or the whole.

Frank. That remains to be proved. Give me a quarter, and the shark and the bear may fight for the rest.

Mr. F. Gentlemen, do not contend ; it will be as well to ascertain whether your relative is dead before you come to blows for the succession.

Twig. Old Hunks, how happens it that your master hung your portrait up in his parlor and left no portrait of himself ? I was in hopes to have seen some likeness of the old fool.

Mr. F. The old fool kept no other portrait than mine ; and this, I hope, will satisfy you of his attachment to me, and entitle me to some consideration when you obtain possession of his immense wealth.

Twig. Yes, old Judas, you shall have the portrait for your share of the property.

Frank. And then, old Scrub, you may hang yourself by the side of it as soon as you please.

Jim. You are too hard upon the old man. Here, old one, give me your fist. If I get the property I'll give you a turkey every Thanksgiving, and a mess of pork and beans every Fast Day, as long as you live, if you don't live too long.

Mr. F. I am obliged to you, my friends, but I shall not probably claim your generous promises. It is time to undeceive you. I am the steward of Mr. French, but Mr. French has always been his own steward.

Jim. Then I'm dished.

Mr. F. Yes, before my mess of beans is—

Frank. I may go hang myself at once.

Mr. F. Yes; on the other side of my picture, if you are so inclined.

Twig. I'm twigged, or my name is not Jeremy Twig.

Mr. F. Yes, your twig is too far from the stock, and too gnarly for my notion. Good-bye to you, worthy representatives of Mr. French. (*They hurry out.*)

Bob. Good-bye, old gentleman, I am sorry I shall not have a chance to aid you. You must take the will for the deed, as I said before.

Mr. F. My generous fellow, you are my heir from this moment. Go not to a foreign clime to risk your life for the honorable purpose of assisting a beloved mother. I will see that her remaining days are as happy as kindness and wealth can make them; and I will risk my own happiness in the hands of my adopted son. I have been my own steward a great while, and now I will be yours.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

LITERARY VANITY.

CHARACTERS.

GIL BLAS* *A Spanish Adventurer.*
 ARCHBISHOP *A Self-proud Old Man.*

SCENE.—*A room in the Archbishop's house.*

Archbishop. Well, young man, what is your business with me.

Gil Blas. I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

* In this name the *g* has the sound of *s* in *asure*; the *a* is sounded as in *bar*; and the *s* is silent.



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Arch. O! you are the person, then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition.

Gil. I shall endeavor to merit the approbation of your Grace.

Arch. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors.

Gil. I make no pretensions.

Arch. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your hand-writing, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well, you must certainly be a critic.

Gil. Your Grace is pleased to overrate my ability.

Arch. I see through your modesty, my child; I see, I see; and now you must tell me ingenuously, my young friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over that homily I sent you on trial? Some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper terms.

Gil. O, sir, I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and, if I was, I am persuaded the works of your Grace would escape my censure.

Arch. Young man, you are disposed to flatter. But, tell me, which parts of it do you think most strikingly beautiful?

Gil. If, where all is excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch. I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune; I will take care of that.

Gil. I am forever bound unto your Grace.

Arch. I love thee, Gil Blas; and as a proof of my affection I will make thee my confidant; yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts.

Gil. I feel oppressed by the condescension of your Grace.

Arch. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief pleasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies; but I confess my weakness. The honor of being thought a perfect orator has charmed my imagination. My performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would, of all things, avoid the fault of good authors who write too long. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal is whenever thou shalt see my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advise me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disinterested understanding; and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil. Thank Heaven, sir, that time is far off! Besides, a genius like that of your Grace will preserve its vigor much better than any other, or, to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon your Grace as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch. No flattery, friend; I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities; and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil. Your Grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch. I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas. And now, tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homily?

Gil. The homilies of your Grace have always been admired; but it seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch. How, sir! has it met with any Aristarchus?

Gil. No, sir, by no means; such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunction upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse was thought not to have altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, sir, yourself.

Arch. (*Sternly.*) So, then, Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil. I don't say so, sir. I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

Arch. I understand you; you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil. I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely if your Grace had not commanded me. I did no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch. God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it! I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments; it is your sentiment itself that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

Gil. Your Grace will pardon me for obeying—

Arch. Say no more, child; you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius, thank Heaven! hath, as yet, lost none of its vigor. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas! and tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity—with a little more taste.

ALTERED FROM GIL BLAS.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.*

CHARACTERS.

ENOWIO *An Indian Warrior.*
 HERRMANN *A Moravian Missionary.*

SCENE.—*The shore of a lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by sycamore trees. The hour is evening twilight. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin.*

Herrmann.—Was that the light from some lonesome swift canoe
 Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash
 From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
 In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
 Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
 Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
 O, how mysterious, how eternal, seems
 The mighty melancholy of the woods!
 The desert's own great spirit, infinite!
 Little they know, in mine own father-land,
 Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
 The wild Hartz mountains, or the silvan glades
 Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
 Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
 There from a thousand nooks, the cottage-hearths
 Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
 To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
 On the home path; while round his lowly porch,
 With eager eyes awaiting his return,
 The clustered faces of his children shine
 To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts,
 Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
 By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
 Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,
 Till all the hollow of these deep desires
 May with Thyself be filled!—Be it enough

* In reading or speaking this dialogue the missionary may be personated by a mild yet firm tone of voice; the Indian, by a heavy and strong tone, indicative of revengeful feelings; except toward the close the voice should become softened.

At once to gladden and to solemnize
 My lonely life, if for Thine altar here
 In this dread temple of the wilderness,
 By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
 The offering of one heart, one human heart,
 Bleeding, repenting, loving!

Hark! a step—

An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—
 'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
 Gliding so serpent-like.

He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
 Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
 Discerns thy face.

Enonio.— My father speaks my name.

Herr.—Are not the hunters from the chase returned?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

Eno.—The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
 Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
 The lone path free.

Herr.— The forest way is long
 From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
 Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
 Of these things further.

Eno.— Tell me not of rest!
 My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift—
 I must begone.

Herr.—(Solemnly.) No, warrior, thou must stay!
 The mighty one hath given me power to search
 Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
 And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
 Be grown thus restless, is it not because
 Within its dark folds thou has mantled up
 Some burning thought of ill?—

Eno.—(With sudden impetuosity.) How should I rest?
 Last night the spirit of my brother came,
 An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
 And said, "Avenge me!"—In the clouds this morn'
 I saw the frowning color of his blood—

And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon,
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, "*Avenge me!*"—Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.

Herr. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod.—Say, didst thou love
That lost one well?

Eno.— Knowest thou not we grew up
Even as twin roses amongst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love
Until he turned him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And whereso'er I wandered, then it seemed
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned—and where was he?—the earth
Owned him no more.

Herr.— But thou thyself, since then
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee
To the one God.

Eno.— Yes, I have learned to pray.
With my white father's words, yet all the more
My heart that shut against my brother's love
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
Of the great forests, I have called aloud,
"Brother! forgive, forgive!"—He answered not—
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
"I *have* avenged thee!"

Herr.— Oh! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till Heaven through all the fevered being pours
Transmuting balsam!—Stay, Enonio, stay!
Thy brother calls thee not!—The spirit world
Where the departed go, sends back to earth
No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
Unto the forest and the cataract,—
The angry color, to the clouds of morn,—
The shadow, to the moonlight.—Stay, my son,
Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,
I knelt and prayed; he named his Saviour's name,
Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.

Eno.—(*Hurriedly.*) Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him?

Herr.—His last words were all forgiveness.

Eno.— What! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?

Herr.— Was he not once
Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,
Unto Himself reserves this royalty—

The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
 The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
 Leave it with Him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
 For that strong heart of thine—Oh! listen yet—
 Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
 For death or torture to the guilty one,
 Ere it can sleep again.

Eno.— My father speaks
 Of change for man too mighty.

Herr.— I but speak
 Of that which hath been, and again must be,
 If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the life
 Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
 His soul rejoices.—*He* had known such change.
 He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
 "THE AVENGING EAGLE," took to his meek heart,
 In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
 Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—
 "*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*
Father, forgive!"—And o'er the eternal bounds
 Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
 Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
 Hath to his Master passed.—He waits thee there—
 For love, we trust, springs Heavenward from the grave,
 Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
 His brother to the land of golden light
 And ever-living fountains.—Couldst thou hear
 His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
 "My brother! Oh! be pure, be merciful!
 That we may meet again."

Eno.—(*Hesitatingly.*) Can I return
 Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herr.— To Him,
 To Him return, from whom thine erring steps
 Have wandered far and long! Return, my son,
 To thy Redeemer! Died He not in love—
 The sinless, the Divine, the Son of God—
 Breathing forgiveness 'midst all his agonies,
 And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His aid
 Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place

'Midst the pure spirits. Oh ! retrace thy way
 Back to the Saviour ! He rejects no heart
 E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
 Be o'er them showered.—Aye, weep thou, Indian chief !
 For by the kindling moonlight, I behold
 Thy proud lips working—weep, relieve thy soul !
 Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
 Of its great conflict. [take the bow,

Eno.—(*Giving up his weapons to HERRMANN.*) Father,
 Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
 Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
 A little while, my father, by thy side,
 That I may hear the blessed words again—
 Like water brooks amidst the summer hills—
 From thy true lips flow forth ; for in my heart
 The music and the memory of their sound
 Too long have died away.

Herr.— O, welcome back,
 Friend, rescued one !—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
 And we will pray beneath my sycamore
 Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last,—
 After the visiting of holy thoughts,—
 With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes !—
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found again !

*They go into the cabin together.—HERRMANN, lingering for
 moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies.*

Father ! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
 Now look'at on us, Thy children ! make this hour
 Blessed forever ! May it see the birth
 Of thine own image in the unfathomed deep
 Of an immortal soul,—a thing to name
 With reverential thought, a solemn world !
 To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
 Burning on high in Thy majestic Heaven !

MRS. HEMANS.

"DE PERVISIONS, CLEM."

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE POMPEY *An Old Negro.*
 CLEM *A Mulatto Boy.*

SCENE.—*Uncle Pompey's cabin.*

Clem. Well, Uncle Pompey, Summer's swivelrights bill has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmur.

Pompey. Is dat so, Clem?

Clem. Jess so, Uncle Pompey. And say, Uncle Pompey, we colored pussons is gwine to see whose pervisions is in the pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de percussions ob de seats whenever we please.

Pomp. Is dat so, Clem?

Clem. Jess so, Uncle Pompey. And say, Uncle Pompey, we's gwine to be allowed to stop at de hotels, and eat at de head ob de table, and hab de biggest slices ob de chickens, and lay around in de parlor, and spit on de carpets, and make de white trash hustle themselves and wait on us widout grumblin, and whenever de boss ob de concern shoves a bill at us we'll hab him sent to Washington and obscured in de plenipotentiary.

Pomp. Is dat so, Clem?

Clem. Jess so, Uncle Pompey. And say, Uncle Pompey, we's gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools, and set up on the flatform wid de teacher, and learn herhography, triggermanometry, gehominy, Latin, Dutch, French, Choctaw, algebray, rheumatics, de rule ob thrice, and upsetterah.

Pomp. Golly, is dat so, Clem?

Clem. Juss so, Uncle Pompey. And say, Uncle Pompey, we's gwine to be allowed to be buried in italic coffins, wid looking-glasses on top ob dem, and dey will

hab to carry us on a hearse to de grave-yard, bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day ob resurrection am arrived, and de angel Gabriel comes tootin along, he'll sing out troo his trumpet, "All you colored gemmen rise fust!" And say, Uncle Pompey, de pervisions ob dat bill—

Pomp. What's dat you say 'bout pervisions, Clem?

Clem. Well, Uncle Pompey, as I was gwine on to state, de pervisions ob dat bill—

Pomp. Stop right dare, Clem. You say dare's pervisions in dat bill?

Clem. Jess so, Uncle Pompey. De pervisions ob de bill—

Pomp. Stop right dare, Clem. Ef dere's pervisions in dat bill I want a sack ob flour des berry minnit. Hang de smoking in de ladies' car, and de gehography, and Latin, and de italic coffins! I want de pervisions. Clem. Dey's all dere's in de bill wuff a cent.

"THE WIMMIN'S SCHOOL OF FELOSOPHY."

CHARACTERS.

THE PRESIDENT	} . . . <i>Elderly and Middle Aged Ladies.</i>
THE DEACON'S WIFE	
JERUSHA	
HEPSIBAH	
RUTH ANN	

SCENE.—*An old fashioned country living room furnished, with many odd and old-fashioned articles, the whole presenting a quaint appearance. A company of elderly ladies in grotesque costumes are gathered in the middle of the room, the President occupying the seat of honor.*

President. The next subjeck ter be considered and discussed on is, "What are the Causes of the Extravagance o' Wimmin, and Wherein are the Men Folks ter Blame For 't?"

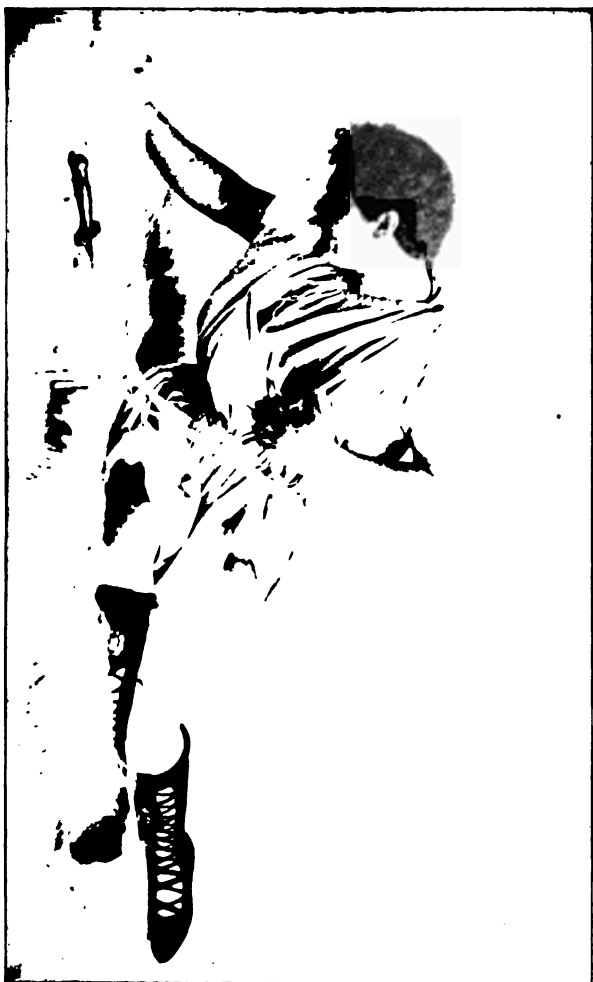
Deacon's Wife. (*Without rising.*) I've made up my mind ter say somethin' ter this meetin' and I ain't a goin' ter let the Squire's wife "*set down*" on me agin, not if I know it. I'm awful afraid this ere school of our'n is goin' ter make a rumpus with the men, ain't you? 'Specially if we should go ter layin' blame onto 'em for our extravagance—they'll feel dretful cross-grained and hard agin us; and, massy knows, 'taint any too easy to git along with *some on 'em* now. I for one don't want'er do nothin' to stir 'em up and git 'em mad. The deacon don't 'prove o' this school no how, and he's ben pickin' out chapters for readin' night and mornin' for much as a fortnight, all bearin' upon female submission, and so on. This mornin', arter prayers, I spunked up and told him that I didn't think the 'postle Paul's opinion o' wimmin amounted ter much. "What does an old bachelder know about wimmin?" says I. "And what does a pack o' old maids know 'bout men?" says he, firin' up. "'Most all your 'School o' Felosofy' wimmin is old maids," says he. Wa'n't that mean?

Ruth Ann. You might a told him that we know all we *wan'er* know 'bout men, and more tew. But they needn't fret, they won't be hurt. Our school ain't a wimmin's rights consarn by no manner o' means; quite the contrary. And you can tell the deacon that we should a' invited the men ter jine, only we felt delekit 'bout it; thought we could dew better by ourselves—same's female prayer meetin', ye know. We shouldn't feel free 'fore sech *superior bein's*. You can tell him how 'tis.

D. W. Now you're makin' fun o' the men, Ruth Ann, and I don't blame ye, for they be a pig-headed, consaited lot, and I will say it, if I be a married woman, and a deacon's wife! (*Pounding the table with her knitting work, and looking round as if to make sure the deacon isn't in sight.*)

Hepsibah. There's lots o' good men in the world.

D. W. O yes, the deacon's *good enough*—we all know that; but I'd rather he'd be a *leetle more agreeable*, if he wa'n't so awful good.



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R

L

Hep. (*Laughing* That's pooty rough on the deacon.

D. W. I don't care if 'is it's the truth, any way.
(*Knits furiously.*)

Ruth Ann. Extravagance is a word that's ben misapplied and 'bused 'bout as much as any word in the English language, I guess. Mean, stingy folks call that extravagant that ain't only jest comfortable; and then agin, what's extravagant for the poor ter dew is only right and proper for rich folks, don't ye see?

D. W. Yes, I dew, and that is what riles me so when the deacon insists upon *our* skimpin' and pinchin' as a dooty. If we wa'n't well off, with money in the bank, I wouldn't say a word; but, Ruth Aun, I'll tell *you*—I wouldn't say it ter everybody—the way that man contrives ter save does beat all! Sometimes his notions is laughable. The hat he wore when we was married, and for a good many years afterward, is up in the garret 'long with other old things that's laid there this thirty year—he never lets me give a thing away—says everything comes in course *some time*; but this hat is a white stove-pipe—wall, jest such a hat as Yankee Jonathan alwers wears in Mister Nast's picters. I s'pose it looked all right in the day on't; but *now*—O dear! Wall, every spring, in house-cleanin' time, when I'm up in the garret puttin' things ter rights, up *he* comes regular ter make sure all his old sculch is safe—his stone-funnels and cracked cider-jugs and old cart-wheels—and I'd orter mentioned 'long with the hat a black silk vest, with picters o' George Washington all over it, that his uncle used to wear and left there when he died; it's all ragged now—a sight ter see. Wall, year arter year, as sure as the spring and house-cleanin' comes round, the deacon follers me up into the garret, and the fust thing he does is to spy out that old hat; he picks it up, puts it on his hed, and turns ter me and says, very severe:

"Betsey, what's the matter with *this 'ere hat*? Why is it laid one side?"

And I laugh and say, "Why, Jonas, how forgetful you be; don't you know that 'are was your weddin' hat? It's been up here this thirty year."

"Is that so?" says he, takin' it off and lookin' at it. "But I don't see's anything is the matter on 't; good enough ter wear ter the barn 't any rate;" so he puts the redickerlus thing on his head agin and goes on rum-magin' 'round. Bimeby he comes acrost the old vest hangin' in a corner, takes it down, looks it over careful, and finally puts that on, too, a-top of his striped frock, and comes ter me agin and says, severer than ever:

"Betsey, I tell ye now we can't afford ter throw away good clo'es. What's the matter with this 'ere vest?"

Then, Ruth Ann, I look up at him standin' there. Yer know how fat he is, and with that short-waisted rag of a vest buttoned across his stummick, and his striped frock a hangin' down, his blue overalls tucked into his boots, and that weddin' hat set one side of his hed, and I jest laugh, and screech, and holler, till I'm bout gin out, and the deacon gits mad and out o' patience with me, and, like enough, the white stove-pipe rolls off on ter the floor, or the valooable vest splits out behind, and that tickles me all the more.

Well, when I dew leave off at last, the deacon sets tew and lectures me.

"Hain't you no dignerty at all? A pooty deacon's wife *you* be," and so on and so forth.

"P'r'aps I be," says I; "but it's enough ter make anybody's wife laugh, 'less it's Lot's wife arter she's turned into the pillar o' salt," says I.

I reckon that a good many folks is 'cused o' extravagance that aint so at all.

There's them Dodge girls on the hill; you know how stylish and well-dressed they alwers look, 'specially Mariar, the eldest one. Wall, she's harnsome as a picter, ter begin with, got one o' them nateral pink-and-white complexions that'll wash and bile, as you might say, and a good figger that don't need no five-dollar corsets ter fetch it inter shape; and whatever she puts on she looks dressed out ter kill, don't she? I've heard the 'Squire's Lizzy Jane say many a spiteful thing 'bout Mariar's extravagance, when the fact is, Mariar never pretends ter wear anything better'n a cashmere in winter

or a pretty muslin in summer ; and it takes silks and satings and all creation ter rig out Lizy Jane, and then she ain't nothin' but a great awkwerd, gawmin' thing ; looks more like a feather-bed with a string tied 'round the middle than anything else, though she ain't ter blame for her *looks*, as I know on, only it's a pity that folks that is so awful humly can't be a leetle pleasant in their ways ter kinder make up for't, you know ; but they ain't now. As a general thing, the wuss anybody looks, the more hateful and disagreeeable they act.

Jerusha. That's so, but I dunno's all this talk bears very hard on the subjeck : we hain't even touched on the last part o' the question—" wherein be the men folks ter blame," etc.

D. W. I guess, (*Rolling up her knitting and getting ready to go.*) I guess perhaps we married wimmin hadn't better arger that pint much. We'll kinder talk round and *lead up tew it*, as ye might say ; and then you and Hepsibah and the rest o' the young gals can take hold on't. Not that I'm afraid, (*Looking around as if she expected the deacon might be standing behind her chair.*) but I don't want'er create no hard feelin's among the men.

Hep. All right ; you can leave 'em to us, we'll be very careful o' their feelin's—the poor sensitive creeturs.

D. W. (*Starts for the door, then turns and says :*) Ruth Ann, if the 'Squire's wife happens to pitch into the men next Tuesday night, I shall have to follow suit. She ain't agoin' to get ahead o' me *this time*, not if the Deacon gets a divorce the very next mornin'. (*Curtain.*)

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."—ADAPTED.

THE LETTER.

CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE EGAN *A Country Squire.*
 ANDY *A New Irish Servant.*

SCENE.—*The squire's office.*

Squire. Well, Andy; you went to the post-office, as I ordered you?

Andy. Yes, sir.

Squire. Well, what did you find?

Andy. A most imperthinent fellow, indade, sir.

Squire. How so?

Andy. Says I, as dacent like as a gentleman, "I want a letther, sir, if you plase." "Who do you want it for?" said the posth-masther, as ye call him. "I want a letther, sir, if you plase," said I. "And who do you want it for?" said he, again. "And what's that to you?" said I.

Squire. You blockhead, what did he say to that?

Andy. He laughed at me, sir, and said he could not tell what letter to give me, unless I told him the direction.

Squire. Well, you told him, then, did you?

Andy. "The directions I got," said I, "was to get a letther here—that's the directions." "Who gave you the directions?" says he. "The masther," said I. "And who is your masther?" said he. "What consarn is that o' yourn?" said I.

Squire. Did he break your head then?

Andy. No, sir. "Why, you stupid rascal," said he, "if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his letther?" "You could give it, if you liked," said I; "only you are fond of axing impident questions, because you think I'm simple." "Get out o' this!" said he. "Your masther must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a missenger."

Squire. Well, how did you save my honor, Andy?

Andy. "Bad luck to your impidence!" said I. "Is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?" "O, Squire Egan's your master?" said he. "Yes," said I. "Have you anything to say agin' it?"

Squire. You got the letter, then, did you?

Andy. "Here's a letther for the squire," says he. "You are to pay me elevenpence posthage." "What 'ud I pay 'leven pence for?" said I. "For *postage*," says he. "Didn't I see you give that gentleman a letther for fourpence this blessed minute?" said I; "and a bigger letther than this? Do you think I'm a fool?" says I. "Here's a fourpence for you—and give me the letther."

Squire. I wonder he did not break your skull and let some light into it.

Andy. "Go 'long, you stupid thafe!" says he; because I wouldn't let him *chate* your honor.

Squire. Well, well, give me the letter.

Andy. I haven't it, sir. He wouldn't give it to me, sir.

Squire. Who wouldn't give it to you?

Andy. That old *chate* beyant the town.

Squire. Didn't you pay what he asked?

Andy. Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated, when he was selling them before my face for fourpence a piece?

Squire. Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you.

Andy. He'll murther me, if I say another word to him about the letther; he swore he would.

Squire. I'll do it, if he don't, if you're not back in less than an hour. (*Exit.*)

Andy. O, that the like o' me should be murdered for defending the *charrackter* of my masther! It's not I'll go to dale with that bloody *chate* again. I'll off to Dublin, and let the letther rot on his dirty hands, bad luck to him!

WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

THE TRAIN TO MAURO.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BUTTERMILK *An Elderly Lady from the Country.*

MR. KNIGHT *Clerk at a Railway Station.*

JOHNNIE BUTTERMILK *A Terrible Child.*

SCENE.—*Waiting-room of a railway station ; MR. KNIGHT seated at a table writing. Enter MRS. BUTTERMILK with a bandbox, a carpet-bag, an umbrella, and a basket. JOHNNIE with a satchel, a bundle, a parasol, and a fishing-rod.*

Mrs. Buttermilk. Morning, sir!

Mr. Knight. (Coldly.) Good-morning.

Mrs. B. Fairish day!

Mr. K. (Very stiffly.) Very pleasant, madam.

Mrs. B. Is this the place where you take the train to Mauro?

Mr. K. You can take a train here to-morrow or any other day.

Mrs. B. I want to take the train to Mauro.

Johnnie. No you don't, ma. You want the train to take you.

Mrs. B. It's all the same. Are all my things here—bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket—you John, have you got all the things—bag, bundle, parasol?

John. Yes, and my fishing-rod.

Mr. K. If you don't want to leave to-day, you had better go over the way to a hotel. You cannot stay here all night.

Mrs. B. Stay here all night!

John. Nobody wants to stay here. We're going up to Aunt Susan's.

Mr. K. You said you wanted to go to-morrow.

Mrs. B. Well, so we do. My old man's sister's son's wife is sick.

Mr. K. I don't want to hear your family troubles.

Mrs. B. 'Tain't my family. It's Buttermilk's sister's son's wife's got some kind o' sickness, come on sudden.

She's powerful bad, ain't going to live, I reckon, so they sent for me, cause I'm the best nuss anywhere round, though I say it, as I shouldn't.

John. You bet!

Mrs. B. Not that I ever go out professional; but if folks sees fit to show their gratitude by a little present, like a dress or the like of that, I don't object to taking it. You see Buttermilk's sister's son's wife is always delicate, and this is a bad spell, I reckon. They wrote as if she was almost dead already.

Mr. K. I should think you would go to-day. You seem all prepared.

Mrs. B. Ain't I going, as soon as the train comes along to Mauro?

Mr. K. Why do you wait till to-morrow? Where are you going?

Mrs. B. Don't I tell you I'm going to Mauro.—Got all the things safe, Johnnie?

John. Yes, ma.

Mrs. B. Bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket, bag, bundle, parasol?

John. And fishing-rod.

Mrs. B. Young man, what are you writing?

Mr. K. (*Coldly.*) A report of an accident on the road.

Mrs. B. Oh, mercy! Oh! Are we going to have an accident? I won't go! I won't stir a step. Young man, can't you write a line for me to my sister-in-law's son's wife to say I can't come.

Mr. K. You need not be alarmed. The accident took place a week ago.

Mrs. B. Oh, it's over. When is the next one?

Mr. K. Pshaw!

John. He don't know, ma! He wouldn't tell if he did, for fear folks would stay to home.

Mrs. B. So they would, Johnnie. Well, I'm glad it is over for this time. What did they do, young man?

Mr. K. Ran over a cow.

Mrs. B. Dear me! Was she hurt, poor thing?

Mr. K. She was taken up in three pieces.

Mrs. B. You don't say so!

John. Dear me, what a fuss about a cow! Is all that writing about it?

Mr. K. Yes, it is. The cow threw the train off the track; thirty people were killed, sixty injured; the locomotive smashed to pieces, and five cars shattered.

Mrs. B. I'm going home!

John. Oh, pshaw, ma! I want to go fishing.

Mrs. B. Fishing! Thirty killed. Young man, did you say *thirty*?

Mr. K. Yes, ma'am.

John. Never mind, ma! It is all over, and you want to show Aunt Susan your new false front.

Mrs. B. Johnnie! You awful bad boy! You'll kill your mother, and you'll have a step-mother then, who'll beat you.

John. Don't you worry, ma! I'll *haze* her.

Mrs. B. When'll that train be along, young man?

Mr. K. What train?

Mrs. B. The ten-forty train.

Mr. K. (*Pettishly.*) At ten-forty, of course.

Mrs. B. That's the one that goes to Mauro, ain't it?

Mr. K. Of course it goes to-morrow. It goes every day.

Mrs. B. Oh! You see, young man, it's some ways for me to come down here, for I live fifteen miles back in the country.

Mr. K. I don't want to know where you live.

Mrs. B. And Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband was a coming over with market truck; they've taken the corner farm this season, and are doing pretty well in garden sass and berries.

Mr. K. I don't want to hear all this.

Mrs. B. As I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's son-in-law was coming over, and he stopped round to our place. and says he—"Mrs. Buttermilk," says he, "I hear you're going up to town to take the train!"

Mr. K. See here, boy, can't you make your mother be quiet? I want to write.

John. (*Grimacing.*) That's a good one. I make her! Suppose you try.

Mrs. B. Shut up, John. Well, sir, as I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband brought me over with as fine a lot of early greens as ever grew in our parts. It beats me how they was ever raised on that miserable old place. It must be out of his books and papers. He's a powerful hand for reading, and I must say he's a first-rate hand on a farm. His pigs are pictures! If you want garden sass any time, young man I'll get him to stop here.

Mr. K. (*Crossly.*) You needn't trouble yourself.

Mrs. B. 'Tain't a mite o' trouble. I see him every market-day, 'cause he brings my butter.

Mr. K. I don't want any garden sass.

Mrs. B. Dear me! Now some folks is so fond of it, when it comes in fresh.

Mr. K. I'm not!

Mrs. B. Powerful stupid waiting here, ain't it? You see I had to come in early to get a seat in the wagon.

John. Ma!

Mrs. B. Well, John, what is it now? Your tongue's always running. Nobody else gets a chance to put a word in sideways when you get started.

John. Ma, I'm hungry.

Mrs. B. Well, I do believe that's what ails me! I thought I felt faintish. (*Opens her basket.*) Here's the plaster for your Aunt Susan. Ever have the rheumatiz, young man?

r. K. Never!

Mrs. B. I'll send you one of my rheumatiz plasters, if you have. Cure you, sure! (*Puts the plaster on bench.*)

John. Come, ma, hurry up, and find some gingerbread.

Mrs. B. (*Taking out a bottle.*) Here's the yarb tea for your uncle. Ever have the asthma, young man?

Mr. K. No!

Mrs. B. I could leave you a little of this tea, if you had. Best thing in the world if you should ever feel wheezy. Bless your heart, they send from all round the country for my yarb tea for asthma. (*Puts bottle on bench.*)

John. Come, ma!

Mrs. B. Dear me, Johnnie! How came your worms in here? (*Takes out a paper-box.*)

John. Well, if I didn't look high and low for that bait. You must have got them off the kitchen table, ma!

Mrs. B. Well, there's lots more to be had, if those were lost. Ever go fishing, young man?

Mr. K. Never!

Mrs. B. Might a had some o' John's bait just as well as not. (*Takes out another box.*) Here's the roots for the drink in case of fever. Are you subject to fever, young man?

Mr. K. Not at all!

Mrs. B. Pity, now, ain't it? Could have left you some of these roots just as well as not.

Mr. K. (*Sarcastically.*) You are very kind.

Mrs. B. Well, I like to be neighborly when I can. You look sorter peaked, young man! Ain't you sickly? Better come up country for a spell.

John. I say, ma! I'll starve to death before you find that gingerbread.

Mrs. K. Bless my heart, John, I forgot all about it. (*Takes out a roll of white cloth.*) Why here's my nightcap. I clean forgot I put it in there! Wouldn't I a had a pretty hunt for that, if I had not jest a found it! Wear a nightcap young man?

Mr. B. No, I don't!

Mrs. K. There's some of Buttermilk's you might have had just as well as not. They're too big for Johnnie, and the moths likely 'll make an end of them before he grows to them.

John. I'll grow to them before you find that gingerbread, if you don't make haste, ma.

Mrs. B. (*Putting roll on bench.*) Dear me, Johnnie, I wish you had a little patience. (*Takes out a paper bundle.*) Here's my tallow candles, in case there's night-watching, for your Aunt Susan will burn that awful kerosene, and I'm as fraid as death of it, ever since my cousin's niece's husband's first wife's child was burned

to death by the explosion of the lamp put side of his bed for him to go sleep, and he upset it onto the bed-clothes, and was burned to a cinder right in his own night-gown. I've never burned a bit of kerosene since I heard of it. It gave me such a turn, I was sick for a week. Burn kerosene, young man?

Mr. K. I'd like to drown you in a barrel of it!

Mrs. B. Now I don't call that neighborly; I wouldn't want to serve you so. (*Puts bundle on the bench.*) I was going to say I *could* spare you one or two of my candles, and they're good, for I made them myself.

Mr. K. Then you'd better burn them yourself.

John. Found that gingerbread yet, ma?

Mrs. B. (*Taking out the articles as she names them, and putting them on bench.*) Here's the fine-tooth comb, and your toothbrush, and the hands and face soap from the store—hard yellow soap's just as good to my notion—and the hair-brush and comb, and your box of blacking, Johnnie, and the hair-ile, and the almanac, and—here's the gingerbread. (*MR. KNIGHT rises.*) Where are you going, young man?

Mr. K. Time for the train.

Mrs. B. My train?

Mr. K. I thought you were not going until to-morrow.

Mrs. B. So I am going to Mauro. That's where my husband's sister's son's wife is sick, at Mauro.

Mr. K. I do believe you are going to Mauro.

Mrs. B. Haven't I been saying so, all along? Of course I'm going there.

Mr. K. Well, you'll have to hurry. I hear the train now, and it only stops a minute or two.

Mrs. B. You don't say so. Johnnie, help me put the things in the basket. (*Scrambling them all together, dropping them on the floor, trying to cram them in the basket hastily all the time she is talking.*) Dear me, I've busted the candle bag, and my string's off my yarbs. Johnnie, you awful boy, pick up that bottle. Oh, I never was so flusterated in my life. I'll miss the train now, John, all for your being so long over that gingerbread. Where's my night-cap? There it's rolled clear

across the floor. Go pick it up, Johnnie. They *won't* go in! They all came out of this basket, and they must go in. Where's the plaster for Aunt Susan's rheumatiz? Oh, young man, don't stand gaping there, but help me, can't you?

Mr. K. Train's in! (*Saunters out.*)

Mrs. B. Come, Johnnie! Oh, we'll never git the things. (*Gathers them all up helter skelter, and runs out, dropping them all along on the floor.*)

John. I'm coming! (*Runs after MRS. BUTTERMILK, picking up the articles dropped, and dropping others as fast. Both go off.*)

S. A. FROST.

KATIE MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

CHARACTERS.

ALICE *A Young Mistress.*
KATIE MALONEY *Her Servant.*

SCENE.—*A neat kitchen, Katie scrubbing the floor and singing.*

Enter ALICE.

Alice. What are you singing for?

Katie. Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy?

Alice. Happy, are you, Katie Maloney? Let me see: you don't own a foot of land in the world?

Katie. Foot of land, is it? (*With a hearty Irish laugh.*) Oh, what a hand ye be after joking; why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land.

Alice. Your mother is dead?

Katie. God rest her soul, yes. (*With a touch of genuine pathos.*) May the angels make her bed in Heaven.

Alice. Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?

Katie. Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but

drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, the creature.

Alice. You have to pay your little sister's board?

Katie. Sure, the bit creature; and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that.

Alice. You haven't many fashionable dresses either, Katie Maloney?

Katie. Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me.

Alice. You haven't any lover, Katie Maloney?

Katie. Oh, be off wid ye—ketch Katie Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it.

Alice. What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?

Katie. The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then, if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an' ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it.

ADAPTED.

AUCTION MAD.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. TODDLES. *A Woman with a Passion for Attending Auctions.*
MR. TODDLES. *Her Husband.*

SCENE.—*The dining-room of the Toodles' house—The table set for dinner ; on a mantle at one side a huge door-plate, with the name Thompson upon it.*

Enter MR. TODDLES, MRS. TODDLES following him.

Toodles. Oh, don't dear Toodles me! You'll drive me mad. Your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. Toodles. My dear Toodles, don't say so!

Toodles. But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion of going to auctions, and buying everything you see, because it's cheap? I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money; and echo answers, Where?

Mrs. Toodles. I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles. You shall not squander and waste my means.

Mrs. Toodles. My dear, I buy nothing but what's useful.

Toodles. Useful—useless you mean. I won't have my house turned into a hospital for invalid furniture. At the end of the week, I ask, where's the money. All gone too—spent in cursed nonsense.

Mrs. Toodles. My love, although they are of no use to you at present, we may want them; and how useful it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Why, Mrs. Toodles, the house is full already of damaged chairs and dilapidated tables, sofas with one leg, washstands with two legs, chairs with three legs, and some without a leg to stand upon.

Mrs. Toodles. I'm sure you can't find fault with the last bargain I bought.

Toodles. What is it?

Mrs. Toodles. A pair of crutches.

Toodles. A pair of crutches! What use are they to me, Mrs. T.?

Mrs. Toodles. No, none at present. But you might meet with an accident; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Oh! here's a woman goes to an auction, and buys a pair of crutches in anticipation that her husband will break his legs. But look what you did the other day; when this railroad was finished out here, why, curse me! if you did not buy forty-three wheelbarrows,—some with wheels, and some without wheels. And then again, before this new system of police was introduced, we had watchmen and watch-boxes; now our police have stars on their breasts, and the corporation abolished watch-boxes. They were all put up at auction; and I'll be hanged if you didn't buy ninety-three watch-boxes!

Mrs. Toodles. Now, my dear Toodles, how unreasonable you are! You don't know but they will be wanted; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. That's your old excuse. We have wheelbarrows in the yard, watch-boxes in the cellar, wheelbarrows and watch-boxes all over the house. The pigs eat out of the wheelbarrows; and the cows sleep in the watch-boxes.

Mrs. Toodles. Now, my dear Toodles, don't that prove their utility?

Toodles. When I came home the other night, I tumbled into something, and broke my shins. I called Jane to bring a light. I found myself in a watch-box. What was your last purchase? The other day I saw a cart before the door, and two men carrying into the house—a door-plate.

Mrs. Toodles. My dear Toodles—

Toodles. And the name of Thompson upon it,—Thompson with a *p*. Mr. Toodles, if I were not innately a sober man, you would drive me to an extreme case of drinking. Well, what was your reason for buying the door-plate? "Toodles, my dear," says you, "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a

female, and live to the age of maturity; and she *may* marry a man of the name of Thompson with a *p*; then, how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

Mrs. Toodles. And won't it, dear?

Toodles. You had it stuck over the mantel-piece; and when I come down to breakfast, or home to dinner, there's that odious name of Thompson looking me in the face. If had a daughter, and I caught a man of the name of Thompson making love to her, I'd break his head with that door-plate.

Mrs. Toodles. But, my dear Toodles—

Toodles. Yes, Mrs. T., I say religiously, morally, sincerely, and emphatically, "Curse Thompson!" But I went to the auction, too, to-day. I've got a present for you. I thought it quite a bargain.

Mrs. Toodles. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. As soon as I saw it I said to myself, "It will be just the fit for my dear Tabitha!"

Mrs. Toodles. Don't plague me. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. I think I can see you looking so nice and comfortable in it!

Mrs. Toodles. Well, why don't you tell me what it is?

Toodles. Just your fit. A nice brass plate on it, and varnished all over.

Mrs. Toodles. Yes, yes; and it is—

Toodles. A coffin, my love.

Mrs. Toodles. Oh, you brute!

Toodles. We don't want it just now; but we don't know what may happen; and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!

Mrs. Toodles. Oh, you wretch, you'll be the death of me.

Toodles. Will I? It's lucky I bought the coffin.

Exit, followed by MRS. TODDLES.

FROM "THE TODDLES."



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L

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

CHARACTERS.

PRESIDENT	<i>The Chairman.</i>
MR. SNOOKS	} <i>Participants in the Debate.</i>
MR. SQUIRRELS	
MR. GOOSEBERRY	
MR. CLUTTERCLUMP	

SCENE.—*The rooms of the society.*

President. Gentlemen, the question for debate this evening is, whether love is a passion of the heart or of the soul? I want the gentlemen to speak up so I can hear 'em, and to do all their sneezin' and coughin' before they begins, and every one blow his nose beforehand, so as he sha'n't stop to do it when he makes his speech; and here is my handkerchief for any one as hasn't got none. Mr. Cæsar Augustus Washington Snooks will open the debate.

Snooks. Mr. President, we have come together this evening, as I take it, to come to a decision. I was one of the first members in it, and we did it to improve the mind; for, as Mr. Samuel Shakspear says, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the son of New York." We expect this night, if we all have our health, to decide on the problemities of love, and tell where it lays and what is its symptoms. And just as the President says, so it shall be, whether it's in the heart, or in the soul, or in the heel. If he says so, it shall be so, and because why—why you see because it shall—

This is a very important subject we are going to decide, and the opinion of this Society will go forth to the world like the signers of the Declaration of Independenc. And in after life, when our locks are in the yellow leaf, we may look back with pride on this evening; and people in the land, now abed, will hold our names dog-cheap. And I go in for love being in the heart, cause

I was once in love myself, and I swow my heart felt jest like a shot partridge, and I couldn't felt worse if I'd lost a whip-lash, and so I stick to it, love is in the heart, and when I put my foot down, you can't move me more than you can a stun fence, and when my mind's made up, I'm jest like the stately pine, with its green tops waving to and fro in the breezes of heaven.

Pres. Mr. Archibald Squirrels will please to get up next.

Squirrels. Mr. President, I don't purtend to be nothin' very great on a speech, but I can lick that feller's argument jest as dry as a chip, and that just as easy, too, as a dog can lick his ear. He sticks to it that love's in the heart, but that don't make it so, 'cause I knowed a gal named Sal Saspan that stuck to it that love was in the feet, for she said jest as quick as she fell in love her feet begun to swell, and she had to put mustard-plasters on 'em to draw it out. So that jest kills his shot partridge all to smash; and here's another thing, when a feller's ugly to his gal and won't take her out a sleigh-ridin', she tells him he ain't got no soul. There was a case of that kind 'curred last spring; it was Mr. Pippin's daughter was courted by Jones, the barber's clerk's assistant, for upwards of three weeks, and because he wouldn't put her in a sleigh and take her down to her Aunt Peggy's, on the Four Corners, she up and telled him he had no more soul than would lay on the p'int of a needle. Now, if he can box the compass and cap the needle, I'll gin in; but I see Mr. Gooseberry is wantin' to speak, so I'll sit right down and gin him a chance, and I hope we shall decide this p'int in a way to satisfy all by-gone generations. But I consider, Mr. President, that Mr. Snooks' argument is just about as small as a half cent cut in two.

Pres. Now, gentlemen, you'll be as silent as possible, and leave off eating peanuts, for Mr. Gooseberry is going to speak.

Gooseberry. Mr. President, when the far-reaching eye of science grasped the spectre of power and sat enthroned upon the pyramids of Rome—when the acute-

ness of the Herculean ages that are past was put to rest by the sombre shadows of the printing press—then it was that the age of chivalry submerged itself from the dark expanse, and love was beating in the bosom of the Western world. It is perfectly clear to me, Mr. President, that love, like the bird of Jove when he towers into the cerulean atmosphere and pounces on his prey—that if this bird of Jove could look with his piercing eye into the hearts of men and women, he would see love perched on the apex of the human bosom.

Mr. Squirrels has told you of Pippin's daughter; but, sir, he has got to prove that she was in love with Mr. Jones. I respect Mr. Jones, and have frequently been shaved at the shop of his master. But, sir, it is a problem which futurity must solve, whether a gentleman whose business it is to compound lather, shave his customers, and hang wigs on the outer walls of his master's shop, was capable of inspiring love in the heart of Pippin's daughter.

Sir, I have done; let me be correctly reported; nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice. I am confident what I have said will have a solemn effect upon the mind of the President, and will be like the torrents of a stagnant pool, that shakes the earth to its centre. For as that beautiful poet has it in his "Paradise Lost:"

"Cupidum abidum in heartum,
Et solum obsquatulandum sunt."

Pres. Mr. Clutterclump will please to speak next.

Clutterclump. Mr. Pr-Pr-President, as I understand it, the qu-qu-question is this evening w-we-whether love is in the so-so-soul or in the heart, and aw-aw-awl I've got to say is, th-th-that we-we-whether love is in th-the soul or in the h-h-heart, it makes very little odds, for I was in l-l-l-love once myself, and I felt it all over me, from the cr-cr-crown of my foot to-to the soul of my head, and it was a-a-a-as strong as brandy and sw-sw-sweet as lasses, and so I g-g-g-go in b-b-b-both sides of the qu-qu-question.

Pres. Well, now, I believe all the gentlemen have

spoke on the two sides of the question, besides Mr. Clutterclump that spoke on both sides. In the first place, Mr. Snooks remarked that now is the winter of our discontent; now that's very true, and when a man tells me what's true once I can believe him ag'in. But then Mr. Squirrels don't agree with him, and I can't think of siding ag'in Mr. Squirrels, case he buys all his goods at my shop. Then comes Mr. Gooseberry, and it was wonderful to hear him talk about the eagle, and the pyramids, and the Western world, as was discovered by Christofer Columbus. I've got a geography hum that's got it all in; as for Mr. Clutterclump, he goes in for both sides, and says love is all over the body. Now, I stand here to decide something that's been held in dispute ever since the Christian era, and that was long before the New Era was printed. Now, gentlemen, this question has got to be decided one way or the other, so we'll settle it by chuckin' up a cent. Who's got a red cent?

All search their pockets; one produces a cent, which the President "flips" and announces.

Pres. This question is decided in favor of the heart.

Great manifestations of delight on the part of Mr. Snooks, Mr. Gooseberry, and Mr. Clutterclump.

ARNOLD'S DIALOGUES.

THE POET SEEKING A PATRON.

CHARACTERS.

CRACK	<i>The Poet.</i>
PUSH	
DRIVER	
SCRAMBLE	
SPRING	
BANKS	

Five Live Yankess.

SCENE.—A narrow street.

Crack. Sad times, when a poem like mine must go begging. No publisher would touch it, and now that I have printed it at my own risk, no man will buy it. This nation is so absorbed in speculations and inventions that it has no time to spare for anything else. But there comes a Yankee in a hurry, as they always are. I will cross his path and try to sell him a book. (*As PUSH attempts to pass, CRACK calls out.*) How do you do, sir.

Push. What is that to you? Do you want one of my washing-machines? Prime, first-rate, cheap, too, as dirt; wash without soap or labor, wear and tear, or—

Crack. Or water, I'll be bound. But look here, my friend, here is my new poem, which I should like to sell you. Only one dollar. An epic, equal to Homer, all in hexameters.

Push. What is it about? I never need poetry. There is more invention and poetry, too, in one of my washing-machines than in all the poetry that ever was written.

Crack. You have not read my poem.

Push. I never mean to. If it was about soap-suds, I might swap for a copy; but I suppose it is about something more frothy, so, stranger, good luck to you, farewell, good-by. (*Goes out.*)

Enter DRIVER.

Crack. (*Stopping him.*) Here, friend, a word with you.

Driver. Let it be a monosyllable then, for I am in pursuit of a fellow that has dodged me. What do you want?

Crack. Here is a copy of my new poem that I wish to sell you.

Driv. A copy of what?

Crack. Of my new poem. Did you never hear of my poem?

Driv. No, nor of you, either.

Crack. Friend, —

Driv. You go to grass, as Nebuchadnezzar did, for

you must be as crazy. I've lost two minutes on your nonsense. (*He goes off.*)

Enter SCRAMBLE in haste.

Crack. Here! I say!

Scramble. Well, what do you say? Speak, I'm off!

Crack. I've something of importance to show you.

Scram. What is it, a gold mine?

Crack. Better than that, an intellectual mine—my poem.

Scrom. You get out! What is a poem good for? I never read any one but "Now I Lay Me," and that was too long. I wouldn't give ninepence for a ton of poems.

Crack. My poem has the soul of poetry in it. All who have souls recommend it.

Scram. Let 'em buy it, then. I'll tell you what, friend, you'd better sell blacking or matches. What on airth could I do with a poem?

Crack. Read it, and elevate your soul.

Scram. Elevate a pig's nose. The only way to elevate a man's soul is to fill his purse. That's my notion about it. So good-by to you. (*He goes out.*)

Enter SPRING, walking rapidly.

Crack. My friend!—

Spring. Well, who are you? Speak quick.

Crack. I have something I wish to say to you.

Spring. Well, why don't you say it?

Crack. This is a copy of my poem.

Spring. What do I care for that?

Crack. I wish you to buy it.

Spring. What is it about—what is it good for? I couldn't wrap a sausage in a leaf of it.

Crack. It is about—my subject is—

Spring. Poh! what's the use of a subject? I deal in provisions, and wouldn't give a crossed fourpence ha'penny for a barrel of poems, salted and saltpettered.

Crack. My poem is full of attic salt.

Spring. Liverpool is better. I'll tell you what, friend, money is money, and provisions are cash, but poems are—

Crack. Mine is food for the mind.

Spring. Pooh ! I reach the mind through the stomach.
Good luck to you. You'll never grow fat on poetry
(*He goes out.*)

Crack. Why didn't I write a cook-book ?

Enter BANKS.

Crack. Sir—er !

Banks. Get out of the way.

Crack. Sir, I have a poem here—my poem—that I should like to show you.

Banks. What is it about, interest or discount ?

Crack. It is about mind, immortal mind.

Banks. Then it is below par. I'll tell you what, friend, fancy stock is poor stuff. Stick to mortgages or real estate.

Crack. My poem is on the sublime subject of—

Banks. Air-castles, and nobody buys them. My friend, let me give you a word of advice. Sink the poet and buy a hand-cart or a wood-saw and go to work.
(*He goes out.*)

Crack. (*Dramatically holding up his book.*) "Is this a dagger that I see before me ?" (*He strikes his bosom with it, and goes out.*)

YOUNG FOLKS' MONTHLY.

A WARNING TO WOMAN.

CHARACTERS.

MR. SANSCRIPT *A Gruff Husband.*
MRS. SANSCRIPT *His Inquisitive Wife.*

SCENE.—*A sitting-room—Mr. Sanscript lying upon a lounge, Mrs. Sanscript reading a paper.*

Mrs. Sanscript. John, I've been reading the paper.
Sanscript. That's nothin'. I've seen people before who read newspapers.

Mrs. S. Yes; but there are several things in the paper I can't understand.

Sanscript. Then don't read 'em.

Mrs. S. What do they mean by the strike, John? What is a strike, anyhow?

Sanscript. A strike is where they have struck.

Mrs. S. I don't grasp your meaning exactly. Now, these strikers have stopped all the railroad-trains in the country. Why did they do it?

Sanscript. To prevent 'em from running.

Mrs. S. Yes, but why didn't they want trains to run?

Sanscript. Because they wanted more money for running them?

Mrs. S. Do they pay more for stopping trains than for running them?

Sanscript. No, you stupid woman!

Mrs. S. Then why in the world did they stop 'em? why didn't they run more of 'em, or run 'em faster? Seems to me that would pay better.

Sanscript. Mary Ann, you will never surround the problem.

Mrs. S. Maybe not, John. Some things are gotten up purposely to bother women. Now here is a column headed "Base-Ball." What is base-ball, John?

Sanscript. Don't you know what base-ball is? Happy woman! you have not lived in vain.

Mrs. S. Here it says that the "The Hartfords could not collar Cumming's curves." What under the sun are Cumming's curves?

Sanscript. It's the way he delivers the ball.

Mrs. S. Is the ball chained?

Sanscript. No, you booby!

Mrs. S. Then how does he deliver it?

Sanscript. I mean, pitches it.

Mrs. S. Oh! Now here it says Jones muffed a ball after a hard run. What was a ball doing after a hard run?

Sanscript. Hadn't you better confine your research to the obituary and marriage columns, Mary, with an occasional advertisement thrown in to vary the monotony?

Mrs. S. Yes, but, John, I want to know! There's Mrs. Racket, over the way, who goes to all the base-ball games, and comes home to talk me blind about "fly-fouls," "base-hits," "sky-scrapers," and all those things. For heaven's sake, John, what is a sky-scraper?

Sanscript. Compose yourself, old woman, you are treading on dangerous ground; your feet are on slippery rocks, while raging billows roll beneath.

Mrs. S. Mercy on me! What do you mean?

Sanscript. I mean, my dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among three-strikes, fair-balls, base-hits, daisy-cutters, home-runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost.

Mrs. S. Well, I confess I'm completely lost to know what this newspaper means when it says Addy stole a base, while the spectators applauded. Have we come to such a pass that society will applaud a theft? Why wasn't Addy arrested? Now here's Manning put out by Start, assisted by Carey, and I can't see that he did anything wrong, either. Jemima Christopher! Here it says that Peek flew out. I don't believe a word of it. I never saw a man fly yet, and I won't believe it can be done till I see it with my own eyes. John, what makes these newspaper men lie so horribly?

MR. SANSCRIPT *snores in his sleep.*

ADAPTED.

THE DANDY.

CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE GRUFF *Who has been a Representative.*

MR. ETHER . . . *A City Barber, "Showing off" in a Country Village.*

SCENE.—*The village bar-room.*

Ether. (*Always drawing affectedly.*) Old Apocrypha, do you vegetate in this village?

Gruff. Yes.

Ether. You don't say so!

Gruff. Yes, I do.

Ether. I can't live out of the metropolis. Your sun tans me—tans me like a Hottentot—indeed it does.

Gruff. It does not prevent your looking *green*.

Ether. Your air, too, stifles me; and your dust is altogether inconsistent with free respiration—it is, indeed it is.

Gruff. You'll die one of these days.

Ether. You are disposed to be facetious, friend. But I have found it impossible to live in America, since I visited Italy. Our houses are beaver-dams, decidedly. I can't look at a building here—I can't, really.

Gruff. Have you seen the State House?

Ether. I called to see it one morning, but—

Gruff. Wasn't it at home?

Ether. You are a very facetious gentleman—you are—upon my soul; but I had rather make a pilgrimage to Mecca than climb up to that cupola. I couldn't survive the fatigue. I couldn't, by Hercules!

Gruff. You had better go up then, at once.

Ether. I went up ten steps, and sank under it—swooned, absolutely swooned; and that barbarian of a guide had no fan to lend me. It is homicide, rank homicide, by Hercules!

Gruff. Are there no stairs in Italy?

Ether. You are disposed to be facetious, friend. But you never traveled. I'll bet you a half-sized ice-cream you haven't.

Gruff. I'll take the bet.

Ether. You won't, though, will you? Well, I'm glad to meet with a traveler, for there's nothing here worth talking about. When one has been abroad, home is execrable—perfectly hideous, I assure you.

Gruff. Better stay away, then.

Ether. You are right, friend—decidedly right. I wish the boiler of the steam-packet that transported me back had collapsed—upon my soul I do—even though my epidermis had been damped by the steam.

Gruff. Can you swim?

Ether. You are too facetious, old horse-radish! But it is relapsing into barbarism to come home again—it is dying by inches—it is, indeed it is.

Gruff. You had better hang yourself.

Ether. No, that would be vulgar—decidedly vulgar—unmitigated vulgarity! It would, indeed. I would put my head into a bowl of German cologne, if I thought I could keep it under.

Gruff. I'll hold it down for you.

Ether. Thank you kindly. I hate to trouble a friend in such an unpleasant business.

Gruff. No trouble. I've drowned a hundred puppies in my day.

Ether. Do you mean to apply that offensive appellation to me, sir?

Gruff. You applied it. I didn't.

Ether. O, you didn't apply it. Well apologised; for I am averse to bloodshed—decidedly averse to shedding blood, sir.

Gruff. Look here, young chap! what is your name?

Ether. Name! sir?—name! It is decidedly impolite to ask a gentleman his name. I cannot answer so impolite a question—upon my soul, I cannot.

Gruff. Give me your card, then.

Ether. Excuse me. I left the last perfumed one at Miss Vanilla's, just before I had the extraordinary happiness of meeting you.

Gruff. Give me one that is *not* perfumed.

Ether. Excuse me, my dear sir. You distress me exceedingly. I am not accustomed to such personalities—decidedly unaccustomed—altogether unused, I assure you.

Gruff. Is not your name Ether?

Ether. Sir! you are disposed to be facetious, sir—decidedly facetious, sir, upon my honor. What could superinduce the unaccountable liberty that you have taken in suspecting that my name be—eh! What did you conjecture that it was?

Gruff. I've shaved at your shop.

Ether. Some stupendous conspiracy has been formed to disturb my equanimity—it has, indeed it has.

Gruff. You seem to be all in a lather.

Ether. 'Sdeath and gun-powder tea! why do you persecute me in this decidedly unpleasant manner? Beware, sir! I may become passionate—decidedly passionate, sir—and then I cannot answer for the consequences!—yes, sir, for the consequences! I may do a deed that may be irrevocable, irremediable, sir—unequivocally irremediable, as death itself, sir! I may, indeed, sir!

Gruff. Young man, you had better go home to your shop. You never saw anything of Italy but the Naples soap you sell. If you are ashamed of your business, let me tell you that every honest trade is a respectable one; and, in my opinion, the plainest barber is, in every respect, superior to an affected monkey—upon my soul, superior—it is indeed, sir. So, good-by to you. (*He goes out.*)

Ether. Well, this is decidedly plain—upon my soul, it is; if it was not for one thing more than another, I'd follow that old crab-stick—I would, decidedly—upon my honor, I would. I deserve two immortalities—indeed I do—for not becoming passionate, unrestrainedly passionate, under such provocation. But I will punish him. I'll take him by the nose if he ever enters my shop again, and if I don't lacerate his jugular for him, it will be because I'm afraid to—indeed it will, it will, indeed. (*He goes out with a determined air.*)

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

CHARACTERS.

MR. FELIX GUMBO *A Countryman.*
 MR. COLLODION *A Photographer.*
 ADOLPHUS *A Boy up At-all-fuss.*

SCENE AND PROPERTIES.—*A parlor, carpet down, pictures on the walls, statues in the corners, painted or natural, with doors each side. Large table with fancy cloth, with photographs of all sizes, chairs, carpet-bag, and umbrella for GUMBO; long-handled broom in corner; exaggerated apparatus, consisting of tripod of man's height with camera—i. e., a plain, neat box, 2 x 2 x 3 (in feet), placed the long way horizontally, circular hole in front for a tin tube one foot long and ten inches in diameter, to which is fitted a lid, with handle to remove and replace it on the outer end, a slide-opening made at same end of the box to admit a frame being passed into and across it. Black or dark blue baize cloth tacked to other open end of box, to hang in loose folds from the top edge. A shelf is fitted to the tripod on the side facing the audience, to hold a large pantomime watch, with dog-chain to match. A frame to fit the slide-opening in camera, on which is pasted, for each performance, a paper, on which are rudely outlined two faces of the same size, one upright, the other a little transversely, as large as may be. A handful of flour in cup on table for ADOLPHUS.*

Adolphus. (Discovered dusting the table, etc.) What's the use of keeping the place so nice looking when it's more than a fortnight since a customer came in, and such a fort'nate thing won't happen again in a hurry. Oh! here's master. *(Dusts a chair very briskly.)*

Colloidion. (Enters.) Don't make the dust fly about so, Adolphus. We've too much difficulty as it is in raising the wind and bringing down the dust. Anyone called?

Adol. Yes.

Col. Then there is hopefulnessness!

Adol. Maybe there is; but it was the landlord, who said that this studio stood you in too little, for him to let you be left tenant another three quarters.

Col. Nobody else?

Adol. Not a else.

Col. Then there is no use a-strivin'. I've sold everything in the house except the contents of this room. I tell you, boy, as the public won't appreciate high art—on the sixth story—we must descend to 'em—give 'em a change.

Adol. 'Drather they'd give us some change.

Col. Boy, if you want to know what a dinner looks like this week, you must go down in the street and fetch up the very first man you can handle.

Adol. S'pose he won't be fetched.

Col. Let go and lay by for a smaller one.

Adol. I'll do it! (*Shakes his broom.*)

Col. I'll raise your salary—

Adol. I can't raise any celery myself.

Col. You shall sleep on top of the table instead of under it.

Adol. I'll fasten on the first man. (*Puts broom in corner. Attitude, a la highwayman.*) Your likeness or your life! (*Exit.*)

Col. Can't say I wanted any urging to display my energy. If an artist like me can't get customers this way, I'll get up a raffle, all the prizes blanks, and gamble off the things, from the baths to the camera obscura, and likely to go away still more obscurely. Hark! (*Trampling left.*)

Col. (*Hand on right breast.*) Be still, my heart! The boy's nailed somebody. I must give him sixpence more a month from this out. Here they come. Now to exchange my suit for more artistic habiliments. (*Exit—great noise.*)

ADOLPHUS enters, pulling GUMBO in; pushes him to the centre.
GUMBO, umbrella in one hand, bag in other, falls over chair, spreading the bag and umbrella in his fall. Sits up aghast.

Adol. Thar y' are!

Gumbo. (*Rises, staring. Aside.*) There I are! Well, that much is truth. (*Picks up his bag and umbrella. Aside.*) It's kinder scurious! I heard they was very

friendly in the big city, but I never thought this was the way they took 'em in. Is this a hotel, boy?

Adol. This is a photomographic studio. (*Proudly.*)

Gumbo. Eh?

Adol. (Louder.) This is a photomographic studio.

Gumbo. Yes, I used to know him. Is he well?

Adol. Who?

Gumbo. Old Stew Joe.

Adol. I said a photomographic studio—a gallery!

Gumbo. And so this is a gallery! I wonder they let you be'ave so boy-sterous here, then. Why! (*Looking up.*) The roof is a winder. That's kinder scurious.

Adol. They take pictures here.

Gumbo. Do they? (*Hugs his bag.*) I got an ile painting in my ridicule, and I'd like to behold the fust man take that! (*Flourishes umbrella.*)

Adol. We don't take pictures that way. You can have yourself delineated in any style.

Gumbo. I wouldn't have myself de-liner-ated in any tile but this. (*Touching his hat.*)

Adol. And at all prices. Hold on a bit till I tell master. (*Exit, crying.*) Oh, master! here's a customer.

Gumbo. (*Stares around, keeping tight hold of bag and umbrella, as indeed he does throughout the piece.*) This is kinder scurious! (*Goes around the room, points his umbrella at statuettes, is frightened by the camera.*) Hullo! here's lots of picters! Geerusaleminy! ain't they purty! Whew! here's a man with two crowns to his head! why—ha, ha! here's his name on it. The Emperum Lewis Napoleum! Did he come here to have his figger drew? It's kinder scurious! O, here's a lady! Latest news. Dresses made lower than ever. My! here's a purtier gal. I rather think I'll keep this one. All the young fellows does that now an' says the gals guv it 'em. (*Puts photograph in hat and puts hat on.*)

Col. (Enters.) Ah, oh, hum! (*With assumed French accent.*)

Gumbo. (Starts.) Oh! ah! hum!

Col. (Bowing.) Good—ah—morning!

Gumbo. Good afternoon this evening! (*In lifting hat, photograph falls out and increases his confusion.*)

Col. I see you were examining some of my specimens.

Gumbo. I wasn't touching none of your peppermints.

Col. They're quite at your service. I presume you've come for the purpose of—that is—a—um——

Gumbo. (*Hastily.*) Yes, that's what brought me.

Col. In a word, your li-ken-ess.

Gumbo. Whose like an S?—or any other letter of the alfredbet?

Col. I mean, you desire a portrait—

Gumbo. A poor-trayt—ain't that what you call a curicature?

Col. Shall it be a photograph by a vivid light? I can lucify the room by a coil of magnesium wire.

Gumbo. No, no! I don't want any lucifying round me. 'Sides, my nurse gave me enough magnesia in my early days for to last all through my time.

Col. I don't recommend it, though there's a quack doggertypist t'other side the way who does. Only last week he lighted up some of the wire for a sitter. All at once the flame shot up and illuminated the studio till it was one broad glare of light. The sitter had just absence of mind enough to spring to his feet and reach the door before—

Gumbo. Before—yes—yes!—

Col. Before the wire burnt itself out.

Gumbo. I don't think I'll have any of the coil lit.

Col. (*Aside.*) That's lucky—not an inch in the house. (*Aloud.*) Which do you prefer, half-length or full-length?

Gumbo. Say that again. (*Swinging his umbrella.*)

Col. Half-length or full-length?

Gumbo. Fool-length! (*Aside.*) I give fair warning, there'll be a fight on this spot, if he goes on talking so much longer.

Col. Or a vignette.

Gumbo. A fig-net! I thought they came over in boxes.

Col. We could do you some nice ovals.

Gumbo. Thankee! I don't want any of your awful things.



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Col. There's the medallions, very fashionable—five heads on a single sheet.

Gumbo. Five heads on a single sheet! The double-bedded room is nowhere.

Col. Or, a bust? now, that's the ticket.

Gumbo. No, I'm temperance, and I never go on busts now.

Col. I have it. You desire a carte-de-visite.

Gumbo. A cart to visit? That's the very thing we do want.

Col. You shall have your picture. Be so good as to take a chair.

Gumbo. Which one?

Col. They're all the same.

Gumbo. Very well. (*Takes up chair and goes to left side.*)

Adol. (*Enters and stops GUMBO.*) Look here, sir.

Col. What do you mean by walking off with that chair?

Gumbo. (*Offended tone.*) You gave it me.

Col. I told you to take a chair and sit down.

GUMBO sits down in chair with the other chair in his lap. ADOLPHUS pulls it from him; GUMBO springs to his feet, and dances wildly a few steps around ADOLPHUS, to frighten him, and returns to front.

Col. (*At camera.*) Adolphus, pose the gentleman.

Gumbo. (*Guarding himself with umbrella.*) Keep your pose off.

ADOLPHUS gets broom from corner, and comes down to centre; combat:—he beats down GUMBO's guard, runs in, disarms him of umbrella, pushes him to a chair, forces him into seat. COLLODION at camera. GUMBO suddenly perceives that the camera tube is leveled at him, and holds up his bag before his face. ADOLPHUS pulls bag from him and flings it up, kicks umbrella, and behind GUMBO, holds him down in chair by shoulders. GUMBO acts very nervously.

Col. Go 'way, boy, and leave the gentleman alone!

ADOLPHUS. knocks GUMBO's hat off, and goes off chased by GUMBO.

Col. Will you get into the focus?

Gumbo. It's that boy of yourn.

Col. Get into the focus.

Gumbo. Where's yer work'us.

COLLODION crosses to him and brings him to front ADOLPHUS enters. COLLODION forces GUMBO into chair, when ADOLPHUS pulls it away, and GUMBO is left on floor as COLLODION turns away. GUMBO, seated on floor, tries to strike ADOLPHUS, who runs out.

Col. (At camera, looks over the box.) Wherever is that man? I left him in the chair this very moment.

GUMBO resumes seat. COLLODION waves his hand to him to move. GUMBO still seated, carries chair with him up and down, in obedience to his gestures. COLLODION beckons him; GUMBO comes to centre. He waves him back.

Gumbo. (Pitches chair back till his head strikes the side set flat.) This is kinder scurious.

COLLODION beckons to him, having his head in camera all the while. GUMBO leaves his chair and goes straight to the camera's front, when he looks into the tube. Sees COLLODION'S right hand waving up and down, and takes hold of it. They shake hands for a minute. COLLODION draws his head out of the camera, angrily, collars GUMBO and drives him back. GUMBO remonstrates in pantomime.

Col. Sit down, sir, and don't move again! (Crosses to camera as before.)

GUMBO, quiet for a brief space, has his attention directed to his bag and umbrella. Leaves his chair cautiously for umbrella, and by means of it rakes the bag to him. He resumes his seat just as COLLODION looks over top of camera to see where he had gone.

Col. Will you keep quiet, sir, or shall I light the magnesium?

GUMBO puts bag on chair, and sits on it, and assumes king-on-throne attitude, the umbrella open over his head.

Col. (Discovers this.) How dare you, sir, when I had you in position?

Gumbo. It's an imposition altogether. Ain't you cooked the portrait yet?

Col. Don't budge. I'm going to get the plate.

Gumbo. Fetch a tumbler and some water; I'd rather drink than eat.

Col. I'll be back in one second. (*Exit.*)

Gumbo. I'm kinder scurious what he's gone for. (*About to rise.*)

Col. (*Enters with frame, which he puts in the camera.*) If you move, you'll spoil all. I'm going to fix the bath. (*Exit.*)

Gumbo. Who are they going to wash now?

ADOLPHUS enters silently, spies GUMBO, chuckles, gets feather and tickles GUMBO.

Gumbo. (*Imagines that all his sensations are caused by the camera. Very restless; sneezes.*) Ain't it dreadful, though? Pins and needles all over! Oh! I feel kinder scurious!

ADOLPHUS climbs on back of chair, and leaning forward, looks down into GUMBO's face.

Gumbo. (*Terrified.*) Mysakes! what's that? (*Jumps up, but, recollecting, resumes his seat. A pause. ADOLPHUS stands on his head and walks on his hands in front of GUMBO. GUMBO is staring at camera, and sees ADOLPHUS' feet suddenly intervene. Starts up.*) Murder! Oh, it's that awful boy again! (*Chases ADOLPHUS all around the stage, ADOLPHUS kicking GUMBO's hat and bag, and running off. GUMBO rushes back to chair and sits as before.*)

COLLODION enters quickly, looks at watch, slaps the cover on the end of the tube, draws out the frame.

Col. You kin move now. (*Rushes out.*)

Gumbo. That's one comfort. (*Looks around.*) It's very queer. (*Examines camera.*) Pooh? I don't believe it's much to do, after all. Oh! (*Sees watch.*) Here's a glorious ticker! If it wasn't for that boy being on the stairs, I think I'd play the Take-it-and-Leave-Man!

(*Scratches his head.*) I'd just like to know whether any man couldn't do it. Suppose I try my hand. In the words of the prophet Bulwig, "There's no such word as fail." (*Puts his umbrella through bag-handle to prop it upright on chair, sticks his hat on top of umbrella; laughs. Goes to camera, puts head in.*) Can't see much. It don't seem to work. (*Looks at watch hammers it on the camera, shakes it, looks into camera again, waves his hand to dummy on chair.*) No go! It's kinder scu-ri—oh! (*Discovers that the tube is covered.*) I forgot to take off the sassapan-lid.

Takes off cover, business with watch, etc., like COLLODION'S, only still more extravagant. ADOLPHUS enters stealthily, goes to strike hat in chair, when he discovers GUMBO'S disappearance. Spies him, gets umbrella, crosses to right, and strikes GUMBO, who with his head in box, can offer no defence. GUMBO cannot extricate himself. ADOLPHUS runs. COLLODION enters with picture. COLLODION—Right. GUMBO—Centre. ADOLPHUS—Left.

Col. You moved! (*Holds up picture.*)

Gumbo. I never so much as wiuked.

Col. I shall charge you double. It's a binograph.

Gumbo. I'll buy no graphs of you!

Col. Fifty cents, single; double, one dollar.

Gumbo. I won't pay it, so there!

Col. You will!—

GUMBO smashes the framed paper over his head, ADOLPHUS flours his face.—Curtain falls.

REWRITTEN.

SCENE FROM LEAH THE FORSAKEN.

CHARACTERS.

LEAH A Jewish Maiden.
RUDOLF The Magistrate's Son.

SCENE.—The church-yard behind the village church.

Enter LEAH, from LEFT, her hair streaming over her shoulders.

Leah. (Solus.) What seek I here! I know not; yet I feel I have a mission to fulfill. I feel that the cords of my soul are stretched to their utmost effort. Already seven days! So long! As the dead lights were placed about the body of Abraham, as the friends sat nightly at his feet and watched (*Slowly sinking down*), so have I sat for seven days and wept over the corpse of my love! (*With painful intensity.*) What have I done? Am I not a child of man? Is not love the right of all—like the air, the light? And if I stretched my hands towards it, was it a crime? When I first saw him—first heard the sound of his voice—something wound itself around my heart. Then first I knew why I was created, and for the first time was thankful for my life. (*Laying her hand on her brow.*) Collect thyself, mind, and think! What has happened? I saw him yesterday—no! eight days ago! He was full of love. "You'll come," said he. I came. I left my people. I tore the cords that bound me to my nation, and came to him. He cast me forth into the night. And yet, my heart, you throb still. The earth still stands, the sun still shines, as if it had not gone down forever for me. (*Low.*) By his side stood a handsome maiden, and drew him away with caressing hands. It is she he loves, and to the Jewess he dares offer gold. (*Starting up.*) I will seek him! I will gaze on his face (*Church lit up, windows illuminated, organ heard soft.*)—that deceitful, beautiful face. I will ask him what I have done that— (*Hides her head in her hands and weeps, organ swells louder and then subsides again to low music.*) Perhaps he has been misled by some—some false tongue! His looks, his words seem to reproach me. Why was I silent? Thou proud mouth, ye proud lips, why did ye not speak? (*Exultingly.*) Perhaps he loves me still. Perhaps his soul, like mine, pines in nameless agony, and yearns for reconciliation. (*Music soft.*) Why does my hate melt away at this soft voice with which Heaven calls me. That grand music. (*Listening.*) I hear voices. It sounds like a nuptial benediction; perhaps it is a loving bridal pair. (*Clasping her hands and raising them on high.*)

Amen—amen! to that benediction, whoever you may be. (*Music stops.*) I, poor, desolate one, would like to see their happy faces—I must—this window. Yes, here I can see into the church. (*Goes to window, looks in, screams and comes down—speaks very fast.*) Do I dream? Kind Heaven, that prayer, that amen, you heard it not. I call it back. You did not hear my blessing. You were deaf. Did no blood-stained dagger drop down upon them? 'Tis he! Revenge! (*Throws off her mantle, disclosing white robe beneath—bares her arm, and rushes to the little door—but halts.*) No. Thou shalt judge! Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance. Thou alone canst send it. (*Stands beside broken column, rests her left arm upon it, letting the other fall by her side.*)

Enter RUDOLF from the little door of the church, with rose wreath in his hand.

Rudolf. I am at last alone. I cannot endure the joy and merriment around me. How like mockery sounded the pious words of the priest. As I gazed towards the church-windows, I saw a face, heard a muffled cry. I thought it was her face, her voice.

Leah. (*Coldly.*) Did you think so.

Rud. Leah! Is it you?

Leah. Yes.

Rud. (*Tenderly.*) Leah —

Leah. (*With a gesture of contempt.*) Silence, perjured one! Can the tongue that lied still speak? The breath that called me wife now swear faith to another? Does it dare to mix with the pure air of heaven? Is this the man I worshipped? Whose features I so fondly gazed upon? Ah! (*Shuddering.*) No—no! The stamp of divinity no longer rests there! (*Walks away.*)

Rud. Leah! hear me!

Leah. (*Turning fiercely.*) Ha! You call me back! I am pitiless now.

Rud. You broke faith first. You took the money.

Leah. Money! What money?

Rud. The money my father sent you.

Leah. Sent me money! For what?

Rud. (*Hesitatingly.*) To induce you to release me—to—

Leah. That I might release you. And you knew it? You permitted it?

Rud. I staked my life that you would not take it!

Leah. And you believed I had taken it.

Rud. How could I believe otherwise? I —

Leah. (*With rage.*) And you believed I had taken it. Miserable Christian, and you cast me off! Not a question was the Jewess worth. (*Subdued but vindictive.*) This, then, was thy work; this the eternity of love you promised me. (*Falling on her knees.*) Forgive me, Heaven, that I forget my nation to love this Christian. Let that love be lost in hate. Love is false, unjust—hate, endless, eternal.

Rud. Cease these gloomy words of vengeance—I have wronged you. I feel it without your reproaches. I have sinned, but to sin is human, and it would be but human to forgive.

Leah. You would tempt me again? I do not know that voice.

Rud. I will make good the evil I have done; ay, an hundredfold.

Leah. (*Bitterly.*) Ay, crush the flower, grind it under foot, then make good the evil you have done. (*Fiercely.*) No, no! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart!

Rud. Hold, fierce woman, I will beseech no more! Do not tempt Heaven; let it be the judge between us! If I have sinned through love, see that you do not sin through hate.

Leah. Blasphemer! and you dare call on Heaven! What commandment hast thou not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely—you broke faith with me! Thou shalt not steal—you stole my heart. Thou shalt not kill—what of life have you left me?

Rud. (*Advances towards her.*) Hold, hold! No more.

Leah. (*Repelling him.*) The old man who died

because I loved you ; the woman who hungered ~~because~~
 I followed you ; the infant who died of thirst because
 of you ; may they follow you in dreams, and be a drag
 upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander,
 suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you
 till ; may it keep faith with you, as you kept faith with
 me ! Cursed be the unborn fruit of thy marriage ! may
 it wither as my young heart has withered ; and, should
 it ever see the light, may its brows be blackened by the
 mark of Cain, and may it vainly pant for nourishment
 of its dying mother's breast ! (*Snatching the wreath
 from his uplifted hand.*) Cursed, thrice cursed may
 you be evermore, and, as my people on Mount Ebal
 spoke, so speak I thrice, Amen ! Amen ! Amen !

RUDOLF, *who has been standing, as if petrified, drops on his knees.*

CITY vs. COUNTRY.

CHARACTERS.

JENNIE PARTRIDGE *A Young Lady who Lives in Town.*
 FRANK PARTRIDGE *Her Brother.*
 ISAAC PARTRIDGE } *Cousins From the State of Maine.*
 ROSA PARTRIDGE }
 BENJAMIN JONES } *Cousins from New York.*
 FANNY JONES }

SCENE FIRST.

The parlor of JENNIE PARTRIDGE's house.

Jennie. (Solus.) Well, I am in a quandary. Here
 is a letter from my New York cousins, saying they are
 coming to visit us. They will be here to-night, and
 mamma is away, and the cook, taking advantage of
 mother's absence, has taken French leave, which, not
 being a French cook, she has no right to do. I suppose

Bridget could get us up a meal or two, till mother and the cook come back; but she has gone to bed sick, and it seems positively inhuman to disturb her. If I apply to papa, he will only scold because I cannot do such things myself. He thinks girls should be taught to cook, and wash, and iron, and all that. He says girls used to be good for something in his young days. Mother says "times are changed;" but, I declare, I sometimes think it would be handy to know how to do something useful. But, then, none of the girls do, and where's the use of being odd? I'll go and see if I can find anything in the store closet. There ought to be preserves and jellies. (*Exit.*)

Enter ISAAC and ROSA PARTRIDGE.

Isaac. There's no one in or about the house.

Rosa. There's a bell, Isaac; perhaps, if you ring it, some one will answer. (*ISAAC rings.*)

Enter JENNIE, wearing a large apron, her sleeves rolled up, and her dress bearing marks of flour.

Jennie. Who rang the bell? Ah, I—beg—your—pardon. I did not know any one came in.

Isaac. Yes. The door was ajar; so we came right in. We are your kith and kin, I reckon. You are Jane Partridge, I suppose.

Jennie. Well, I suppose I am, though I am usually called Jennie.

Isaac. O, bother Jennie! I like Jane best. It sounds more sensible. Wal, Jane, I'm your cousin, Isaac Partridge, and this is my sister, Rosa. We have come all the way from the state of Maine to make you a visit.

Jennie. O! have you?

Isaac. (*Sitting down and making himself comfortable, while ROSA removes her outside garments, and folds them.*)

Yes. And if we enjoy ourselves, we mean to stay a good long spell—don't we, sis? Come, speak up.

Rosa. Yes, indeed. Ma'am said there wan't no need of ceremony among our folks. She said your Pa and our'n was own brothers, and we could jest make ourselves

to home. Pa and Ma sent their love, and said it wan't no fault of theirn that we hadn't got acquainted afore. But our pa's too busy a man to neighbor much, and he never thought we were old enough to come alone afore.

Jennie. You are welcome, of course, if you are papa's relatives. But—but, I am afraid—but—well, I am glad to see you at any rate.

Isaac. Wal, I don't think you look over and above tickled. I hope we shan't be no put-out to you.

Rosa. Tell the truth, Jane. Wouldn't you be a little gladder not to see us than to?

Jennie. Well, I *will* tell the truth. I am in a great dilemma. Mamma has been called unexpectedly away to see a sick friend, and the cook has taken the opportunity to go into the country for a visit, for which I hope she will get her discharge, when mother comes back. The only other capable person in the house is sick abed, and I am as ignorant of household matters as a baby. There, now, you have the whole story. If mother was at home, it would be all right.

Rosa. Of course; mothers always make things all right. But never mind about victuals. We didn't come for what we could get to eat. We come to get acquainted with you, and see the sights; and you can give us anything or nothing, just as suits you.

Jennie. You are very good, I am sure, and it takes quite a load from my mind to hear you say that. But, then, there are the others. You see I am expecting some cousins from New York that I am afraid will not be so easily satisfied. By the way, they must be cousins of yours, too. Benjamin and Fannie Jones.

Isaac. Yes. I've hearn tell on 'em. Be they proud?

Jennie. Well, I'll let you judge for yourself. You will soon see them. They are to be here to-night.

Isaac. That's fair. Now look-a-here, Jane. If it's cookin' you want done, set Rosa to work. Jest give her some flour and eggs, and a pinch o' salt, and I'll risk yer supper.

Rosa. I'm willing to do anything I can.

Jennie. It seems so inhospitable to ask such favors!

But, if you could tell *me* how, perhaps I could make some hot cakes or something. I've been studying the cook-book ; but it might as well be Greek, for anything I can make out of it.

Isaac. Tell her how to make pop-overs, sis. O, Jane, Rosa's pop-overs are as light and puffy as anything you ever put your tooth to.

Rosa. Well, you want to put your flour into a good-sized dish—

Jennie. How much flour.

Rosa. O, that depends on how many you want to make. If you want to make a good many, you want *more* flour, and if you want to make a little mess, you want *less*. You must use your judgment. Then you stir in your milk.

Jennie. How much milk ?

Rosa. That's according to the quantity of flour. I never have no rule. Just pour in a spell. You must be guided by your *judgment* about how much.

Jennie. O, dear ; how puzzling !

Rosa. Then sweeten 'em a little.

Jennie. How much sugar ? A cupful ?

Rosa. A cupful ! Dear me ? No ! That would spoil 'em. Just a little, accordin' to your judgment. You don't want 'em too sweet, and you don't want to be scrimpin' with your sugar. Then you want a pinch o' salt, and a little saleratus, and a piece of butter. Be sure and not have 'em lumpy ; that would spoil 'em.

Jennie. How large a piece of butter must I put in ?

Rosa. Large ? Why, large as your *judgment* ! I don't measure nothin'. Be sure and get 'em the right stiffness. You don't want 'em as thick as cup cake, nor yet as thin as a griddle cake batter. You must use your judgment in cookin' anything.

Jennie. Dear me ! I am afraid I've forgotten the first of your directions already ; and I don't believe I've got any judgment in cooking, for I never made anything in my life but molasses taffy.

Rosa. Well, if you ain't got no judgment, it's no use to try to cook.

Isaac. La, Rosa, why don't you take hold and make 'em yourself?

Jennie. I hate to have you. But I know *I* can't do it. I should be *so* thankful!

Isaac. And so should I. Hearin' you talk has given me an appetite. Now, Jane, you give her the liberty of the pantry, and if your city cousins are not suited with their supper, I'll agree to wash the dishes.

Rosa. Just give me an apron, and I'll clap it right on, and we'll both spring to it, and have supper ready in short order.

Isaac. Make a lot, sis, Those city folks eat like all possessed when they get anything good. (*Exeunt ROSA and JENNIE. ISAAC takes up a paper and commences reading.*)

Enter BENJAMIN and FANNY JONES, fashionably dressed.

Benjamin. (*Looking through his glasses at ISAAC.*) Ah—what have we here? A *rara avis*, surely.

Isaac. Hey?

Ben. You seem to be the sole occupant of this apartment. The person who admitted us signified that this was the parlor. But 'pon my word, I think you are one of the servants.

Isaac. 'Pon my word, you'll have to guess again, Benny. I'm a cousin o' yourn, and of hern, too, I reckon. You are Fanny; ain't you? How do you do, ma'am? (*Bows profoundly.*)

Ben. Really, now! What presumption! 'Pon my word, you must be crazy. Where is the family, and where is my cousin Jane?

Fanny. How can they leave us in such an awkward position, exposed to such rudeness?

Isaac. (*Going to the door, calls.*) Jane! Jane!

Enter JENNIE and ROSA.

Jennie. What is it, Isaac; O, here are Benjamin and Fanny! How do you do? I am glad to see you both. Excuse my reception of you; but mamma is away, and—and—

Rosa. La, Jane! what's the use of excuses among own folks?—Benjamin Jones, I'm your cousin. How do you do?—And, Fanny Jones, I'm *your* cousin. How do *you* do? How are the folks to home? Jennie and I are getting supper in the kitchen.

Ben. I am delighted to make your acquaintance, I am sure.

Rosa. I dare say. You *look* delighted.

Ben. (*Aside.*) Jennie, deah, who are these *horrid* people?

Jennie. They are our cousins, from Maine.

Ben. Maine be hanged? I don't choose to acknowledge every country booby who claims relationship with us. I ignore them. Isn't there a room where we can be by ourselves, free from intrusion.

Jennie. They seem very clever and good hearted, and are our near relatives.

Ben. Relatives be hanged!

Isaac. That's twice you've said that; but if any branch of the family is hanged, I reckon it won't be the one from the state of Maine.

Jennie. Let me show you to your rooms. It is nearly time for supper.

Ben. I'm glad, 'pon my word, for we are as hungry as bears.

Rosa. I'll go back to the kitchen and get ready to feed the bears.

Isaac. And I'll take a walk around the grounds.

Jennie. (*To ISAAC.*) Be sure and be back in time for the cakes. They are delicious, and the table looks splendid. Your sister is better than half a dozen cooks and table girls in one.

Isaac. That's so! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE SECOND.

Seated in the same parlor, BENJAMIN and ISAAC, reading; ROSA and JENNIE engaged in needle-work; FANNY idle.

Jennie. Isn't it fortunate that my brother's vacation

commences to-day, and we may expect him home any minute? I shall be so glad to have him here, for he always makes it so lively. Nobody lacks amusement where Frank is.

Ben. I shall be glad to see Frank. He's a good fellow, 'pon my word. Let's see, Jennie, deah, where is Frank at school?

Jennie. He attends an excellent school down in Maine, taught by an old college friend of papa's. By the way, Isaac, he is quite near your home; and now it occurs to me that in one of his few and far-between letters he mentioned that he had seen you. Perhaps he has been at your house.

Isaac. Yes, he has been over there once or twice.

Jennie. How stupid of me not to think of it before.

Fanny. It was very good of Frank; very condescending to look you up, I am sure.

Isaac. O, very; only he didn't look us up. We looked him up.

Ben. H'm! that's another thing! I'm not sure I should like to be hunted up by country relatives. It would be very mortifying, among our set of fellows—very!

Isaac. Don't be alarmed. We should never have troubled you. It would be extremely mortifying to introduce you among our set. But Frank did not seem annoyed. On the contrary, he comes over quite often for a little recreation at gunning, or fishing, or boating.

Ben. Boating is splendid exercise, if properly conducted. Ah, you should see our boat club in its splendid blue and white uniform, with the letters F. A. B. C. on each garment.

Rosa. I should not care so much for the uniform as for the skill in handling the boat. But what does F. A. B. C. stand for? First A. B. C. Class?

Ben. Fifth Avenue Boat Club, of course. Everybody knows that, unless exceedingly verdant. We make boating a study.

Isaac. Is that all you study?

Ben. O, no. I am taking a course of reading under a professor.

Isaac. Do tell! And what do you read?

Ben. O, chemistry, and natural history, etc., etc.

Isaac. What are they?

Ben. What are they? Why natural history treats of animals, etc., etc., and their habits, etc., etc.

Isaac. Wal, now, if you study about animals, maybe you can tell me about that 'ere heifer of oun. That's a wonderful heifer.

Ben. Heifer, heifer! I don't remember that it speaks of heifers. Is that a domestic bird?

Isaac. Ha, ha! that's good! A heifer a bird! Yes, a heifer is a good-sized bird! We feed him on canary seed and loaf sugar. Healthy heifer that diet would make, eh, sis?

Fanny. O, you rude fellow, to laugh! Of course, if Benjamin had thought, he would have said it was an insect. Isn't it, Jennie—something like a bumblebee?

Rosa. It is not exactly of the bumblebee species. Did you ever see a heifer fly, Jennie? How instructive natural history must be?

Fanny. I believe they are quizzing us, Benjamin. It is all you can expect from people brought up in the woods.

Ben. If he was a gentleman, I'd demand satisfaction. But I won't quarrel with a countryman.

Isaac. You had better not.

Jennie. Come, come, be civil. Benjamin, you talk a good deal about gentlemen. What is a gentleman?

Ben. A—gentleman—O—ah—a gentleman is—a man who moves in the first circles—ah—who dresses well, and, ah—and has plenty of money.

Isaac. I don't think you would know a gentleman, if you saw one.

Ben. Come, now, 'pon my word, that's as much as to say I'm no gentleman. You had better be careful, now—you had. I may get exasperated.

Isaac. Perhaps you would like to try your Fifth Avenue skill against my Down East strength.

Jennie. Again I say, be civil, young men. Remember ladies are present, and you are cousins. Now, Isaac, give us your definition of a gentleman.

Isaac. I don't think it is gentlemanly to indulge in family quarrels, Benny—

Jennie. Let Benjamin alone, and address the company. Mr. Isaac Partridge is called upon to define a gentleman. Seriously, now, Isaac.

Isaac. Well, then, seriously, I think a gentleman is one who has good manners because he has a good, true heart. A man may be as rich as a Jew, as polite as a dancing master, and as immaculate in dress as the show-figure in a tailor's window, but, if he is careless of other people's feelings, tells lies, or don't pay his debts, he is not worthy the name of gentleman. A good motto for one who wishes to become a *perfect gentleman* is found—

Ben. Where? Lord Chesterfield, I suppose.

Isaac. No. In the Bible. "In honor preferring one another."

Ben. Strange ideas! Do for the country.

Jennie. Yes, and for the city, too. If such ideas and practices prevailed, society would be something better than a hollow sham. Don't you think a gentleman ever quarrels, Isaac?

Isaac. I don't think a gentleman is ever quarrelsome. But there are times when weakness or injured innocence requires to be defended. Then I should say, in the words of a certain old gentleman, who was once giving some rule of conduct to a son just departing on a journey, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed beware of thee."

Jennie. Why, that's Shakespeare; isn't it? I declare, I begin to think there's some mystery here. You and Rosa need not look at each other so gravely. I begin to doubt you both. I wish Frank would come. He will know if you are what you pretend to be.

Enter FRANK. JENNIE goes to meet him. All rise to greet him.

Jennie. O, Frank, I am so delighted to see you! How nice it is that your vacation occurred just at this time! We have all sorts of plans for good times. But, before we say another word, tell me—for I'm dying of curiosity—are these cousins of ours playing us a trick? Ah, I see by your face you know all about it.



JOS. JEFFERSON.

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Frank. Well, sister mine, give me a chance to say, "How do you do" to our guests. (*Shakes hands with all.*) So I am called to account the first thing. Well, since the murder is out, I'll make a clean confession at the outset. I did instigate, aid, and abet this diabolical plot, by which my two country cousins were to appear of a deeper green, by several shades, than nature and circumstances have made them. In sober truth, they are far ahead of us in point of worldly possessions, both present and prospective; and in those more valuable mental treasures, they have much the advantage of us. You can all testify that they are excellent actors. Eh, Benjamin and Fanny?

Ben. It's an outrageous swindle!

Fanny. It's *real mean*. I won't stay where one can't tell anything about anybody. I'll leave here to-night.

Ben. So will I, Fan.

Exeunt BENJAMIN and FANNY.

Rosa. To tell the truth, I think they are about right. I don't fancy sailing under false colors; but these two boys pressed me into the service, just for their amusement.

Frank. Amusement and instruction combined. I wanted Isaac and Rosa to see their city cousins for just what they are worth, and I guess they have.

Rosa. I'm rather sorry for it, though.

Jennie. Think what an awkward position you put me in, Frank.

Rosa. It is too bad!

Isaac. But hear our defence. You see, we had planned to have a grand celebration on my birthday; and father, hearing that Benjamin and Fanny were to be here, insisted that they should be invited to come on to us. But Rosa and I thought that, if what we had heard of them was true, they would spoil all the fun with their airs; so we thought we would come on *incognito*, and make their acquaintance and see what they seemed like.

Frank. Ah, good times down there are worth going to, Jennie. Nature, art, and an indulgent father have

combined to render the spot lovely. Benjamin and Fanny don't know what they have lost. Such horses, such boating and fishing, such a pleasant family, and such a well-ordered household !

Jennie. I can well believe that last. O, Frank, only think, Rosa has done all the cooking since she came here. We should have *starved* but for her.

Frank. I dare say. She is an accomplished cook ; but that has not hindered her becoming accomplished in other directions. You shall hear her sing some of her choice songs, and you will see what industry and wise direction will do in the education of girls.

Jennie. I have had ample opportunity to discover the benefit of such an education. But how could you find time to learn so much, Rosa ?

Rosa. Well, I have had no balls, parties, or elaborate toilets to take up my time ; so I have had time for my lessons, and needle-work, and house-work besides. My father's theory is, that a woman should be taught all branches of knowledge that will be likely to be useful in after life.

Jennie. That is *my* father's theory, and henceforth I will see that it is put in practice. *Viva la cook-book !* I'll haunt the kitchen till I become an adept in the mysteries of the flour-barrel !

Isaac. Now, girls, go and find Fanny, and tell her we are willing to be forgiven, and induce her to accompany us *down* to the state of Maine, to join in the celebration of the birthday of Isaac Partridge the countryman ! Frank and I will take the responsibility of bringing Mr. Benjamin along, and making him behave himself, too.

Jennie. I think the prospect of the good times coming will appease our city cousins ; and, since all's well that ends well, I forgive you, Frank.

Frank. Forgive me ! I flatter myself I've been the means of doing good. I've taught two vain, superficial young people two excellent lessons. First, appearances are deceitful. Second, treat *everybody* well.

BENNIECE, IN OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.

MRS. SNIFFLES' CONFESSION.

CHARACTERS.

REV. MR. SNIFFLES . . . *A Country Parson.*MRS. SNIFFLES *His Wife, Formerly the Widow Bedott.*SCENE—*The dining-room of the parsonage.*

Mrs. Sniffles. I say I'm disgusted with this old house; 'tain't fit for genteel folks to live in; looks as if 'twas built in Noah's time, with its consarned old gamble-ruff and leetle bits o' winders a pokin' out like bird cages all round. Painted yaller, too, and such a humbly yaller; for all the world jest the color o' calomel and jollop!

Rev. Mr. Sniffles. But you are aware, Mrs. Sniffles—

Mrs. S. I say tain't fit to live in. I'm ashamed on't. I feel awful mortified about it whenever I look at Miss Meyerses and Miss Loderses, and the rest o' the han'some sittiwations in the neighborhood, with their wings and their piazzers and foldin' doors, and all so dazzlin' white. It's ridiculous that we should have to live in such a distressid lookin' old consarn, when we're every bit an' grain as good as they be, if not ruther better.

Mr. S. Nevertheless, the house is very comfortable.

Mrs. S. Comfortable! who cares for comfort when gintility's consarned? I don't. I say if you're determined to stay in it, you'd ought to make some alterations in't. You'd ought to higher the ruff up and put on some wings, and build a piazzer in front with four great pillars to't, and knock out that are petition betwixt the square room and kitchen, and put foldin' doors instid on't, and then build on a kitchen behind, and have it all painted white, with green winder blinds. *That* would look something like, and then I shouldn't feel ashamed to have ginteel company come to see me, as I do now. T'other day, when Curnel Billins and his wife called, I couldn't help noticin' how contemptible she looked round at the house and furniture—I actilly was so mortified I felt as if I should sink right through the floor.

Mr. S. But you know, Mrs. Sniffles—

Mrs. S. I say we'd ought to have new furnitur—sofys and fashionable cheers—and curtains, and mantle-try ornaments, and so forth. That old settee looks like a sight. And them cheers, tew, they must a come over in the ark. And then ther ain't a picter in the house, only jest that everlestin' old likeness o' Bonyparte. I'll bet forty great apples it's five hundred years old. I was raly ashamed on't when I see Miss Curnel Billins look at it so scornfu' when they called here. I s'pose she was a counterastin' it with their beautiful new picters they're jest ben a gittin' up from New York, all in gilt frames. I seen one un 'em t'other day in to Mr. Bungle's shop, when I went in with Sister Tibbins to look at her portrait that he's a paintin'. I seen one o' Miss Billinses picters there. 'Twas a splendid one, as big as the top o' that 'are table, and represented an elegant lady a lyin' asleep by a river, and there was a little angel a hoverin' in the air over her head jest a gwine to shoot at her with a bow and arrer. I axed Mr. Bungle what t'was sent to his shop for, and he said how't Miss Billins wa'n't quite satisfied with it on account o' the angel's legs bein' bare, and she wanted him to paint some pantalets on 'em, and he was a gwine to do it as soon as he got time. He thought 'twould be a very interestin' picter when he got it fixed. I think so tew. I dew admire picters when they ain't all dirty and faded out like old Bony there. Them Scriptor pieces that Sister Myers has got hangin' in her front parlor—them she painted afore she was married, strikes me as wonderful interestin', especially the one that represents Pharaoh's daughter a findin' Moses in the bullrushes. Her parasol and the artificials in her bunnit is jest as natral as life. And Moses he looks so cunnin' a lyin' there asleep, with his little coral necklace and bracelets on. O it's a sweet picter. And I like that other one, tew, that represents Pharaoh a drivin' full tilt into the Red Sea after the Isrelites. How natral his coat-tails flies out. I think some Scriptor pieces would be very appropriate for a minister's house. We might git Mr. Bungle to paint some for the front parlor, and

our portraits to hang in the back parlor, as Miss Myers has theirs. But law me! what's the use o' my talkin' o' havin' picters or anything else that's decent? You don't seem to take no interest in it. You seem to be perfectly satisfied with this flambergasted old house and everything in it.

Mr. S. My former consort never desired anything superior to it.

Mrs. S. Your former consort! I'm sick and tired o' hearin' about her. 'Tain't by no means agreeable to have dead folks throw'd in yer face from mornin' to night. What if she was satisfied with her sittiwation? 'Tain't no sign I should be. I s'pose she hadn't never been used to nothin' better, but I *have*.

Mr. S. But, Mrs. Sniffles, you must recollect that—

Mrs. S. I say 'tain't to be put up with. I want to have some company—ben wantin' tew ever sence we was married; but as for invitin' any ginteel people a visitin' to such a distressid old shell as this is, I won't dew it—and—so Miss Billins and Miss Loder and *them* would say I was tryin' to cut a swell, and couldn't make it out. And I don't mean to accept no more invitations amongst them that lives in style, for it aggravates me, it does, to think how different I'm sittiwated. So you may make your pastoral visits without *me* in future, for I've made up my mind not to go out none as long as we live in this ridiculous old house.

Mr. S. But recollect, Mrs. Sniffles, this house is a parsonage—I occupy it rent free.

Mrs. S. I don't care if 'tis a parsonage. I say the congregation might afford you a better one, and for my part I'm disposed to make a fuss about it.

Mr. S. Mrs. Sniffles, you must be aware that I am not possessed of inexhaustible means. I have never attempted to conceal from you this fact—therefore, you must also be aware that there exists an entire impossibility of my erecting a new residence on the plan which you propose. Nor is it at all probable that the congregation would be willing to make such alterations in this as you suggest. Yet, I assure you that I have not the

slightest objection to your employing your *own* means in the construction of a more elegant edifice.

Mrs. S. My own means?

Mr. S. Yes, Mrs. Sniffles. Your dissatisfaction with the parsonage is so great that I have for some time past been expecting you would propose building a new residence; and I repeat that such an appropriation of a portion of your funds would meet my concurrence.

Mrs. S. My funds!

Mr. S. Your funds, Mrs. Sniffles. It is a delicate subject, and one on which I have hitherto hesitated to make inquiry, although possessing an undoubted right to do so. I have been expecting ever since our union, that you would inform me how and where your property is invested.

Mrs. S. My property!

Mr. S. Your property, Mrs. Sniffles. In what does it consist, if I may be permitted to inquire?

Mrs. S. Land o' Liberty! you know as well as I dew.

Mr. S. What am I to infer from that observation?

Mrs. S. Jest what you're a mind to. I ain't wotin' money, and I never said I was.

Mr. S. Mrs. Sniffles, you are well aware that, on your arrival in this place, common report pronounced you to be an individual of abundant means, and I have always labored under this impression—an impression which, allow me to remind you, yourself confirmed in a conversation which occurred between us in the parsonage grove.

Mrs. S. You don't mean to say 't I *told* you so, and you darsent say 't I did.

Mr. S. A-hem—I mean to say that you did not deny it when I delicately alluded to the subject. On the contrary you led me to infer that such was the fact, and under that impression I was induced to accede to your proposal!

Mrs. S. My proposal! What do you mean to insinuate?

Mr. S. I should have said your—your—evident inclination for a—a—matrimonial engagement. I deeply regret, Mrs. Sniffles, that you should have allowed your—

self to practice upon me what I cannot consider in any other light than that of a heinous and unmitigated deception. I regard it as an act quite incompatible with your religious professions.

Mrs. S. You dew, hey? well, you can't say 't I ever told you out and out that I was woth property; and if you was a mind to s'pose so from what I *did* say, I'm sure 'tain't my fault, nor I ain't to blame for other folkses saying I was a rich widder.

Mr. S. Mrs. Sniffles, I lament exceedingly that you should view it in that light. You can but acknowledge that it was your duty when I requested information on the subject, to have given me a correct account of your property.

Mrs. S. I had'nt no property to give you an account of.

Mr. S. You should have told me so, Mrs. Sniffles, and not have suffered me to infer that you was in easy circumstances.

Mrs. S. I tell ye agin, I could'nt help what you *inferred*, and s'posen I could, which was the most to blame, me for lettin' you think I was rich, or you for marryin' me *because* you thought I was rich? For my part, I think *that* was ruther incompatible with *your* professions. *Ministers* had ought to have their affections sot above transitterry riches.

Mr. S. Mrs. Sniffles, this is a—a—delicate subject; we will waive it, if you please.

Mrs. S. But I think the congregation ought to fix up the house.

Mr. S. I will lay it before the session at the next meeting.

Mrs. S. Well, dew, for pity's sake. And if they agree to fix it, I'll go a journey somewhar while it's a being altered, and you can board round, and Sal can stay at sister Maguire's.

FRANCES M. WHITCHER.

THE CONUNDRUM FAMILY.

A Result of the Age.

CHARACTERS.

GRANDMOTHER JOY	<i>An Old Lady.</i>
MR. ANDREW JOY	<i>The Father.</i>
MRS. MARIA JOY	<i>The Mother.</i>
GEORGE }	<i>The Children.</i>
SUSAN }	
HARRY }	

SCENE.—*A parlor. GRANDMOTHER JOY in easy-chair knitting. MRS. JOY sewing. MR. JOY with newspaper. GEORGE and SUSAN with books. HARRY stands by his GRANDMOTHER, emptying her work-bag. He takes out a small box which drops upon the floor.*

Grandmother. There, Harry, that's enough.

Mrs. Joy. Snuff? I should think it was. You naughty boy! always disobeying grandmother. What do you expect to come to? (*HARRY sneezes.*)

Mr. Joy. He's penitent; he's come to his knees already. (*HARRY sneezes again.*)

Mrs. Joy. I hear he has; and if he don't let that box alone, he'll sneeze all his hair off some day. What'll he say then?

Mr. Joy. Say 'twas a hair's breadth escape, of course. (*HARRY sits down by GRANDMOTHER.*)

Grandmother. Poor little dear!

Geo. They're making game of you, Harry.

Mr. Joy. Now you've struck a trail, why are these Paris balloonists like George's hound?

Susan. Because they are good on a-scent.

Geo. I wouldn't give a cent for such an ascent as that; it's only gasing.

Mrs. Joy. But why is Paris like a mollusk?

Mr. Joy. Because there's no bony-part in it.

Geo. Then why is King William like an umbrella?

Susan. Because he keeps Napoleon from the reign.

Grandmother. How foolish! Just as if that poor

old man hadn't something else to do with all those fighting Dutchmen on his hands. Why can't you talk sense?

Mr. Joy. I'm sure we do, mother—non—sense.

Grandmother. Harry's my boy; he's the only quiet one among you.

Geo. Quiet animals can be roused. Harry, what do you call yourself?

Harry. (*Mischievously.*) An adder!

Grandmother. Dear me, child! Ain't you ashamed?

Harry. (*Holding up his slate.*) No, gran'ma—don't you see? How could I do my sum, if I wasn't?

Grandmother. O, I thought you meant a horrid snake. I was afraid you were getting to talk like all the rest.

Susan. Why is Harry's explanation to grandmother like spring?

Geo. It relieves.

Harry. Grandmother, why am I like your chair?

Grandmother. Fudge, child! How could you be like this old-fashioned thing?

Harry. Why, haven't I legs and arms?

Grandmother. Dear, dear! What do you talk so for?

Harry. I didn't talk sofa.

Grandmother. I don't see what there is to laugh at, Andrew. In my young days I should have been ashamed if I hadn't been better bred.

Mr. Joy. Ask Maria if I haven't always told her you had better bread.

Mrs. Joy. That subject's been raised so often, I think it's high time it was done and put on the shelf.

Mr. Joy. It's still needing attention, though. But since you're in the kitchen department, why are muffins like chickens' necks?

Mrs. Joy. Because you ring them. Now tell me why we use lettuce for chicken salad?

Grandmother. Why, Maria! Haven't you kept house long enough to know that?

Mr. Joy. I should say because it's green enough to sacrifice its head for such a foul purpose.

Geo. O, Susan! When mother moved the book-case in the nursery, where did she put it?

Susan. In the bed's stead.

Grandmother. Why, Susan! how ridiculous! She put it in the corner where the cot used to stand. I don't see what you keep laughing at, Andrew. For my part, I should think you'd feel real bad to have your children growing up such a set of whirligigs.

Mr. Joy. True, mother, it makes me giddy to think of it. I ought to turn right round at once.

Grandmother. So I think. Why don't you do it?

Mr. Joy. Because it would be a vane attempt.

Grandmother. I don't see why.

Susan. I suppose father thinks, as teacher said one day, that almost every weathercock teaches that it is vane to a spire.

Grandmother. (*Indignantly.*) Then he don't tell the truth, for it's worth while to aspire to something better all the time. Such teaching! I wonder what the world's coming to.

Geo. An end, to be sure.

Harry. How can it, when it's round?

Susan. When you were cross yesterday, didn't you find an end to your bawl?

Harry. That's so. Give it up. Why is grandma's room the luckiest in the house?

Mrs. Joy. Because there's a cricket on the hearth.

Grandmother. Sakes! Talk about a little three-legged stool bringing luck! It's all moonshine. When I was a girl, they used to make believe 'twas lucky to see the new moon over your right shoulder; but I never did.

Geo. O, gran'ma! Think of you doing things over the left.

Grandmother. I never saw it that way, I tell you. I always looked straight up.

Harry. What if the moon was down?

Susan. Then 'twould make a good pillow.

Geo. That notion would be worse to take than the green-cheese one.

Harry. Why?

Geo. Because 'twould be such a pill, O!

Grandmother. I'd like to know what in the name of

sense you children are talking about. If that's 'stronomy, it's wasting time to study it.

Susan. Do the best we can, we shall never begin to be such good astronomers as the stars must be, gran'ma.

Grandmother. The stars! Goodness, child, what do they know about anything?

Susan. Why, haven't they studded the heavens ever since the world was made? Teacher said that.

Grandmother. Seems to me that teacher of yours tells you a great deal too much.

Geo. That puts me in mind. Little Johnny Bates thought he had a great deal too much the other day, when he went fishing. What do you suppose he did?

Mr. Joy. Hurried away with his Bates?

Susan. Run on his own hook?

Mrs. Joy. Sent a line to explain his off-fishousness?

Geo. Yes, all three; but what should he find, when he got home, but the rod!

Grandmother. How could he, when he'd just dropped it in the water?

Geo. 'Twas one his mother keeps in pickle.

Grandmother. Preserve us! What does she do that for?

Geo. O, to make him face the music, and see sharp.

Susan. That pitches his voice higher, I'll be bound.

Mr. Joy. 'Twould only be natural for him to be flat before she's done with him.

Grandmother. Then I think she's a terrible woman. To think of whipping a boy till he falls down. Why don't you go to the police office, and make a report of her?

Mr. Joy. Because I don't like to discharge my neighbor's affairs.

Mrs. Joy. They'd be sure to make him go off, if he did.

Susan. And it would be noised all over town.

Geo. If you don't stop pretty soon, gran'ma's patience will be completely riddled.

Grandmother. Yes; and, Andrew, you really ought to put a stop to this kind of talk in your family. I

know where they get it; it's pottering over these picture papers every hour in the day, and their minds 'll never have any strength. Once a week is as often as you ought to allow them.

Mr. Joy. But, mother, how can you expect to get strong from a weekly paper?

Grandmother. Take a monthly, then. Something that hasn't that Mr. Marquain in it.

Mr. Joy. It's Mark Twain, mother, and I like him.

Mrs. Joy. Then, O, Joy! You two must be twain.

Grandmother. Andrew, too! Why, Maria! And to think you're pleased at it.

Susan. What would he say to your re-Mark-able assertion?

Mrs. Joy. O, I'll trust to his Clemens-y for pardon.

Mr. Joy. If grandmother is tired, the best thing you children can do is to retire to the library with your books. You and I will put a check upon ourselves, Maria, in a game of chess.

Geo. A good knight to you both. (*Exeunt.*)

ELIZABETH M. COGGESHALL.



Part III

Choice Selections

SCHOOL-ROOM ELOCUTION.

A FEW WORDS TO TEACHERS.

THE true teacher—and all should labor to merit that title—should fully realize that he is morally responsible, to a certain degree, for the characters formed under his training—that he should by precept and example teach manners and morals as well as arithmetic and grammar. With this fact in mind, he who attempts to train our youth without striving to improve them morally by his own example does them an injury which can never be repaired.

A teacher whose instruction is limited by the number of branches taught is an unworthy preceptor. He should rather strive to build up in his pupils a love for the right; a correct idea of the world, its people, manners and customs; teaching the how and the why of things—in short, he should make the different branches taught subordinate to the grand study of *life*, teaching that those various branches are the means, not the end.

In order to do this, the teacher should have a mind stored with facts as well as rules; he should be able to enliven his class recitations with truths drawn from the subject-matter of the lesson. In geography, this may take the form of word-pictures of the countries and cities studied, by which means many interesting facts may be fixed upon the mind of the pupil, all tending to make the recitation one of greater interest, and to enable him the more easily to retain the lesson itself. In arithmetic, much is lost if the principles there taught do not receive a practical application. The pupil will not often apply these principles himself; it is the duty of the teacher, and, if he fail in this, his instruction falls far short of its grandest possibilities. In grammar, we find too much of the theoretical and too little of the practical. Prof. Swinton recognizes this fact when he says, "Parsing is

grammar run to seed," in which expression we are forced to admit that there is much truth—in fact, more than many of us would care to acknowledge. The idea is not that the study of grammar is useless, but that little or no benefit is derived from even a perfect understanding of its technical rules and formalities when the pupil is unable to apply them to practical use; or, being able, fails to do so. Let the every-day usage of the teacher be correct in this respect, and let him require the same of the pupil, both in writing and speaking, and the difficulty is overcome. In conversation, especially, should the teacher insist on grammatical language.

If instructors follow the general outline already indicated, the mind of the pupil will have attained a symmetrical growth in the direction required by this practical nineteenth century. His mind will then be ripe for *thought*.

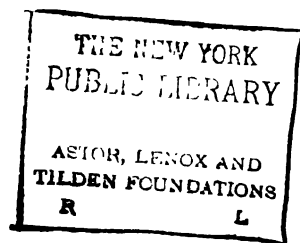
Having endeavored to show the value of the power to evolve practical thought and to grammatically express it in writing and in speech, we are brought to a consideration of its oral expression, termed Elocution. Let us note the relative importance of proficiency in oral or written expression.

Written thought receives much more attention in our schools than spoken ideas. Pupils are often required to present a written production, which is carefully corrected by the teacher, while oral sentences are never examined in this way. In practical life we all speak ten times more than we write. It is in speech, then, and not in composition, that we should receive greatest culture. The education of the world has been one-sided in this respect. We notice every mistake in writing, but, in speech, thousands of errors pass by unheeded. Most of us find nothing wrong in the spoken sentence "I will go as sure as you do," but would if written exactly as commonly pronounced, "I will go azh sure azh you do."

The term Elocution is often (and sometimes with too good reason) tortured into a wholly unworthy meaning—that of being an unnatural, forced and acquired art of declaiming and rehearsing startling passages of Shakspeare (noticeably ghosts and murder scenes) in a way so artificial that theatre galleries are struck dumb with astonish-



PAULINE HALL.



ment, the frightful renditions and demonstrations causing the blood to boil and the hair to rise. Anything short of this can never be recognized by a certain class of persons as elocution. The very fact of a minister of the gospel attending a school of elocution has been known to give rise to the rumor that he cherishes a secret desire to become a theatrical performer, while some horrified parishioner may surmise that his ambition lies in the direction of the circus ring.

It is our desire, however, that elocution be considered as the divine means of expressing thought by words and gestures, including voice, articulation and expression.

First of all is *Voice*. As you go out upon the street, listen to the first vocal notes that strike your ear. Are they pleasant and agreeable? Why not? Are they rich, deep and resonant? Why not? Are they clear and penetrating? Are they exactly suited to the sentiment, and do they change with the sentiment?

Go into the school-room. As the voices of the pupils reach you, are they round and full, indicating health and vigor, or are they high-pitched and shrill? Do the pupils speak with ease, or is vocal effort fatiguing to them? Is the pupil's vocal expression natural and graceful? Can you readily hear every word uttered by every pupil, and by the teacher? Is the voice of the lady-teacher clear, rich and full; and does it penetrate every portion of the room, so as to be easily heard by all the pupils without effort?

Enter the primary department. Do the pupils there use strong, natural, pleasant tones, or are their replies almost invariably given in unnatural, high, shrill, piercing tones, utterly destroying the purity and sweetness of the natural voice? Three-fourths of the fault of the whole world in this respect lies in the primary department of our schools; the other fourth is found in the higher departments, where it is exceedingly difficult to correct the habits of speech formed in youthful days. We do not wish to censure any teachers unjustly, but it is certain that the error is committed during our first days at school.

Who that has ever listened to a child's tones can deny that nature furnishes us a voice of surpassing purity and

winning sweetness? When we begin to attend school, we are ushered into a large room different from those we are accustomed to at home; everything is new and strange, and we are required to answer the questions propounded by our school-ma'am. Being naturally timid and somewhat embarrassed by our surroundings, we "speak up" in obedience to the command of our teacher, and speaking up in our case means elevating the pitch. Day after day we employ this shrill, unnatural voice, shrieking our replies instead of giving easy, natural responses. The teacher appears not to notice that our voices at that tender age are changing from pure to guttural, from the pleasing tones of childhood to the harsh, steely voice of the school-room. Instead of being taught to cultivate a rich tone by allowing the voice to resound in the chest, the tone is wholly confined to the throat, and the vocal cords are kept at a constant tension in producing those high-pitched sounds which result in a disagreeable utterance that clings to the child through life.

Teachers, you ask how to avoid this. I reply: Render your own voices pure by vocal exercises, reading, and the use of singing tones, always striving to make the voice as round and full as possible, and throwing it downward, that each tone may receive character from a vibration of all the air contained in the chest. This will produce a rich tone, but it should be carefully distinguished from the chest-tone. The voice just described may be a chest, throat or head-tone with chest resonance. This can best be secured through the aid of a competent teacher of elocution. When you have secured this for yourself, see that your pupils do not acquire false tones. Teach them always to employ a natural, cheerful voice in the school-room and upon the play-ground. Teach them gentleness, purity and sweetness of character, and their voices will reflect the teaching. Let them use low tones, exactly as they would at their mother's side, and as they grow up let their voices grow up with them.

Do not neglect vocal culture, but always insist upon a correct use of the organs of speech. Gradually teach chest resonance. Your pupils will think it unnatural at first, simply because you attempt to teach it; but say to them that, as they strengthen the arm or hand by using

it, so they must develop their voices by proper use. In this way you will be the means of preserving and improving the vocal expression of those under your charge, and during an entire lifetime they will bless you for the pleasing tones of a voice which carries melody and cheerfulness wherever it goes.

Older teachers, you who have intermediate and advanced pupils under your control, and even those who fill principalships and professorships in academic institutions, you have in your charge voices upon which you can set the seal of enduring excellence, if you see fit. An agreeable voice is an acquisition of rare value. Many of your pupils have this—many have not; but, if you will, you can add much to this divine instrument of speech; and, if you faithfully discharge this duty toward your pupils, you cannot fail to find a rich reward. Let every recitation be an exercise in vocal culture as well as in grammar—let every tone of yours be a model after which your pupils may copy. “But,” you say, “how can we do this? We are not masters of the art.” You can improve your own voices. Why not at the same time let your good influence extend to your pupils? Keep the subject in mind; continually practice what you teach, and yourself and school will gradually rise in the scale of pleasing vocal utterance and the advancement will be one of substantial value.

Your young lady pupils, and occasionally lady teachers, need something in the way of vocal culture. Why has the miss of twelve years a stronger voice than the young lady of twenty? Why is she more easily understood in a large public assemblage than her elder sister? Is it because that sister (possibly a school-ma’am) thinks a clear, dignified tone unlady-like? There is no valid reason why a lady should not possess a clear, resonant voice of sufficient compass to be heard in any audience-room, and no gentleman will say that the acquisition is one not suited to a lady. We often listen breathlessly—almost painfully—to catch an occasional sentence from the lips of a recitationist on public occasions. The lady herself would say that she spoke as distinctly as she was able and that a louder tone would amount to a shriek. A proper vocal cultivation will en-

able any lady to speak in a dignified lady-like way, and, at the same time, be easily understood. Ladies, we do not ask you to employ a boisterous tone, but simply to so cultivate your vocal powers that you may speak more easily, plainly, naturally and gracefully. The female voice has almost infinite capabilities of beauty in expression, and we dislike to see you deprive yourselves of these graces of utterance.

In the next place, the *Articulation* claims our notice. If your girl pupils are deficient in voice, your boys certainly are in enunciation. By this is meant a correct and distinct utterance of the sounds of the language. In our school-rooms we are liable to insist on one factor and omit the other. Sounds should not be distinct and incorrect (as heard in the word "guv-ur-munt") nor correct and indistinct. Nothing adds more to the voice than a pleasing articulation. Without it, we have cold, formal, harsh and uninviting *words*; with it, we have chaste, elegant, beautiful *speech*—pleasing, musical and enchanting. It gives to the stuttering Curran of the present day all the charming graces of Chrysostom, "the golden-mouthed." It enhances the pleasure of conversation as nothing else can; it converts iron links of the conversational chain into silver circlets of surpassing beauty. By its proper use, words—those winged servitors of thought—are rendered tenfold more agreeable to the ear. He whose articulation is perfect wields a power that he knows not of; his hearers are charmed—they know not why—and, if he be in the pulpit, Morpheus never visits his congregation.

Go upon the street—in our houses, churches, literary institutions and in our schools, and listen to the articulation of every voice. Do the sounds flow easily and agreeably from the lips? Are sentences spoken with ease and fluency? Do difficult consonant sounds impede the utterance? Does this or that voice please you rather than another? If so, is it not because of the distinctness and accuracy of the enunciation?

All will readily agree that, though many voices are found which delight us by their ease of expression, yet a vast majority are indifferent, careless and inelegant. You ask how a change for the better may be effected.

Teachers, the remedy lies with you. You have the power of converting the children of to-day into perfect enunciators, and you also have the power of permitting them to develop into negligent speakers. The latter is easier, as it requires no effort; the former demands a share of your attention. Here is a field for missionary labor in connection with your everyday work. Will you improve it?

Our English language can never be preserved in its purity unless we preserve the sounds of the language. Without correct sounds, correct pronunciation is impossible. Hence we see the importance of teaching the elementary sounds to our pupils, and of drilling them in phonetic spelling and word-building.

The third division of the subject, *Expression*, or Modulation, is generally recognized as a distinctive study in our schools, so it will be unnecessary to speak of it at length. However, one fact may be mentioned. Until we teach reading wholly by the "sentence method" there will be a "reading-tone" in every school-room, and more or less of an intoned style with every reader. Let us teach our pupils that the only difference between reading and talking is that in the former ideas come from the brain, while in the latter they are obtained from a book. Teach pupils not to express *words*, but *ideas*. Have them look at the printed page until they get the thought, then give the idea, taking care that they use the words of the book. This is the true nature of reading. Teach that "reading is talking from a book;" pupils will then read more as if they were speaking.

As every person has occasion, more or less frequently, to appear in some form of public address, our schools should devote more attention to the subject of public speaking. The best exercise of this kind consists of short extempore addresses by the pupils; next to this, we have prepared orations; third, declamations and recitations; fourth, select reading from the platform by individual pupils. The first of these (extemporaneous speaking) would be found impracticable in most of our schools; the second (delivery of orations) is extensively employed in academies, but is hardly suited to common schools; the third and fourth (declamation and select

platform reading) are perfectly suited to every school, and they should always find a place there. The latter of these is but one remove from ordinary class reading, yet it gives the pupil a confidence that he could never attain but for the use of this or similar means. It is the first step toward oratory.

The common school, not the academy, is the proper place for this drill. Our high schools daily witness the painful efforts of timid students endeavoring to struggle through a dreaded declamation, while those who were accustomed to "speak pieces" and "write compositions" in the old red school-house are certain to bear off the palm.

Teacher, drill your pupils in this important branch of education in which so many are deficient at the present day. Teach them to express themselves correctly and easily in public. Do this at first by readings and recitations, and years hence you will find yourself held in grateful remembrance.

High school teachers and principals of academies, if scholars come to you from schools of lower grade without practice in the art of speaking, please bear in mind the statement of a recent author that it is barbarous for a teacher to passively witness the bodily and mental torture of a pupil upon the rostrum endeavoring to do, without previous instruction, that which he came there for the purpose of learning how to do.

In all our training of pupils, let us not overlook the fact that a practical business or public life demands that every person have the power to express himself in public clearly, correctly, forcibly and agreeably; that good reading is one of the most important branches of education, and one rare as it is valuable; that a clear, strong, pleasing voice is a great acquisition that all may possess if they will; that correct and distinct articulation distinguishes inherent refinement from assumed elegance; that the divine gift of speech should be cultivated in its purity until our conversation takes on a higher cast reflecting the more perfect man—and, believing this, let us teach accordingly.

FENNO'S FAVORITES.

THE HAT.

A Monologue From the French.

[It has become quite popular in France and England to introduce at soirées, dinner parties and other social gatherings, a well-acted monologue or recitation. The following has proved very popular. It is by Coquelin, translated by Miss F. W. Latimer, in *Harper's*. A monologue for a lady, *A Man After Her Own Heart*, may be found in "Favorites No. 5."

MISE EN SCENE: *A gentleman holding his hat.*

Well, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—
Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied.
I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view.
Before two witnesses, good men and true,
I'm licensed, stamped; undo the deed who can:
Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Who would have thought it! Married! How? What
for?

I, who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I, who through halls with married people crammed
Infused a kind of odor of the damned;
I, who declined—and gave lame reasons why—
Five, six good, comfortable matches; I,
Who, every morning when I came to dress,
Found I had one day more, and some hairs less;
I, whom all mothers slander and despise,
Because girls find no favor in my eyes—
Married! A married man! Beyond—a—doubt!
How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What prompted me to dare connubial bliss?

What worked the wondrous metamorphosis?
 What made so great a change—a change like that?
 Imagine. Guess. You give it up!

A hat!

A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—
 A plain, silk, stove-pipe hat. This did for me.
 A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.

A hat?

Why, yes.

But how?

Well, lend an ear.

One day, this winter, I went out to dine.
 All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.
 A concert afterward—en regle—just so.
 The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,
 My heels together. Then I placed my hat
 On something near, and joined the general chat.
 At half-past eight we dined. All went off well.
 Trust me for being competent to tell!
 I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes—
 With nothing else to do but count the dishes;
 I learned each item in each course by heart.
 I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part
 Me from those ladies, with a sober face
 I took a strong cigar, and kept my place.
 The concert was announced for half-past ten,
 And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
 The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
 Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
 I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
 A stout, fierce gentleman got up with care
 (A cuirassier I set him down to be),
 Leaned on the door-post, hard by me,
 Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
 Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,
 Some trashy stuff of love, and love's distress;
 I could see nothing, and could hear still less.
 Still, I applauded for politeness' sake.

Next, a dress-coat of fashionable make
 Came forward and began. It clad a poet.

That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
 Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses
 To serve you up some effort of the muses,
 Recited with vim, gestures, and by-play,
 By some one borrowed from the great Francais.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
 All make me sleepy; and it was so now,
 For as I listened to the distant drone
 Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
 And a strange torpor I could not ignore
 Came creeping o'er me.

“Heavens! suppose I snore!
 Let me get out,” I cried, “or else——”

With that

I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The console where I laid it down, alas!
 Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
 By triple rows of ladies, gaily dressed,
 Who fanned, and listened calmly, undistressed;
 No man through that fair crowd could work his way.
 Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array,
 Diamonds were there, and flowers, and lower still,
 Such lovely shoulders! Not the smallest thrill
 They raised in me. My thoughts were of my hat.
 It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
 Under a candelabrum, shiny bright,
 Smooth as when last I brushed it, in full sight,
 Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
 Whether I could not lure it to my side.

“Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
 And quit this stifling room?” I fondly said.
 “Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.
 Come, little darling, cleave this female mob,
 Fly over heads, creep under. Come, oh, come!
 Escape. We'll find no poetry at home.”

And all the while did that dull poem creep
 Drearily on, till, sick at last with sleep,

My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me:

"Come, my hat—fresh air!

My darling, let us both get out together.
Here all is hot and close; outside the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."

Here a voice cried:

"Sir,

Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove! sir."

My astonished glance here met
The angry, red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said politely,

"Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."

"What, sir! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table,
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."

"But, sir——"

"I don't suppose
You mean to tell me——"

"Really——"

"Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
"Trifling?"

"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five;
Every one knows it—every man alive."
"Allow me——"

"No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who——"

"Sir, indeed——"

"How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?"
"Sapristi, monsieur! I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."

"Indeed! What were
You looking at, then?"

"Sir, I'll tell you that;
My hat, sir."

"Morbieu! Looking at your hat!"
"Yes, sir, it was my hat."

My color rose;
He angered me, this man who would suppose
I thought of nothing but his girl.

Meantime,
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme.
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together
While no one round us knew what we were at.
"It was my daughter, sir."

"No, sir—my hat."
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some near.
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"
"Of course, sir."

"Then, before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."
"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade,
The coast was clear, my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing that I
loved.
I tried to reach it.

"Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of."

Shapely, soft and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You longed to go.

You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.
 Ah, how I wished to help you if I could!
 I might have passed it possibly. I would
 Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
 To send it to you, but you understand,
 I felt a little timid, don't you see?—
 For fear they might suppose—Ah! pardon me,
 I am prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
 Take it. Good-night."

Sweet angel, pure and true

My looks to their real cause she could refer,
 And never thought one glance was meant for her.
 O, simple trust, pure and debasing wiles!
 I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
 And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
 Exclaiming:

"Hear me, sir. Before I go,

Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
 'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
 Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
 I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
 "You, sir?"

He turned his big, round eyes on me,

Then held his hand out.

"Well, well, we will see."

Next day we talked. That's how it came about,
 And the result you see. My secret's out.
 It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
 Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.
 Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
 Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.
 Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command,
 He is a widower—so—you understand.

Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
 By this silk hat I hold, was brought about,
 Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
 Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
 Many with ridicule and gibe—why not?—
 Have dubbed thee "stove-pipe," called thee "chimney-
 pot."

They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, may be ;
But I, for all that thou hast done for me,
Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

COQUELIN.

MISS SPLICER TRIES THE TOBOGGAN.

[Impersonate.]

How things has changed since I was a girl!—that is to say since my grandma was a girl!

Then, when a young lady went into any out-of-door sports, she was called a tomboy, and she warn't never likely to have a beau.

And, of course, no girl dared to do it. But she staid in the house, and sewed patchwork and knit stockings for her pa ; and everybody admired her, and said how modest she was.

But now, it's the fashion to exercise out-of-doors. It makes muscle, and braces up the nervous cistern, and gives tone, they say.

I have never gone into new things, as some folks do. I should probably have been married, years ago, if it had not been that I wanted to study the men that came round a-courting. And, while I was a-studying of 'em, they went and married somebody else—which proves that men, make the best of 'em, is shiftless critters. Still, if it should be my lot to have to take one of 'em, for better or for worser, I should try and think the Lord so ordered it, and be resigned to my fate.

In Flintville, where I live now, everybody has got the twoboggin-craze. There has been a good many crazes here. The roller-skating took all classes, till most of the women broke their backs, and the ministers preached ag'inst it as immoral, and the church-members would'nt let their girls go. Then the crazy-patchwork business struck the town, and everybody made silk bed-quilts, and everybody begged "pieces" of everybody else ; and all the storekeepers put in short ends of ribbon, and sold ten cents' wuth for fifty cents.

After cold weather came, the twoboggin-craze struck us. Of course, you all know what a twoboggin is, and that Injuns up in Canady used to have 'em to take their women-folks out to ride.

At fust, they looked rather ticklish to me. I concluded I'd rather be on dry land.

Tom Stiles got the fust one, and Sarah Ann Layton got the next one. Sarah Ann leads the styles, in Flintville; and after she'd slid down her father's sheep-pastur' hill, and knocked out three of her front teeth, and broke her right lower limb, by jumping off from her course and bumping ag'inst an oak-tree, all Flintville went for twoboggins.

The *Flintville Telegraft* took to printing how sweet the girls looked in their twobogginning suits; and we all wanted to look sweet, and see it printed—that we did.

So I got me a twoboggin.

Brother Enoch was awful disgusted. It don't take much to disgust him. He's lived with me ever since his wife died, two years ago, and so has his two children. Them children is dreadful! They've driv me nigh about distracted; and, if you should hear that I've had softening of the brains, you'll know that it's Sam and Miry Splicer that's done it. It's a pity they hadn't died when they had the measles: for then they'd escaped a great deal of suffering; and they'd never have lived to tie a tin pail to my dear, darling Fido's tail and drive him almost into the hydrophoby, so that he bit Mike Flinnigin in the bootleg; and it cost me ten dollars to make Mike a well man.

"Pameely," says Enoch to me, when he seed my twoboggin, "I'm astonished—I'm ashamed of you. The idee of a woman of your age gittin one of them tethery things, and calculating to steer yourself down hill onto it. You'll break your neck, the fust clip."

"You talk as if I was an old woman, Enoch," says I. "Do try and remember that you was young once yourself. I want a little something for exercise and recreation."

"Then you'd better split up some kindling-wood and mend me a couple of pairs of stockings," says he; "my

toes is sticking out through so, now, that my toe-nails is driv clear back into their sockets. Oh, dear! I wish Marier was alive."

"So do I," says I; "or else, that she'd took you and Sam and Miry along with her. It's terrible inconvenient for a man's wife to die, and leave him and his children for his relations to see after."

"Pameely," says he, "I wish you could git married. But, the Lord knows, I should pity the man."

"Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one familiee
Fall out and chide and fight."

So sung out Sam Spicer, the boy, who happened to come into the room jest then, a-eating an orange, and the juice of it a-running down onto his clothes and onto the carpet, like the Falls of Niagary.

"Pameely," says Enoch, after he had slapped the boy's ears and sot him to studying his Sunday-school lesson, "I've allus felt sorry for your being an old maid; but I ain't to blame for it. And sometimes I almost wish I'd a-gone to be an angel, when Marier went."

"An angel?" says I. "A pretty-looking angel you'd make, with them blue overalls of your'n, and that quid of tobacker in your mouth! I guess the rest of 'em would be proud of you."

"Wal, anyhow," says he, "I wouldn't attempt to make a girl of myself, a-sliding onto that thing. With your figger, as lank as a beanpole in the fall of the year, if you should happen to git upsot you'd be a specktable."

I didn't deign to answer him. But the next night, there being a full moon, I invited Major Stebbins to go over to the shute with me.

The Major is a widder, like myself, and he's sad and lonely in this vale of tears; and I thought if I could make life any pleasanter to him—if I could soothe a sad and sorrerful moment for his lacerated heart, it was my duty to soothe.

The Major lost a lower limb in the late war, and has to go on an artificial; but you wouldn't notice it, unless you knowed about it.

He took the twoboggin, and I took his arm, and we sot forth. The shute, as they call the sliding-place, is over on t'other side of Bingle's Pond, and it's down quite a steep hill, and the pond at the end.

It was alive with folks, old and young, all talking together, and all puffing like steam-injins, with climbing up the hill.

I'd took along an old bolster to set onto, for my machine warn't cushioned when I bought it, and the Major rigged it on, and he and I got onto the twoboggin. It was awful hard work to hold the critter still—she wanted to be off, and the Major dug his wooden foot into the snow on one side, and held her in.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "I'm a'most afeard. If she should kick up, or the hitching should break, or the track should be up, it would give us an awful tumble."

"I am with you!" says the Major, squeezing my waist with the arm he'd put round to hold me in place. "I've been in twenty battles, where the bullets fell like hail, and——"

He didn't go no further, for jest then the twoboggin broke loose, and the thing was too quick for the Major to draw in his wooden limb, and it was twisted off in a twinkling, and left sticking in the snow behind, while the rest of him streaked it like lightning down that track of ice. There were lots of folks in front of us, but they couldn't stop to turn out, and my twoboggin undertook to go by, and it struck a sled in front, and bounced, and went clear over the sled, just as a trained Thomas cat jumps over your hands; and I hung to the Major, and the Major hung to the twoboggin, and somebody yelled:

"Come back and git yer leg!"

But we didn't pay any attention to 'em; we jest kept right on, and about twenty feet from the end of the shute the twoboggin hit a lump of ice that had fell off the side of the track; I lost my balance and the Major too; and the next thing I knowed I was into Bingle's Pond clear up to my chin, and two men standing on the ice was trying to pull me out by the hair of my head, which, being bought at a store and not rooted into my skulp, come off



DEL PUENTE.

at the fust grab, and left my brains pretty nigh out in the cold and cruel world.

Major Stebbins hain't spoke to me since. He seed 'em load me onto a sled, and kerry me home, and never said a soothing word. As if I was to blame for his breaking off his old leg. It's jest like a man. Allus laying the blame onto a woman. They say he's engaged to the widder Lane. I wish her much joy with him, I'm sure. If I had got to have a man, I should want a whole one.

My twoboggin is for sale. Price, three dollars. It's splendid exercise; but one isn't sure of ice the year round, and I don't think it agrees with me, altogether.

CLARA AUGUSTA,
In Peterson's.

BILLY'S ROSE.

[Paint vividly the scene and use great care in impersonating the children.]

BILLY's dead and gone to glory,
So is Billy's sister Nell,
There's a tale I know about them
Were I poet I would tell.
Soft it comes with perfume laden,
Like a breath of country air,
Wafted down the filthy alley,
Bringing fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley
Long ago, one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever,
Hapless, patient, Billy lay;
While beside him sat his sister
In the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence
Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy
Did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish,
And his worn, wan features smiled—

Tales herself had heard hap-hazard,
Caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips
Playing round their mother's door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers
Tighten feebly as she told
How 'beyond this dismal alley
Lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over,
Where, when all the tears were shed,
He would be a white-robed angel,
With a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story
Of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How he'd built for little children
Great, big play-grounds 'up above
Where they sang, and played at hop-sotch
And horses all the day;
And where beadles and policemen
Never frighten them away.

This was Nell's idea of Heaven,
Just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented
And a little bit inferred.
But her brother lay and listened,
And he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured
He could see the promised land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it;
I can 'see it, sister Nell.
Oh, the children look so happy,
And they're all so strong and well
I can see them there with Jesus,
He is playing with them, too;
Let us run away and join them,
If there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden,
And her life had all been spent
In the garret and the 'alley
Where they starved to pay the rent,
Where a drunken father's curses
And a drunken mother's blows
Drove her forth into the gutter
From the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast,
Just to tell this sinking boy,
"You must die before you're able
All these blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy,
And I am not even ill;
But I'll come to you, dear brother,
Yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother,
You are dying, oh, so fast!
I heard father say to mother
That he knew you couldn't last.
They will put you in a coffin,
Then you'll wake and be 'up there,
While I'm left alone to suffer
In this garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy,
"Ah, but sister, I don't mind.
Gentle Jesus will not beat me;
He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly,
I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me,
I might look at every day.

"In the summer, you remember
How the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow,
Where we played and ran about;

And the van that took us halted
By a sweet, bright patch of land
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear,
Half as big as mother's hand.

"Nell, I asked the good, kind teacher
What they called such flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember,
That the pretty name was Rose.
I have never seen them since, dear,
How I wish that I had one
Just to keep and think of you, Nell,
When I'm up 'beyond the sun!'"

Not a word said little Nelly.
But at night, when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments
And then down the stairs she crept;
Through the silent streets of London
She ran nimbly as a fawn,
Running on and running ever
Till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen,
And the mist had cleared away,
All around her wrapped in snow-drift
There the open country lay.
She was tired, her limbs were frozen,
And the roads had cut her feet,
But there came no flowery gardens
Her poor, tearful eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking,
She had learnt the way to go;
She had found the famous meadow;
It was 'wrapped in cruel snow.
Not a buttercup nor daisy,
Not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison;
Then she knelt her down and prayed.

With her eyes upcast to heaven,
 'Down she sank upon the ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her
 Where the roses might be found.
Then the cold blast numbed her senses
 And her sight grew strangely dim,
And a sudden, awful tremor
 Seemed to seize her every limb.

"Oh, a rose!" she moaned, "good Jesus,
 Just a rose to take to Bill!"
And as she prayed a "chariot
 Came thundering down the hill;
And a lady sat there, toying
 With a red rose, rare and sweet;
As she passed she "flung it from her,
 And it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord has spoken
 Caused her ladyship to fret;
And the rose had been his present,
 So she flung it in a pet.
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly
 Thought it fallen from the skies,
And she murmured, "Thank you, Jesus,"
 As she clasped the dainty prize.

Lo! that night from out the alley
 Did a child's soul pass away,
From "dirt and sin and misery
 To where God's "children play.
Lo! that night a wild, fierce snow-storm
 Burst in fury o'er the land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen,
 With the red rose in her hand.

Billy's dead and gone to glory;
 So is Billy's sister Nell.
Am I bold to say this happened
 In the land where angels dwell:—

That the children met in Heaven
 After all their earthly woes;
 And that Nelly kissed her brother,
 And said, "Billy, here's your rose?"
 GEORGE R. SIMS.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

[The story as told by a Local Preacher in the Southwest, in *Dr. Pierson's Reminiscences*.]

LAST week, my bretherin, as I was a-readin' my Bible, I found a story of a big fight (I. Samuel, xvii.). It was powerful interestin', and I studied it almost all the week. There was two armies a campin' on two mountains right fornenst each other, and a holler and I reckon some good bottom land and a medder lot lyin' between 'em. In one of the armies there was a big feller—a whoppin' great big feller, and every day he went down into the medder lot and looked up the hill to t'other camp and just dared 'em. He told 'em to pick their best man and send him down and he'd fight him. And he jest strutted around there in his soger close and waited for 'em to send on their man. And such soger close I never heard tell on afore.

He had a brass cap and brass trousers, and a coat made like mail bags where they are all ironed and riveted together. But the fellers in t'other camp just clean flunked. They daren't fight the big feller, nary one on 'em. They jest all sneaked away, and the big feller he went back to camp. But he didn't quit thar, the big feller didn't. He was spilin' for a fight, and he was bound to have it. He jest went down into the bottom land, into the medder lot, every day, mornin' and evenin', and dared 'em and dared 'em. I tell you he pestered 'em mightily. The old feller, Saul, the Ginerel, he felt more chawed up and meaner than the sogers, and, when he couldn't stan' it no longer, he told the boys if any on

Indicated Gestures. 1, H.F. 2, A.F. 3, A.F., Ptg. 4, Ptg. to right. 5, A.F., Ptg. 6, Ptg. upward. 7, H.L. prone, b.h. 8, D.O. 9, Hands clasped, eyes uplifted. 10, H.L., Ptg. 11, Imitate. 12, D.O. 13, A.O.

'em would go down and lick the big feller he'd give him his gal and a right smart chance of plunder. But they was all so skeer'd that even that didn't start one of 'em. The big feller went down and dared 'em and pestered more'n a month—40 days, the Bible says.

I don't know what they'd a-done if it hadn't a-been that a peart little feller had come down to camp one day to fetch some extra rations to his three big brothers that their old dad sent to 'em from home. Kind old pap he was, and sharp, too, for he sent along a big present to the boys' cap'en. Well, jest as the little feller drove up, they was all gwine out to fight, and the little feller left his traps with the driver, and legged it after the sogers, and told his big brothers howd'y. Right thar the old big feller came out and dared 'em again, and they were all so skeer'd that they jest run like mad. The little feller heered him, and then went back into camp and heered all the sogers talking about him, and what the old Ginerall would give to have him licked. He asked 'em a heap of questions about it all, and his big brother he got mad at him, and twitted him about keeping sheep, and gave him a right smart of sass. He was plucky, but you see he had to stan' it, 'cause 'twas his big brother. Big brothers are mighty mean sometimes.

But the little feller talked a heap with the other sogers, and they told the old Ginerall about him, and he told them to tell the little feller to come and see him. The little feller was mighty plucky, and he jest up and told the old Ginerall Saul that he'd fight the big feller! The Ginerall looked at the handsome little feller—he was real handsome—and ses he, kinder softly, "I reckon," and shakin' his head, "It's too big a job; you're only a chunk of a boy, and he's an old fighter." The little feller spunked up and told the old Ginerall that he'd had one b'ar fight and he had killed the ba'r. He said, there was an old lion and a b'ar got among his dad's sheep, and gwine off with a lamb. He broke for 'im, and as soon as he met up with the old b'ar, he lamm'd him till the b'ar turned on him for a hug; but he got one hand into the long ha'r under his jaw, and he lamm'd

him with the other'n till he was dead. He'd killed the lion and the b'ar, and he know'd he was enough for the old big feller.

Then the little feller talked raal religious to the old Ginerall. You see, he'd got religion afore that, and he knowed that the Lord would help a feller, if he was all right, and got into a tight place. He told Ginerall Saul that the Lord had made him mighty supple, and looked out for him when the old lion and b'ar tried to get their paws into him; and he knowed He'd see him through the fight with the old big feller, for he was just darin' 'em and pesterin' 'em to make game of religion. When the old Ginerall seed he was so plucky and religious, too, he knowed them's the kind that fit powerful, and he told him to go in, and he made a little prayer for him, hisself. Then the old Ginerall put his own sojer close on the little feller, and strapped his sword onto him. But they were a heap too big, and he shucked 'em off directly, and made for a dry branch down in the bottom. Then he hunted five little rocks, smooth as a hen egg, put 'em in a little bag where he carried his snack when he was a-tendin' the sheep, got his sling fixed all right, and hurried up to meet the old big feller in the medder lot. When he seed him comin' he was powerful mad they'd sent down such a little feller, and jawed awful. But the little feller jest talked back religious, and kept his eyes peeled. And I reckon the big feller couldn't a be'n a lookin'. I've studied a heap on it, and I jest know the big feller couldn't a b'en lookin'; for the little feller got out his sling and drew away and shied a little rock at him, and he popped him and down he tumbled. Then the little feller rushed up and mounted him, jest as an old hunter loves to get on a b'ar after he's shot him; and he out with the big feller's long sword and off with his head. Then it was them Philistine sinners' turn to be skeer'd, and they broke for the brush; and all of them Chil'en of Israel fellers jest shouted and chased 'em clean over the mountain into a valley, and then com'd back and got all their camp plunder.

My brethren, that's the best story of a fight I ever read after, and you can't buy no better story book nor this very Bible.

DR. PIERSON.

MY GUEST.

[Original.]

THERE is a guest that I detest, forever at my side,
Who clings to me as fondly as a bridegroom to his bride,
Who leers at me, and jeers at me, and when I cross his
will

He only smiles sardonically, and hugs me closer still ;
I hate him, and berate him, yet he trudges at my heels,
And reaches in my pockets, and revels at my meals ;
I defy him, and would fly him, but he only presses
closer,

And whispers to each wish of mine an everlasting
" No, Sir."

I have chided and derided, till I'm almost out of heart,
I've abused him, and misused him, but he never will
depart ;

He squeezes me, and freezes me, and well-nigh drives
me mad,

He tortures and he teases me, and growls when I am
glad ;

He glares at me, and stares at me, as any ghoul might do,
He has shattered every promise that my soul was an-
chored to ;

He has wrecked me, and bedecked me with the tattered
garbs of woe,

He has crossed my happy threshold and has laid my
loved ones low ;

He's as wary as a beagle, and he grins in such a style
That the cunning of a serpent is apparent in his smile,
He is lank, he is lean, and his fingers are unclean,
He is ragged, he is haggard, he is spiteful and he's
mean ;

Than Adam he is older, than Satan he is bolder,
He's as ghastly as a skeleton, and uglier and colder ;
When the winter winds are dire, he sits crouching at
my fire,

And glow'ring at my beggary with eyes that never tire ;
He's the parent of all crime, in each country and each
clime,

And has tramped the wide world over hand in hand
 with Father Time;
 His record all may read in the hearts that break and
 bleed,
 On the lips of little children that forever pine and plead;
 And his deeds are further written over sleepless eyes
 red-litten,
 Over cold and empty cradles, over roofs by sorrow
 smitten;
 Over shattered hopes once cherished, over pleasures that
 have perished,
 Over broken dreams of glory that a better manhood
 nourished;
 In the byways and the highways he goes onward un-
 molested,
 And wakes the world to labor ere its weary hands are
 rested;
 He's a beggar, and a ranger, and was present, not a
 stranger,
 At the birth of the Messiah, in the cold Judean manger;
 He has trailed along the path of the tempest in its
 wrath,
 And has gloated o'er the ruins of the mouldered after-
 math;
 He's the Prince of Empty Pockets, out at elbow and at
 knee,
 He's a knight without a nickel whom we nickname—
 Poverty.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
 Or any ding like dot;
 Und I likes to see all beobles
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot makes dis leedle shoke:
 "A voman vas der glinging vine
 Und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
 But, den dimes out of nine,
 I find me out dat man himself
 Vas been der glinging vine;
 Und ven hees friendts dey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead broke,"
 Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oudt to der pase-ball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted round ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
 Dhen see dhose vomen at der tubs,
 Midt glothes oudt on der lines;
 Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
 Und vvhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt rest,
 Dhose veary nighdts und days?
 Who beace und gomfort always prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here below,"
 Der boet von time said;
 Dhere's leedle dot man he don't vant,
 I dink it means instead;
 And vhen der years keep rolling on,
 Dheir cares und droubles pringing;
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und also do der glinging.

May pe, when oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don'd so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
 To help run life's masheen.

In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
 Should always gling togeddher.
 HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

THE BRIDE OF REICHENSTEIN.

[A Legend of the Thirteenth Century.]

OLD Rheinstein's walls are crumbled now,
 But once they stood in all the pride
 Of lofty tower, and turret high,
 The waters of the Rhine beside;
 And here the maiden Gerda lived,
 A child of simple, guileless heart
 And beauty such, throughout the land
 Was never seen her counterpart.
 Her father, once a robber knight,
 Had long since laid his bride to rest,
 But, worn with sorrow, scarce had passed
 The castle gate since so oppressed,
 But taught his child that she might be
 No blot upon his name and pride,
 Yet taught her most to be like one
 Who, giving life to her, had died—
 The fair young wife, whose sinless heart
 Had made him leave his robber band,
 To learn of her a gentler craft,
 And dwell at peace with all the land.
 Thus reared within the castle walls
 The little maiden grew in grace,
 So learned in books she scarcely knew
 The wondrous beauty of her face.
 But pilgrims resting by the way,
 (For Seigfreid knew no other guests)
 The story told when forth they went,
 How this sweet face their vision blest.
 And rumors of the wealth the knight
 Had gathered in his early days,
 (That useless lay in Rheinstein vaults)
 But added to fair Gerda's praise.

And so it chanced the castle gate
Was thronged one day with those who came
To ask the hand of Seigfreid's child,
And proudly speak of wealth and name.
But Seigfreid turned himself away,
He would not list, but bade them go:
"To him alone my daughter's hand,
Who shall all other knights o'erthrow."
It chanced again the maiden's heart
Had mirrored there a manly face,
And memory of a love so sweet
No other knight might e'er displace;
For walls of stone and bars of steel
Have never yet kept love away,
And he has laughed at locksmiths' skill
Since locksmiths made the steel obey.
And, rambling by the castle walls,
Had Kuno, Lord of Reichenstein,
Been wont to meet and teach the maid
How much of life is love divine.
So Gerda, watchful from her tower,
Had seen her Kuno at the gate—
A blush, a smile, a kindling eye,
And both hearts beat with hope elate.

Next morn the casement open flung,
The maiden wakened from her rest
To see a palfrey in the court,
In cloth of gold and jewels drest.
A moment's start, a glad surprise,
And lovely arms its neck entwine,
While Seigfreid asks the donor's name,
"From Kuno, Lord of Reichenstein."
The blushing face half hidden is
As Gerda makes the faint reply,
But Seigfreid frowns, "The foolish maid!
'Tis Kurt shall win her bye and bye,
For he has wealth much greater far
Than Kuno e'er can hope to claim,
And all the land is sounding with
The glory of his knightly fame."

And saying thus he walked away,
But Gerda hardly seemed to heed,
The golden glory of the hour
Would scarce admit a greater need.

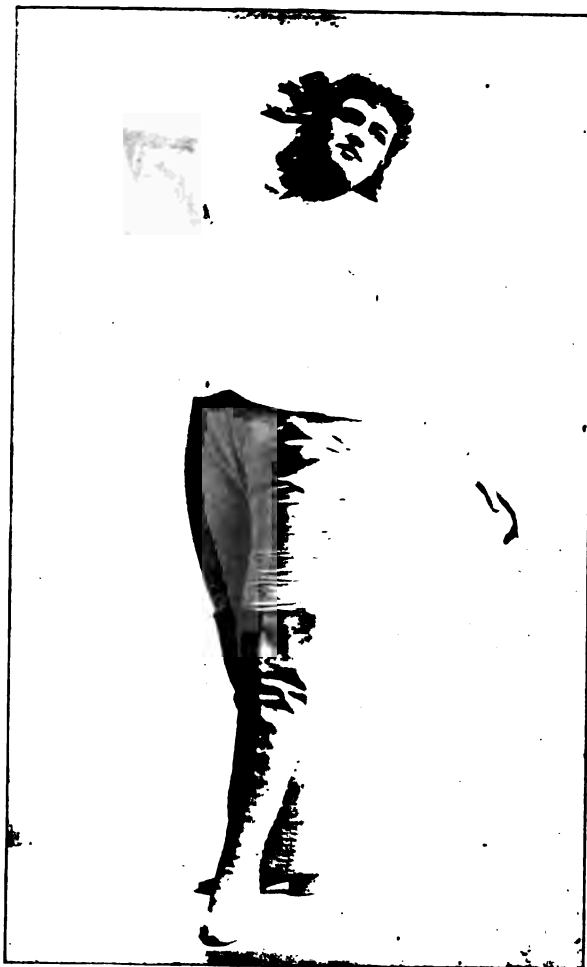
That day the jousts at Mayence town
Drew all the knights from far and wide
To tourney for the victor's crown,
And claim fair Gerda for a bride.
But Kuno, fired by love and hope,
Unhorsed them all save one, whose look
Portrayed the loss of Gerda's hand
His haughty pride would never brook.
A gleaming spear, a sudden fall,
And Gerda shrieked in wild despair,
For beaten down and soiled with dust
Her lover lay before her there.
The victor smiled as bowing low
Before the maid with mocking pride,
And velvet cap and feather doffed,
He took his station by her side.
And Seigfreid said, "The prize is thine,
For thou hast won it by thy skill;
Hereafter let the maiden be
Beholden to thy word and will.
Appoint thou, Kurt, the wedding day——"
"Nay, chieftain, I my wishes waive
To this fair maid, whom I beseech
To grant me soon the boon I crave.
Let her appoint the wedding day,
My eager heart will wait her word."
And speaking thus, he bowed him low,
But Gerda neither spoke nor stirred;
But pale as death, with vacant eyes
Fixed on the throng she did not see,
She sat like one who, dead to hope,
Was careless what her doom might be.
The swarthy cheek of Kurt grew red,
By anger's rushing torrent dyed,
"And is it thus you scorn me, girl?"
The knight in angry accents cried;

"I waive no more my lawful right,
I do not ask, but give command
That ere to-morrow's sun shall set
You with me at the altar stand."
No more he spoke, but strode away,
Nor heard the maiden's pleading prayer:
"Oh, Holy Mary, help thy child
In her distress and dire despair!"
With tears and sighs and loving words,
And sweet caress the maiden plead,
But Seigfreid, stern and harsh, declared
That only Kurt his child should wed.
At last, in mute despair, she let
Herself be robed in rich attire,
That, branched and flowered with gold and gems,
Had ever been her great desire;
But now, more paltry, mean and poor,
A beggar's gown could scarcely seem,
For death of love and hope she saw
In silken fold and jewels' gleam.
But ere departing for the church,
She knelt to ask the Virgin's aid,
With clasped hands, and tearful eyes,
And crushed and aching heart she prayed;
Till Kurt, impatient of delay,
Broke in upon her prayer and said,
"I must request that you defer
All further prayers till we are wed."
And Gerda rose, nor seemed to hear
The angry words, nor scornful tone,
While all around her marveled much,
Her face so like a vision shone.
To Kurt she turned, "A boon I ask,
If granted this, I ask no more,
May not my palfrey saddled be
To bear me to the chapel door?"
A grim consent, the palfrey brought,
The train moves down the winding way,
While Kuno watches from his tower,
With mournful eyes, the bright array.
Half way to church the roads diverge,
And one leads up to Reichenstein—

A sudden bound the palfrey makes,
And rugged steeps begins to climb.
And on and up with lightning speed
To Reichenstein the palfrey leaps,
While Kuno scarcely lowers the draw
Till Gerda on his bosom weeps.
The gates are barred, no more they fear
The loud pursuit of those behind,
As looking in each other's eyes
Their happiness again they find.
But reckless how he rides his steed
If so he only gains his will,
The maddened Kurt, in hot pursuit,
His charger urges up the hill.
"She shall be mine, I swear it yet!
I'll conquer even fate," he said—
A frightened swerve, a crushing fall;
And beast and rider both lie dead.
Then Seigfried rides to Reichenstein,
"My daughter!" cries he at the gate,
"I plainly see the will of God
Has chosen Kuno for thy mate.
And I submit, pray let me in,
That I may give the bride away,
The priest is riding just behind
And this shall be thy wedding day."
'Tis thus the simple peasants tell
The story of the maiden's ride,
And how the Lord of Reichenstein
Made her his loved and loving bride.
BIRCH ARNOLD.

A SLEIGH-RIDE.

I've found out one thing, and that is that you can't satisfy girls, no matter what you do. You may do your very best, and then they will find fault with you. I always knew that was the way with Sue, and now I know it's the way with other girls, too.



EMMA GREGORY.

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We have had what Sue calls a straw sleigh-ride. The way it is done is this: You get a big box-sleigh and cover the bottom with straw. Then six young men and six girls get in and sit on straw, and have a long ride, and think they enjoy themselves. I can't see what people want to ride that way for, when they might ride in a sleigh with cushions and buffaloes and everything nice. But what can you expect of girls!

For the last month Sue has been talking about a straw sleigh-ride, and at last she got it all arranged. Mr. McGinnis was to let her have his box-sled, and the livery stable man was to furnish four horses and a driver, and Sue and Mr. Travers, and five other girls and their young men, were to go, and Tom and I were to sit with the driver. You see, she couldn't help but let Tom go, because the sleigh was his father's, and then I had to go to keep Tom company.

Tom and I promised to see that the sleigh was nice and clean, and we did it. We washed it all out the morning before the ride, and made it as clean as a church pew. Only the water that we washed it out with froze, and when we went to put the straw in there was two inches of ice in the bottom of the sleigh. We couldn't get it out so we just put the straw over it and said nothing about it.

The sleigh-ride began about seven o'clock in the evening, and we drove about twenty miles to a hotel, where we had supper. Everything was very nice when we started, but in a little while the girls began to complain of being cold. Then they got cross and wouldn't speak, and when we got to the hotel some of them were stuck to the straw and had to be pulled loose, and some of them said that their feet were perfectly soaked through, and those boys must have spilt water in the sleigh, and they all said they were perfectly froze to death. The young men said they were cold, too, and the thermometer must be mornamile below zero, and they wouldn't have come if they had known it was such a bitter cold night. Tom and I wern't very cold, and the driver said he didn't know as he thought it was so extra cold as Mr. Travers said it was. It's my belief that it was the ice in the

bottom of the sleigh under the straw that froze the party, though, as they didn't notice the ice, Tom and I didn't say anything about it.

However, we felt real sorry for the girls, and I told Mr. Travers that I would make the sleigh more comfortable before we started back. There was a great pile of kindlings and wood near the hotel, and I proposed to Tom, after the driver had unhitched the horses and taken them to the stable, that we should build a fire under the sleigh and melt the ice. I didn't tell Mr. Travers just how we intended to manage, but when I told him that I would make the sleigh real comfortable he said you're a good fellow, Jimmy, and I'll give you half a dollar if we live through this nonsense.

So, while the folks were at supper, Tom and I built a tremendous fire under the sleigh, because the bottom was full of ice, and ice is cold, and anything that is cold won't burn. After a while all the ice melted and ran out, and then we put out the fire, and got some dry straw and put it in the sleigh, and covered over the place where the fire was with snow, so that the folks wouldn't see the ashes and ask foolish questions. I do hate to be asked foolish questions.

We got it all done just as everybody was ready to start, so we didn't have any supper except some cake that Mr. Travers brought out and gave us when he found that we hadn't had anything to eat. But some people think boys don't need anything to eat, and Sue said Tom and I were a great deal better off than we would have been if we had stuffed ourselves full of oysters late at night. It never hurts girls to eat nice hot suppers just before they go to bed, but boys must never eat anything between meals. I suppose it's because we are so much more delicate than girls.

Well, everybody got into the sleigh, and the girls said why how much warmer it is, I feel all in a glow. Then we drove off, and they all began to sing. All of a sudden, just as the sleigh jounced over a stone, there was a loud crack, and about half the girls and young men went through the bottom of the sleigh, and some of them got under the runners, and made the sleigh jounce again,

and then the whole thing just went all to pieces. The girls screamed and the young men laughed, and the driver said swear words, and Tom and I couldn't imagine what was the matter. The driver got on the back of one of his horses and rode home to get another sleigh, and Tom and I walked after him, for we didn't care to stay with the folks, especially when Mr. Travers said why this sleigh has been burnt all to charcoal. I am not going to tell what happened when Sue got home and spoke to father about it, but I'm real sorry that we hurt the sleigh, when all we wanted to do was to make the girls comfortable. But you can't satisfy girls. They don't like it if you give them cold straw, and they don't like it if you make the bottom of the sleigh warm. I'm glad I'm not a girl.

"JIMMY BROWN."

THE ÆSTHETIC CAT-TAIL.

[Original.]

Down in the swamp where the alders bloom,
 A weary cat-tail hung its head;
 "My heart is wrapped around with gloom,
 I wish that I were dead;
 Life here is never hilarious:
 But always somewhat malarious;"
 Said the discontented cat-tail.

"Why was I not a fair moss-rose,
 That a poet's strain might tell of me;
 And a maiden press me to her nose,
 And gently, tenderly smell of me;
 Oh! how I bemoan my weary walk;"
 And a large tear trickled down the stalk
 Of the melancholy cat-tail.

"But since my lot with grief is rife,
 I'll act my part, in short, in life;

Since cruel Fate has so decreed,
I'll do my best—I will indeed,
And put off for a period going to seed ;”
Said the sad, despondent cat-tail.

So it brushed aside the green leaves that
Enveloped it like a closet ;
And the neighboring plants were astonished at
Its great adipose deposit ;
On other cat-tails it looked quite down,
For none grew plethoric and brown
Like our great-hearted cat-tail.

Bigger and brown the cat-tail grew,
Till at last one summer day
A maiden fair, with eyes of blue,
Came riding along that way ;
She had studied artistic decoration,
And gave a delighted exclamation
When she saw the noble cat-tail.

“ My beauteous prize,” the maiden cried,
And spared it not—but in its pride
She cut it down upon the spot ;
But it would rather be cut than not—
For it knew it was near its seeding-time
And soon must fall when it reached its prime,
This stout and noble cat-tail.

The maiden showed it to all her friends—
The captive cat-tail brown and tall ;
She made it a bow with loops and ends
And hung it against the wall ;
The noble cat-tail was much elated
In its position so elevated
As a decorative cat-tail.

For by its side there hung in state
Some Kensington work on flannel,
And a one-legged stork looked for its mate
From a pleasing, neighboring panel ;

And these with a gorgeous peacock feather,
And a Japanese fan, all hung together,
With the now æsthetic cat-tail.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

In the soft and failing twilight of a weary, weary day,
I was in a garret, searching an old bureau stored away.
It for years had been there hidden safe away from frost
and dew,
And my curious nature tempted me to search it through
and through.
Faded pink and yellow ribbon, laces, half a century
old;
And I came across a package bound up with a thread
of gold.
Something told me to untie it, which I did both then
and there,
And unfolded to my vision lay a simple lock of hair.
Oh, what memories crowded o'er me, as I gazed upon
that curl!
How it brought to me remembrance of a young and
lovely girl—
One who was my pride and pleasure—one who, tho'
dead and gone,
Changed my life from joy and gladness to a being old
and worn.
Slowly I rebound the package, and the tears came down
like rain,
And I tenderly replaced it where for ages it had lain.
Strange how such things do affect us—make our spirits
sadly droop;
But how mad that hair would make us if we found it in
our soup!

JOE FORD THE FIREMAN.

"WHAT's the crowd, sir? Why, haven't yea 'eard
Joe Ford is buried to-day?
Why, I thought 'ow hev'ry one know'd it all—
'Ow he giv'd 'is life away.
Tell yer about it? In course I will,
If yer've got a minnit to stay.

"There two o'clock in the dead o' the night—
Let's see, 'twere a week ago—
When a fire broke hout in the Gray's Inn Road,
An' the 'ouse was soon all in a glow;
But the 'Gbun escape, comed a rattlin' hup,
An' 'long with the 'scape were Joe.

"Joe, yer sees, were a right good sort,
Fire 'arn't no terrors for he;
So he takes in the state of affairs at a glance,
An', says he, 'Jest leave it to me,'
An' he hup an' he rescues five pore sould,
As slick as slick could be!

"But 'is task weren't done, for a top o' the 'ouse
Wos a 'ooman 'alf dead with fright,
An' the flames wos bustin' all hout below—
They says 'twere a hawful sight;
But Joe only bit 'is lips a bit,
An' went in for the fearful fight.

"Then hup through the 'ot red smoke went he,
An' up through the biting flame;
Seizes 'old o' the woman an' sends her down,
An' a cheer from the pavement came;
But the fire 'ad catched 'old the nettin' now,
An' 'twere clearly a despurd game.

"They 'eld their breaths, did the crowd beneath,
As they saw poor Joe get caught;

He got tangled, sir, in the burnin' mass,
 Oh! God, 'tis a terrible thought;
 But there he roasted, that good, brave man,
 Who for human life 'ad fought.

"'Twasn't long, thank heaven, and then he falled
 With a 'orrid, 'orrid thud;
 Falled down by the side of the folks he 'ad saved,
 An' lied all stunned in the mud.
 'Twos a fearful fall, an' they pickt 'im hup
 With 'is 'elmet drenched in blood.

"He never spok't; p'raps 'twere just as well,
 For, sir, as it seems to me,
 'Is dyin' hact spoke out louder far
 Than any langwidge could be;
 Nor words couldent cap 'is last brave deed,
 For he died for another, did he.

"Yes, jest when the sun o' that foggy morn,
 With 'is light were beginnin' to leaven
 The murky darkness that 'anged so thick—
 When the clocks was a clanging seven,
 An' the silent city were waken' hup—
 Joe Ford went straight to heaven!

* * * * *

"I never cared much for yer 'eroes,
 For your ginerals an' sich as they,
 Who got their penshuns and perkisites
 For a takin' o' lives away;
 They ain't the sort o' 'eroes for I—
 But I 'spose they must have their day.

"An' I bean't no scholard; when I were a kid,
 I wasn't pickt up by no board;
 But I've got my notions, in spite o' that,
 And troo courage I've allus adored;
 An' if hever a 'ero walked this earth,
 That 'ero was pore Joe Ford.

"Pore, did I say? then, with your kind leave
I've withdrawer that word, sir, off-hand;
He wos rich in all that makes a man,
An' he's rich in the love o' the land;
An' I think—an' I says it with reverence, sir—
Werry 'near to God's throne he'll stand!"

LONDON FIREMAN.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

[This extract from the popular novel *Ben-Hur* should be given with spirit and naturalness, as by a spectator watching the exciting contest. Let no part of this animated description drag.]

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open. First came the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalk-line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. The gate-keepers called their men. Instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength: "Down! down!" As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage rose, electrified and irrepressible, and leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams.

The competitors were now under full view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they must first make their chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. This trial, its perils and consequence, the spectators knew thoroughly. They breathlessly watched the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required.

Look upon the arena, and see it glistening, its frame

of dull gray granite walls; see the chariots, light of wheel, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold; see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars; in their left hands, held in careful separation and high, that they might not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins, passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage poles; see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as for speed, see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—every muscle of rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force.

The competitors have started, each on the shortest line, for the position next the wall. The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter blew a signal vigorously. The judge dropped the rope not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against his yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The thousands held their breath with horror.

Messala speeds on. The Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as if ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds. Every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

Ben-Hur was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman.

Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the race began Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. When not half way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision and the rope fell, give him the wall.

The rope fell, and all the fours but Ben-Hur's sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and darted across the trails of his opponents, swept around and took the course on the outside, neck-and-neck with Messala. The two neared the second goal. Viewed from the west was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle. Making a successful turn at this point was the most telling test of the charioteer. A hush fell over all the circus; the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds was distinctly heard. At this critical moment Messala, whirling his lash with practiced hand, caught the Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut, the like of which they had never known, simultaneously shouting: "Down, Eros! up, Mars!"

Involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the spectators.

Forward sprang the affrighted Arabs as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar, with which so long he fought at sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which, in old times, the trembling ship yielded to the beat of the staggering billows, drunk with power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and calling to them in soothing voice, tried merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the

people began to abate, he had back the mastery; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala.

Three rounds concluded. Still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative positions.

Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. "A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consuls' awning. There was no reply. "A talent, or five talents, or ten—choose ye!" But the offer was refused.

Messala has reached his utmost speed, and throws loose the reins, while Ben-Hur throws all his weight on the bits. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bounds; they screamed, howled and tossed their colors, while Sanballat filled his tablet with wagers. Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round, Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces.

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" shouted the throng.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions. "Speed thee, Jew! Take the wall now! Now or never!"

At the second goal there was still no change! And now to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. On the three pillars, only six hundred feet away, were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweet by hate, all in store for him.

Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hands; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and hissed and writhed, again and again; though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly, not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents, singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, and victory! And the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! Ha, ha, 'tis done! Rest!"

Ben-Hur had turned the goal first, and *won* the race.

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

THE TARTAR WHO CAUGHT A TARTAR.

[A Hungarian Legend.]

THERE'S trouble in Hungary now, alas!
There's trouble on every hand;
For that terrible man,
The Tartar Khan,
Is raving over the land!

He is riding forth with his ugly men
To rob and ravish and slay;
For deeds like those
You may well suppose
Are quite in the Tartar way.

And now he comes, that terrible chief,
To a mansion grand and old;
 And he peers about
 Within and without,
And what do his eyes behold?

A thousand cattle in fold and field,
And sheep all over the plain,
 And noble steeds
 Of rarest breeds,
And beautiful crops of grain.

But finer still is the hoarded wealth
That his ravished eyes behold,
 In silver plate
 Of wondrous weight,
And jewels of pearl and gold!

A nobleman owns this fine estate,
And when the robber he sees,
 'Tis not very queer
 He quakes with fear,
And trembles a bit in his knees!

He quakes in fear of his precious life,
And scarce suppresses a groan,
 "Good Tartar," says he,
 "Whatever you see
Be pleased and reckon your own!"

The Khan looked round in a leisurely way,
As one who is puzzled to choose;
 When, cocking his ear,
 He chanced to hear
The creak of feminine shoes!

The Tartar smiled a villainous smile,
When, like a lily in bloom,
 A lady fair,
 With golden hair,
Came gliding into the room!

The robber stared with enormous eyes;
 Was ever so winning a face!
 And look, he gazed
 As one amazed,
 To see such beauty and grace!

A moment more, and the lawless man
 Had seized his struggling prey,
 Without remorse,
 And, taking horse,
 He bore the lady away!

"Now, Heaven be praised," the nobleman cried,
 "For many a mercy to me!
 I bow me still
 Unto his will,
God pity the Tartar!" said he.

TOMMY'S COMPOSITION ON WOMEN.

[His Opinion of the Gentler Sex.]

WIMMIN aint Good fur mutch now a daise, unless tha is brung up the rite wa. Mi pa ses so. Hea ses his muther was the rite sorte. Mi ma ses, shea Thanks hur Stars that shea aint like her. Wimmin blongs to sowing Societis. The Minestur's wife ol wais has the Moast to say, Mi ma aint going to cum under her Rools, not by a jug full. Ma ses the Minestur's wife needent Think Hursel sutch dretful Big punkins, shea aint no smarter than the uther Wimmin round herr, even If shea has got a edgukated man fur a Husband. Shea tried hard Enuff to ketch him. Ma could had the Minestur fur her man, But she didn't Want him. She told mi pa so. Hee got mad and hollered:—"Whi in Blazes Didn't yoo? It woud a bin a streek of Good luck fur mea if you had." Ma ses, men Haint got no manners and thaire Tempers is so onruly. Wimmin make sculemoms. Tha kant Handle a feller as Well as a man ken. Thea teecher licked mi Big brother the

uther da. His name is Joshoway, but we call Him Josh fur short. His licking done him lots of Good. Josh sawed thea teechers chare leg part waise off, and When hee sot down it broke and hee went off the Platform Backwards, lickity shoot! Josh blamed it onto Thee Feller what sat with him, but I seen Josh do it, and I told the teecher on him. He yanked Josh out on Thee Flore and give him a Boss Dusting. Josh howld so yoo cood heer him a good Waise Off. When resess Time cum and us Fellers was a piling out onto the pla Grounds, Josh sed: "Tommy, yoo jest wate till we git hoam! If I don't Tan ver Hide yoo may Call me A scallowag." But hee hain't had No Chans to pitch onto mee, so fur, cause I told Pa, and hee keaps his iye on Him. Sick wimmin is lots of Trubbel. Thea moar yoo wate on them thee Better thay enjoy tharselves. A fu dase Ago mi Ma went to sea A wumman what was sick. Hur man was a kooking Hur sum Grooel. When hea karrid it to Hur, she sed: "Yoo hain't got no Sault into this hear Grooel! How ken yoo xpeckt Mee ter git Well This Wa? Take hit Awa and sault it." When hea got that dun and cum back shea sed: "Now it's too saulty. I kant Nevergit well this wa. You hain't got no Judgement. Thro it out, and kooke me Sum moar." He kooked up anuther mess, and tooke it to hur And sed: "Hear is thea sault sellur, now sault your Grub to sute yoorselfe." She asked mi Ma: "Did you Ever see such A man? Hee hain't got no sympathi fur my Sufferins. I Dont bleeve hee kares if I git well or not. But I Dont Want mi childrin to have a step muther; shea mite raise them the rong wa. Perhapps, After i was Ded and gone, hea mite think of this grooel bisnis and feal sorri. No matter how much hee mite tear arounde And howl, that woodn't Bring me back." Mi teecher ses, my composishuns is impruveing aul Thee Time.

LINCOLN'S LAST DREAM.

APRIL flowers were in the hollows; in the air were
April bells,
And the wings of purple swallows rested on the battle
shells;
From the war's long scene of horror now the nation
found release;
All the day the old war bugles blew the blessed notes of
peace.

Thwart the twilight's damask curtains
Fell the night upon the land,
Like God's smile of benediction
Shadowed faintly by His hand.
In the twilight, in the dusk light, in the starlight every-
where,
Banners waved like gardened flowers in the palpitating
air.

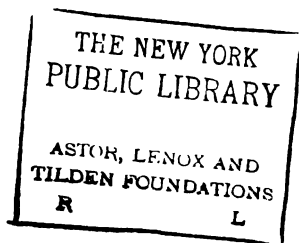
In Art's temple there were greetings, gentle hurryings
of feet,
And triumphant strains of music rose amid the num-
bers sweet.
Soldiers gathered, heroes gathered, women beautiful
were there:
Will he come, the land's Beloved, there to rest an hour
from care?

Will he come who for the people
Long the cross of pain has borne—
Prayed in silence, wept in silence,
Held the hand of God alone?
Will he share the hour of triumph, now his mighty
work is done?
Here receive the people's plaudits, now the victory is
won?

O'er thy dimpled waves, Potomac, softly now the moon-
beams creep;
O'er far Arlington's green meadows, where the brave
forever sleep.



A. SALVINI, JR.



'Tis Good Friday; bells are tolling, bells of chapels
beat the air
On thy quiet shores, Potomac; Arlington, serene and
fair.

And he comes, the nation's hero,
From the White House, worn with care
Hears the name of "Lincoln!" ringing
In the thronged streets everywhere;
Hears the bells—what memories bringing to his long
uplifted heart!
Hears the plaudits of the people as he gains the Hall
of Art.

Throbs the air with thrilling music, gayly onward sweeps
the play;
But he little heeds the laughter, for his thoughts are far
away;
And he whispers faintly, sadly: "Oft a Blessed Form.
I see,
Walking calmly 'mid the people on the shores of Gal-
ilee;
Oft I've wished His steps to follow;
Gently listen, wife of mine!
When the cares of State are over,
I will go to Palestine.
And the paths the Blessed followed I will walk from
sea to sea,
Follow Him who healed the people on the shores of
Galilee."

Hung the flag triumphant o'er him, and his eyes with
tears were dim,
Though a thousand eyes before him lifted oft their smiles
to him.
Forms of statesmen, forms of heroes, women beautiful
were there,
But it was another vision that had calmed his brow of
care.
Tabor glowed in light before him,
Carmel in the evening sun;
Faith's strong armies grandly marching
Through the vale of Esdralon;

Bethany's palm-shaded gardens, where the Lord the sisters met,
And the Paschal moon arising o'er the brow of Olivet.

Now the breath of light applauses rose the templed arches through,
Stirred the folds of silken banners, mingled red and white and blue;
But the Dreamer seemed to heed not: rose the past his eye before—

Armies guarding the Potomac, flashing through the Shenandoah;

Gathering armies, darkening navies,

Heroes marching forth to die;

Chickamauga, Chattanooga,

And the Battle of the Sky;

Silent prayers to free the bondmen in the ordeal of fire,
And God's angel's sword uplifted to fulfill his heart's desire.

Thought he of the streets of Richmond on the late triumphant day,

When the swords of vanquished leaders at his feet surrendered lay,

When amid the sweet bells ringing all the sable multitudes

Shouted forth the name of "Lincoln!" like a rushing of the floods;

Thought of all his heart had suffered,

All his struggles and renown,—

Dreaming not that just above him

Lifted was the martyr's crown;

Seeing not the dark form stealing through the music-haunted air;

Knowing not that 'mid the triumph the betrayer's feet were there.

* * * * *

April morning; flags are blowing: 'thwart each flag a sable bar,

Dead, the leader of the people; dead, the world's great commoner.

Bells on the Potomac tolling ; tolling by the Sangamon ;
 Tolling from the broad Atlantic to the Ocean of the Sun.
 Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,
 Listen to the low prayers said,
 Hear the people's benedictions,
 Hear the nations praise the dead.
 Lovely land of Palestina ! he thy shores will never see,
 But, his dream fulfilled, he follows Him who walked in
 Galilee.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.

[For a boy.]

THE boy who does a stroke and stops
 Will ne'er a great man be ;
 'Tis the aggregate of single drops
 That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
 A mountain, so to speak ;
 The little atoms of sand and earth
 Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams,
 The gold above the gray ;
 'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams
 That make the day the day.

Not from the snow-drifts May awakes
 In purples, reds, and greens ;
 Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
 To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
 And soak from branch to root ;
 And blossoms bloom and fall withal,
 Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till
 And wait the wheaten bread,
 Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
 Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
 But, spite of all the din,
 It is the patient holding out
 That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto, then, at start—
 'Twill help to smooth the way ;
 And steady up both hand and heart—
 "Rome wasn't built in a day!"

Alice Carey.

WAKING THE DEAD.

CLEM BERRY, a negro who was formerly a stage-runner in Virginia City, said: "You see, sah, one fine moonlight Sunday ebenin' not long ago, I wuz a strollin' off out hyar dis away in de shruburbs of de town among de groves, I wur a—ockerpyin' my time wid listinin' to de songs ob de katydids and de tree frogs. Finally, gittin' a little tired, I sot down 'longside of a fence to rest. De fust I knowed I drapped off asleep. I got to dreamin' that I wur up in Virginia City, a sendin' out de ole-time stages. In my sleep I got so yearnest 'bout de business dat I yelled out: 'All aboard hyar for Reno, Dutch Flat, Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' I waked up just as the last words wur out'n my mouf. De sound ob de yell wur still a-ringin' 'roun' up dar among dem bald peaks ob de Sierras, five miles away. In de echoes dat come rollin' back I could make out de words, 'Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento.' I could hardly believe it were me dat had hol-lered. It seemed like it were bigger nor my best yell. To make sure 'bout de matter, I put on all steam, braced boff hands against de top board ob de fence, frowed my

head back onto my spine and pour'd fo'th: 'Oh, yes; all aboard hyar fur Reno, Dutch Flat, Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' Again my voice went a crackin' about up in de mountains. It just tumbled about dem peaks like a thunder-clap. I listen, and once more I hear de echo come back to de valley—'Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' Well, sah, dat conwince me, an' I wur just kind o' ponderin' 'bout de fac' dat my voice wur as good as ever, when dar was an interruption. I seen sumfin' a comin'. As de fing comes on I heard a kind of rattlin' noise. I prick up my ears an' I listen. I bug out my eyes an' I look. I listen an' I listen—an' I look. Den I make it out. 'Fore de Lord dar wur a comin', right down to whar I stood, a skeleton wid a coffin under its arm, an' a tombstone on its shoulder. Den I see, comin' behin' dat one, two more wid dare coffins an' dare tombstones. Dey wus all a comin' right down from de graveyard. De cole chills runned up an' down my back—pledge you my word, sah, it is de fac'!—an' my teef chattered as I looked at dem walken dead men. My knees dey shook so dat I had to hold on to de fence wid one han', an' to de branch ob a tree wid de odder, to keep from fallin' to de groun'.

"De tree skeletons dey come straight up to whar I stood. Den dey drapped dare coffins, chucked down dare tombstones on end, an' stood lookin' at me over de tops ob dem—all tree in a row. On de fust tombstone I seed de name of old Jedge Groggins, dat used to be at Dutch Flat, an' on de odder two de names ob Bill Simmons an' Jack Hawkins, dat used ter live up Grass Valley way.

"Well, sah, dey all stan' an' look at me 'bout a minute. I look on dem, an' as I look, dare come de sound of er voice from de wicinity of de skeleton what had on its tombstone de names of Jedge Groggins, dat woice it muttered holler like an' it said: 'Whar's de coach, Clem?' An' den de two dey turn dare skulls dis away an' dat away, an' den look at me an' say, 'Whar's de coach?'

"'Fore de Lord! I just felt like I'd drap in my

tracks! Just then sumpfin', I don't know what it wur—maybe ole times habit—put it inter my head, an' I said, quite brisk-like: 'Gemmen, go an' take another nip. De coach shan't go off wid out yer; so yer needn't come back till yer hear me holler again!'

"De skeletons all turn dare heads an' look at one anudder an' nod. Den dey all shoulder dare tombstones, take dare arms an' march back de way dey'd come.

"Now, sah, dem men all used ter be passidgers o' mine—yes, many an' many a time. Dare dey all lays.

"I s'pose dey's all a-layin' dare now awaitin' fur de coach—a waitin' to hear me holler. I haven't gibben de ole-time yell since dat night, an' I ain't gwinter. It wakes de dead, sah. It wakes de dead!"

EVE.

O DEAR little Eve, O poor little Eve,
How sad, indeed, was your state,
When you stood with your tender, naked feet,
Outside of the garden gate!

Remember, I don't want to screen you a bit;
When everything else was your own,
You might, for your own sake, if not for mine,
Have left that tree alone.

But I won't say too much, though you've made me drink
Through life such a bitter cup,
For the best of us all might have done the same,
With no mother to bring us up.

And I'm sure you had a hard enough time,
Without any fault being found,
When you settled down without any house,
And no other families around.

How did you cook, without pots and pans?
Or sleep, without any bed?
And how did you manage to sew at all,
Without any needles and thread?

How did you feel when Sundays came,
With no nice dresses to wear?
And not so much as a brush and comb
To smooth out your long, loose hair?

What did you do in the evening-time
When Cain began to cry,
With no warm cradle to rock him in
As you sang your lullaby?

And when the little fellow got sick,
And you took him on your knee,
What did you do for a cup and spoon
To give him his catnip tea?

How dull, when Adam came back from work,
And you sat down without any chairs,
With no books, not papers, nor even a chance
To talk over your neighbors' affairs!

I dare say things brightened up a good bit
After a few hundred years;
But the worry and fret you had at the first
Must have given us our birthright of tears.

O Eve, little Eve, if you only had known
Who it was that tempted you so,
You'd have kept out of mischief, nor lost your nice home
For the sake of an apple, I know.

But I won't be too hard, 'twould scarcely be fair,
Since we all like to have our own way;
And those who most blame you, I feel very sure,
Are far greater sinners to-day.

MISS HANEY.

THE EVILS OF WAR.

[Original.]

SEARCHING the history of past nations, we find it filled with records of bloodshed, conquest and war, of man pitted against man in deadly strife, until now the more civilized countries regard war as a calamity. Without doubt there have been nations wronged to such a degree that forbearance seemed impossible and an appeal to arms to be the only recourse. In such a case war may be not only justifiable but, if the aggrieved is triumphant, beneficial.

The most prominent element of a civilized nation is an enlightened and charitable populace; but, if the hearts of the people are hardened to resist the appeal of distress over which nature should weep, it matters little how refined, skilled or honored is that nation. War leads to this. It crushes and deadens the sensibilities, throws men back in the scale of civilization and transforms them to a condition of cruelty characteristic of the vilest brute.

The amount of evil done by war in retarding the work of missionaries cannot be estimated. The missionary may go to a benighted land and proclaim that his religion induces men to renounce strife and contention and to treat all as brethren, but he is met with a reception which he cannot understand. His countrymen have been there before him, the native has seen his barbarous deeds, and instinct warns him to be distrustful. Christian lands may send missionaries to Palestine, but on that very soil terrible have been the scenes enacted by war. After such an invasion as was made by Napoleon, who could blame the Moslem, when sought for conversion, for pointing to the bones of his countrymen bleaching upon his devastated fields and saying: "Your deeds are inconsistent with your precepts; your faith is a false one; I have no confidence in your religion."

It has been said that insurrections have proved beneficial. The most cruel and savage of all wars are those of civil strife. In these, to a greater extent than in any

other, the principles and institutions of social life are interrupted. This was exemplified in the Jewish wars and in the French Revolution. In the latter, every man stood in fear of his neighbor. Distrust, suspicion and terror were stamped upon every visage. The smile that enlightened the domestic hearth was changed to a look of hate. Before each mind are hideous images constantly lurking—the vision of the lictor and spectre of the gory guillotine.

We have numerous examples of nations being opened to commercial relations and civilizing influences by force of arms, and in not one instance have the effects been lasting. We may have recourse to Rome and the nations reduced by her—to Italy, and ask, "Where is her ancient glory?" to Spain and her poverty-stricken people with no longer ambition or patriotism—to Northern Africa, where glory and grandeur has long since been forgotten—to Turkey, and there read the evidences of her dissolution; and even France, though she felt but a short time the power of the Roman, yet the effects of her development by force are perceptible in her unstable government. Of what advantage has been the opening of China by British force? To England financially it has been a benefit; to the world it has been a detriment; to China herself it has been a curse. England may boast of the advancement she is producing and the good her missionaries are doing, but there she stands in her glaring hypocrisy with the gospel in one hand and in the other the sword, the red flag humbling China in the dust and compelling the acceptance of her deadly narcotic that British coffers may be replenished at the sacrifice of human lives and souls. -

Of what benefit to mankind have been the millions of men under arms in Europe for the past centuries of merciless war and hollow truce, ready at a moment's warning to grapple in deadly conflict? And for what? For policy? no. For principle? no; but for greed and jealousy and that hollow, empty title of glory. For this they have sacrificed their millions of men. For this they have desolated their homes. For this they have impoverished their countries.

We will pass by with simple mention the demoralizing effect war has had upon agriculture, its unpropitious influences upon sculpture, painting and architecture; how science and literature have suffered from its inroads, how religious institutions have felt its depressing influences, how politics have been effected, how nations have become poverty-stricken, and, last of all, how humanity has been degraded.

Let us go to a modern field of battle when slaughter and carnage are at their height. See those beings bearing the same image, coming from the same Creator, struggling together amid the clash of swords and thunder of artillery. See those mighty powers with which man is endowed—his strength, reason and intellect—turned to so fiendish a purpose as the destruction of his fellow men. For hours the conflict rages. At last the shouts of the victors die away and the smoke which has been hanging like a pall over the scene, as if striving to conceal the murderous deeds of man, rolls away. What a spectacle is revealed to the gaze! The whole broad field of battle is strewn with human bodies; the fountains of life are open and their blood wells from deep and ghastly wounds. The harvest of death is a bountiful one. There is a phase of this enormity seldom remembered in the emblazonment of the achievements of valor. For every man who is murdered in this battle there is a home, perhaps far away among his native hills, where a fond mother, a sister, or a wife is watching eagerly for some news of the last great battle. Alas! as the tidings are brought to her her worst fears are realized, and it seems as if human nature can not withstand the blow. The hand that drove the steel through the heart of her loved one has pierced hers with a more cruel shaft. She may be told how bravely he fought, how he died nobly at the head of his column, and how his memory will be cherished by his grateful countrymen; but mockeries to her are the honors. While the stricken are filling the land with sounds of mourning and distress, others are rejoicing because of the victory. Never a thought is paid to those who have given what is dearer even than life itself. And while the world is praising some great warrior or

extolling some eloquent orator clamoring for the blood of his fellow beings, the weight of the evil cry for vengeance.

Does it stand in the light of reason that the authors of this misery shall go unpunished, that retribution shall not come? No, as long as there is a Being who judges between right and wrong, will the deeds resulting from war be reckoned as crimes. Point, ye advocates of war, to the benefits. Has it been a benefit to the world to have the flower of her youth cut off and sacrificed to nameless glory? Has it been a benefit to mankind to have lives blasted and homes desolated? Has it been a benefit to creation itself to have man stand before his Maker adjudged of the most culpable crimes?

NELSON R. BARRETT.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

[For a small boy.]

COME, listen to my song, it is no silly fable,
'Tis all about the mighty cord they call the Atlantic
Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, said he, "I have a pretty notion
That I could run a telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean."

And all the people laughed and said they'd like to see
him do it;
He might get "half seas over," but never would go
through it.

To carry out his foolish plan he never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself with his Atlantic
Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man, a fellow of decision,
And heeded not their careless words, their laughter and
derision.

'Twice did his bravest efforts fail, yet his mind was stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart because he broke
his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys," said he, "three times,"—
you know the fable.

"I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "but what I'll lay
the cable."

Hurrah! hurrah! again hurrah! what means this great
commotion?

Hurrah! hurrah! The cable's laid across the Atlantic
Ocean.

Loud ring the bells, for flashing through ten thousand
leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings spread, and soon in every
nation,
They'll hear about the cable with profoundest admiration.

Long live the gallant souls who helped our noble Cyrus;
And may their courage, faith, and zeal, with emulation
fire us.

And may we honor, evermore, the manly, bold and stable,
And tell our sons, to make them brave, how Cyrus laid
the cable.

PETAH.

[Impersonate.]

Now, Petah, go and sot down dah
'Pon dat schackly tree-legged chah;
Tha', now, while I hab time to spah
I wants to talk to you sah.

Dah ain't no use foolin' roun',
 Dah's one ting shuah dat I hab foun',
 I'b got to trash you good an' soun',
 Dat's what I'm gwine to do sah.

I'b talked to you wid sobe and teahs,
 You'b grinned an' kep' on, till it peahs
 Dat youh's a mule widout de eahs:
 Dey's all you is lacking'.
 You's cuttin' up de lib-long day;
 De bery debil am to pay;
 You'll nebah mind a ting I say
 Unless you gets a whackin'.

How's dat? an' dat? You Petah, stop!
 Gib back dat cane, sah! Let it drop!
 (I'll kotch 'im, den I'll make 'im hop,
 De lousy, sassy niggah!)
 Deah Petah, chile, cum back to me;
 Your fader lubs you; don't you see
 His ahms stretched out? dey longs to be
 Aroun' your lubly figgah.

I longs to hole you to my bres';
 I longs de rongs I'b done t' confess,
 I'll nebber git a minit's res'
 Till you's forgot dis lickin'.
 O honey, don't be skeered, I say,
 Come right along, dat am de way;
 Yah! Yah! I'se got you now, I say,
 Dah's no use in yer kickin'.

I's mighty sorry for ye, chile,
 Dat am a bery ghasly smile
 Dat's playin' roun' yer mouf dis while,
 Yer turnin' kinder yellin'
 De wood-shed am de place for chillen
 Dat's stubborn; an' in case you's willin',
 We'll go dah, and I'll bet a shillin'
 I'll make you whoop and holler!

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said—"Come, tell me, dear."

"It's father's bowl I've broken ;
 'Twas for his dinner kept.
 I took it safe, but coming back
 It fell"—again she wept.

"But you can mend it, can't you?"
 Cried the despairing child
 With sudden hope, as down on her,
 Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
 I cannot make it whole,
 But I can give you sixpence
 To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
 In purse, and pocket, too,
 And found but golden guineas.
 He pondered what to do.

"This time, to-morrow, Posy,"
 He said, "again come here,
 And I will bring your sixpence,
 I promise! Never fear."

Away went Joan rejoicing—
 A rescued child was she;
 And home went good Sir William;
 And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
 And low before him bends:
 "Will not Sir William come and dine
 To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
 The man among all men
 You wish to meet. He will be here.
 You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her.
He must his friends refuse.
So "a previous engagement"
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired
His presence at the splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard—
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!

CELIA THAXTER.
In Saint Nicholas.

DISADVANTAGES OF MORAL COURAGE.

MORAL courage is a big thing. All the good papers advise everybody to have moral courage. All the almanacs wind up with a word about moral courage. The Rev. Murray and the Rev. Collier and the Rev. Spurgeon, and lots of other reverends tell their congregations to exhibit moral courage in daily life. Moral courage



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doesn't cost a cent, everybody can fill up with it until he can't eat half a dinner after going without breakfast.

"Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket," is one of the moral courage paragraphs.

Mr. Mower read this once and he determined to act upon it. One day his wife handed him five dollars, which she had been two years saving, and asked him to bring her up a parasol and a pair of gaiters. On the way down town he met a creditor, and had the moral courage to pay him. Returning home his wife called him 157,000 names, such as "fool," "idiot," etc., and then struck him four times with a flat-iron. After that he didn't have as much moral courage as would make a leaning post for a sick grasshopper, and his wife didn't forgive him for thirteen years.

"Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him," is another paragraph. That means if you keep a store, and old Mr. Putty comes in and wants a pound of tea charged, you must promptly respond:

"Mr. Putty, your credit at this store isn't worth the powder to blow a mosquito over a tow string. You are a fraud of the first water, Mr. Putty, and I wouldn't trust you for a herring's head if herrings were selling at a cent a box."

Mr. Putty will never ask you for credit again, and you will have the consciousness of having performed your honest duty.

"In providing an entertainment for your friends, have the courage not to go beyond your means," is another paragraph. If your daughter wants a party, and you are short, don't be lavish. Borrow some chairs, make a bench of a board and two pails, and set out some molasses and watermelon, and tell the crowd to gather around the festive board and partake. They will appreciate your moral courage, if not the banquet.

"Have the courage to show your respect for honesty," is another. That is, if you hear of anybody who picked up a five dollar bill and restored it to its owner, take him by the hand and say: "Mr. Bramble, let me com-

pliment you on being an honest man. I didn't think it of you, and I am agreeably disappointed. I always believed you were a liar, a rascal and a thief, and I am glad to find that you are neither—shake."

"Have the courage to speak the truth," is a paragraph always in use. I once knew a boy named Peter. One day when he was loafing around he heard some men talking about old Mr. Hangmoney. Their talk made a deep impression on Peter, and he went to the old man and spoke the truth. He said: "Mr. Hangmoney, when I was uptown to-day I heard Baker say you were a regular old hedge-hog with a tin ear."

"What!" roared the old gent.

"And Clevis said you were meaner than a dead dog rolled in tan-bark," continued the truthful boy.

"You im—you villain!" roared the old man.

"And Kingston said that you were a baldheaded, cross-eyed, cheating, lying, stealing old skunk under the hen-coop!" added the boy.

Then old Mr. Hangmoney fell upon the truthful Peter and he mopped the floor with him, knocked his heels against the wall, tore his collar off, and put his shoulder out of joint, all because that boy had the moral courage to tell the truth.

And there was young Towboy—it was the same with him. He had the moral courage to go over to an old maid and say:

"Miss Fallsair, father said he never saw such a withered up old Hubbard squash as you are around trying to trap a man!"

"He did, eh?" mused the old maid, rising up from her chair.

"Yes, and mother says it's a burning shame that you call yourself twenty-four when you're forty-seven, and she says your hair dye costs more than our wood."

"She said that, did she?" murmured the female.

"Yes, and sister Jane said that if she had such a big mouth, such freckles, such big feet and such silly ways, she'd want the lightning to strike her!"

And then the old maid picked up the rolling-pin and sought the house in which Towboy resided, and she

knocked down and dragged out until it was a hospital. Then Towboy's father mauled him, his mother pounded him, and his sister denuded him of hair—all because he had moral courage in his daily life.

M. QUAD.

A CHURCH SCENE.

[To be acted and sung.]

"CLOSING with the Doxology in long meter," said the minister, after giving out the last hymn. The hymn was duly sung, with the congregation a half-beat behind the choir. Then the organist began to pull out stops and experiment with transitions, till finally he slid into the right key, then he pushed down all the pedals he could get his feet upon, gave the few stops remaining uncalled for a vicious twitch and began to thunder forth "Old Hundred."

The average New Yorker straightened up, grasped hold of the back of the pew ahead of him, glanced placidly around at the pretty women in the galleries, and joined them and all the multitude of worshippers in the grand old choral. In sonorous tones he sang:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Here he turned around and shook out the creases of his overcoat, and then, as he drew on one sleeve and hunched his back and wriggled his fingers and squirmed as he felt for his other sleeve, he proceeded with his adoration:

"Praise Him all creatures here below."

This tribute was paid with an ever-increasing scowl, as the sleeve that was tightly grasped by the fingers slipped while penetrating the overcoat sleeve and could not be recaptured, though the fingers of the worshipper twitched as swiftly and frantically as those of a virtuoso in the last agonies of a violin concerto. However, by

the timely aid of his wife, who unselfishly stopped adjusting her own wardrobe for the purpose, the coat sleeve was regained and the overcoat well put on and the bunch in the back smoothed out by the time the worshipper called on the angelic throng to unite with him in his devotions in these fervent words:

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host."

But apparently the abode of these ministering spirits was under the pew, for while chanting this invocation the worshipper bent over and groped on the floor for his hat and umbrella. The search was painful, and though the posture was humble and the sentiment edifying there was an expression of suppressed rage on the devout man's face, which was more demoniac than celestial. But by the end of the line the articles were discovered and collected, whereupon the worshipper straightened up again for the closing adoration to the Trinity, which was rendered with a running obligato, or "stage business," something like this: "Praise Father,"—here he angrily wiped the dust off his hat—"Son,"—pulling out his gloves and dusting his coat with them—"and Holy Ghost"—buttoning up his coat.

He then bent reverently to receive the benediction, glancing sidewise toward his wife as he did so, to see if she had kept up in the race and would be ready to jump for the aisle with him as soon as they heard "Amen."

THE VOICE.

A PERMANENT BOARDER.

[An Encore.]

I SAW her "ad." in Summer Haunts,
While sweltering in my office dreary;
Temptation lurked in every line
For me, so overworked and weary.
"Pure milk, fresh berries, shady drives,
With boat and bath and fish close by."
What wonder that I snapped the bait!
'Twas last July.

I summered in that rural place,
 Where sylvan charms and scenes were plenty,
 My hostess, buxom Widow Grace,
 Her only daughter, one-and-twenty;
 Croquet and tennis, rambles free
 With Laura of the roguish eye;
 Time floated past on gilded wings,
 But last July!

To-day, within that self-same place,
 I view the world with jaundiced vision;
 For vanished is the tender grace
 Which last year rendered life elysian;
 I drive the cattle, trundle trunks,
 Chop wood, pick berries, cradle rye;
 I'm Laura's spouse, the widow's son,
 This bleak July!

FARMER JONATHAN'S DECISION.

[An Argument on the Cider Question.]

I.

"I CURSE the day," said Jonathan, "that e'er I made a drop;
 For there's my Fred to ruin gone, I doubt if he can stop.

"And yet, I've made it year by year, and in my cellar stored,
 I've drank it with my family around the social board;—

"And if a neighbor happened in to have an evening's chat,
 'Twas, 'Have some cider with us, friend,' ere he took off his hat.

"And so the cider-mug went round, and all must have a drink;—
 How strange it seems to me to-day, I didn't stop and think.

"There's Henry, too, he loved the taste, I see it more
and more,
I've been a fool, it seems to me, to be so blind before.

"I saw him going up the road a day or two ago,
And wondered why he looked so queer, and walked so
very slow.

"I'm glad I saw and took him home before he got to
school,
To show to all who saw him there, his father was a fool.

"The boy was drunk on cider, too, I smelt it in his
breath;
I laid him down on mother's bed, and oh! she looked
like death.

"A fool and blind I've been for years to make the
curséd stuff,
I'll make no more, God helping me, it's cursed us long
enough.

"My boys, what can I do for them?—'Twas said in days
of yore
'Tis useless when the horse is stole to lock the stable
door.'

"I'll lock it, then, for other boys, lest they to ruin go;
I'll labor night and day for Fred, my boy, I've loved
him so!

"God help me win him back again to soberness and
truth,
And grant my Henry may not be a drunkard, in his
youth."——

II.

"Will I grind up your apples, old neighbor?
No! not if I'm in my right mind;
Now I hope that you'll not judge me harshly
Or think your old friend is unkind.

"What's come over me? Well, that's the question!
I've been thinking this matter all o'er,
And I've come to the settled conclusion,
I can't do the old way any more.

"You think that I've done a good business?
Nay, now it all looks to me bad;
And the thought of it just at this moment,
Why, really it makes my heart sad.

"What is it that's set me to thinking?
Why, the temperance folks are about;
And they've put it before us so plainly
I can see but one honest way out.

"I've been looking all over this region
To see just the ruin it's wrought,
And I wonder how I've been so blinded
As never to give it a thought.

"Why, if cider just stirs up the demon
And sets a man longing for more,
So he drinks until death and destruction
Stalk in at his wide-open door,

"Can I dare to make any more cider,
With the thought in my head night and day,
That when I shall stand in the judgment
Some poor soul may rise up and say,—

"There the man stands that brought me to ruin,
And lured me along to the bowl,
That has hurried me down to destruction,
And cost me the price of my soul.'

"No, neighbor, I've done with the business,
You must go with your apples elsewhere:
My mill may all tumble to pieces,
I'll ne'er make another drop there."

III.

"Will I sell you my apples for cider?
No, neighbor, that's what I can't do;
You've heard that my mill had stopped running?
Well, what you have heard is quite true.

"I've shut down for aye on that business;
No matter what people may say,
I'll have nothing more to do with it;
So we can't strike a bargain to-day.

"What is to become of my apples?
I'd rather they'd every one rot
Than to grind any more into cider
To help make my neighbor a sot.

"Don't you see, if I sell to another
My apples to go to his mill,
I'll be helping along this vile business—
Be helping to make drunkards still?

"No, neighbor, my eyes have been opened;
No more cider-making for me,
Not if this old purse goes quite empty,
And apples rot under the tree.

"I can't see so much of a difference
"Twixt grinding my apples myself,
And turning them over to neighbors
To gain just a little more pelf.

"Either way they'll be turned into cider
To lead our young people astray.
So I've made up my mind for the future
They'll go in some different way."

E. T. LARKIN.

TIM.

[Nearer to nature than some of us like to admit.]

THEY said the train was an hour behind time, and that information made us all feel put out and annoyed. Therefore, when a boy of about 14, poorly dressed and having a trampish look, came along the platform asking for financial aid to get him down to R—— on the train we were waiting for, it was but natural that one and all replied :

"If you want to go to R—— take the dirt road! You look as if you were used to tramping!"

He had no saucy word in reply. When he went and stood in the light of the window, and I saw how he shivered in the cold wind, and how worried and anxious he seemed to be, I grew ashamed of my gruff words. I saw two or three others look him over as I had done, and I had no doubt they felt as I did. I ought to have walked up to the boy and said :

"Here, my lad, if you really want to go down to R——, I am willing to help you; take this half dollar. How happens it that a lad of your age is cold, ragged, hungry, and away from home and friends?"

But I didn't. I edged toward him, ashamed, and yet not quite ready to acknowledge it to him, and all of a sudden he disappeared. I reasoned that he had gone up the hill to the village, and that his pretending to want to go to R—— was all a trick to beat honest men. When you reason that way, the heart grows hard pretty fast, and you feel a bit revengeful. We talked the matter over—four or five of us—and the conclusion was the boy would die on the gallows.

Well, the train came along after awhile, and it was moving away, after a brief stop, when a piercing shriek, followed by shouts and calls, brought us to a stop.

"Somebody's been run over!" called a voice, and in a moment the coaches were emptied.

Yes, somebody had been run over—had a leg cut off above the knee by one of the cruel wheels. Who is it? How did it happen? It was our boy—the lad who was

to end his days on the gallows. He had crept under the coach to steal a ride on the trucks. There he was having only a few moments to live—his face as white as the snow-banks, his eyes roving from face to face—his lips quivering, as twenty men knelt down and spoke words of sympathy.

"Who are you?" asked the conductor.

"Tim!"

"You shouldn't have tried it."

"But I wanted to get to R—— so bad! I was up here to find work, but nobody would have me, and yesterday I heard that mother was dead!"

"But anybody would have given you 60 cents to pay your fare."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't! I asked lots and lots of men and they said I ought to be in jail. I—I—wanted——!"

There we were—the half dozen of us who had repelled him with insult—wrung his young heart—still more—sent him to his horrible death under the wheels! We dared not look into his face—we even shunned each other.

If it could only come to pass again—Heaven would but send him back to earth and let him stand before us as he did that winter's night—but it is too late!

DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

THE moon arose from silver bars of clouds
And shone upon the blue waves of the sea,
And o'er the hills and vales of Palestine
The night wind fanned full many a weary brow
Whose aches and griefs sweet sleep refused to soothe,
And brought delicious coolness, as it passed,
To many a sleeper's face, where there was seen
No trace of anxious thought or fell disease.

There was a gorgeous palace by the sea
Wherein a chamber held the downy couch
On which the ruler's wife lay wrapt in sleep.
The bright stars twinkling silently above,

Were mirrored in the glassy sea ; the night
Seemed meet alone for dreams of happiness,
Yet sighs and moans the sleeper's care betrayed
While on her face a gloomy sadness reigned.

Just as the stars were fading from the sky,
Awak'ning from her feverish dreams, she rose
And with clasped hands beside the window knelt.
Her white face upward to the sky was turned,
And many a sob broke in upon her prayer
For safety from the terrors of the dream
That had come to her in the lonely night.
Then as the dull, gray light of morning broke,
She rose and called a messenger and said :
"Go, and say unto my lord : Have naught to do
With that just man ; for I have suffered much
This night in woeful dreams because of him.
A long life-time in these dire visions passed ;
An angel bore me to the realms of air,
And seated me upon the fleecy clouds
Whence could be seen the slumb'ring world below.
I gazed entranced on mountain, hill and sea
Until he turned his sad, dark eyes to mine,
And with a voice far sadder than his gaze :

"'Oh, sin-sick, fallen world,' said he, 'tis well
The suffering in Gethsemane is hid
From mortal eyes. On yonder earth to-night
A Man of Sorrows keeps his last sad watch,
The Holy Son of God.

For many days
The multitude have listened to his voice
On mountain side, and in the desert drear.
His weary feet among the homes of men
The ways have trod ; and those whose wasted hands
His garments touched, e'en in the crowded streets,
Were blessed with strength and lusty health once more,
While at his mild command the devils fled,
And at his gentle touch the darkened eyes
Beheld the free and glorious light of day.
The deaf ears opened to his gracious call,

The tempest wild upon the stormy sea
 Was hushed by his calm words of "Peace, be still;"
 The weary sinner from his lips hath heard
 The blessed words of heav'nly pardon fall,
 E'en those who slept the last, long sleep of death
 By his command to life were raised again.

"But now he is betrayed and scorned of men,
 And judged by those who soon must bow before
 His holy will, and hear the solemn words,
 "He came unto his own, and they received him not."

"The angel ceased, and lo! the scene was changed;
 The sun shone brightly o'er Judea's hills
 But with a sick'ning glare. The Son of God
 Led forth to Calvary, upon the cross
 Was hung, while Rome's fierce soldiers jeered and swore
 And madd'ned Jews reviled, and from afar
 Looked on and wept Jerusalem's sad daughters.

"At last, with face upturned in agony,
 His trembling lips breathe forth the sad, sweet prayer,
 'Forgive them, Father!' Then, the still air
 His death-cry rent, and o'er the doomed land,
 While yet the sun was high, thick darkness fell.

"Then all again was changed. I stood before
 A dazzling throne and all earth's myriad tribes,
 And nations yet unknown, were gathered there,
 And from the lips of Him who sat thereon
 To many the sweet words, like music fell,
 'Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father.'
 But as He turned to where I stood transfixed
 His face and voice filled all my soul with dread.
 'Alas! I came unto mine own,' said He,
 'But they, mine own, received me not. Depart.'"
 SABBATH SCHOOL STUDENT.

AUNT NABBY.

[Impersonate.]

AUNT NABBY POWERS was one of those afflicted and afflictive women who, while exhibiting wonderful activity when carrying out their own plans, yet "never see a well day," but who are just able to be "up and around." There were no fair and happy days for her. They were all sombre with the touch of evils past, present, or to come. Pessimistic to the last degree, she saw no brightness or beauty in anything. Her usual aspect was one of deep dejection, and her voice was lugubrious in the extreme.

When asked how she felt, her invariable reply was—

"Porely, porely; jest so's to be up and around."

"What seems to be the matter to-day?"

"Oh, la me, I don't know. They don't nobody know. I reckon I've got to be a mizzable, suff'rin' woman all the days of my life."

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Oh, purty enough; but it's going to storm. I feel it in my bones. La me!"

That "La me!" was always uttered in comical solemnity. It was drawn mournfully out and ended with a sigh that was almost a moan.

Aunt Nabby had one of the finest gardens in the county. Nature had gifted it most lavishly. But when asked how her garden was doing she always said—

"Bad enough, bad enough; fust too dry and then too wet. I ain't expectin' to get the seeds back I put into it."

"Your fruit-trees are hanging full; you will have a splendid fruit-harvest this year."

"La me! mebbe so, mebbe so. It's a long time till harvest. I'm daily expectin' half the fruit to drop off. It's a world of dreadful disapp'intments. La me! la me!"

"Well, Aunt Nabby, I don't think any one in this neighborhood will have such a grain-harvest as you."

"I ain't buildin' no hopes on gettin' more'n my bread-

stuff out of all I've got in. I'm callatin' on buyin' feed 'fore spring. We can't expect anything to happen as we think it will in this world; la me!"

"Well, changing the subject, Aunt Nabby, how did you enjoy the new minister's sermon last Sabbath? Every one was so delighted with it!"

"Well, I do'no, I do'no. I'm feered it's only a case of a new broom sweeping clean for the fust time. I don't think he'll wear. I ain't expectin' him to; la me!"

"Well, *didn't* you enjoy the festival in the village the other night?" Everybody seemed so happy."

"I wa'n't happy, not I. Happiness ain't fur me with all my trials and afflictions. The best of ev'rything was eat up 'fore we got to the table. There was a draught on my back the hull time. The coffee was cold, and I lost my hankercher. I do'no as ever I put in a more mizzable evenin'. But then I was as happy as I reckoned I'd be."

"I'm sorry you didn't enjoy yourself"

"La me! you needn't be. Enjoyment here below ain't for me. I'm one o' them that's of few days and full o' trouble, as the Good Book says. It's a world of tribbylation for the best of us, anyhow. La me! la me!"

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat—
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup, with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash, there came to the drunkard's side
His angel-child, who that night had died.
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand ;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.
" Hey, man ! " cried the host, " what meaneth this ?
Is the covey sick ? or the dram amiss ?
Cheer up, my lad ! quick the bumper quaff ! "
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

The drunkard raised the glass once more,
And looked at its depths as so oft before ;
But started to see, on its pictured foam,
The face of his dead little child at home !
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered ;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink !

The landlord gasped, " I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can ! "
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim.
But the wand struck harder than before ;
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone ;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn ;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose ; and that seraph was nigh him still ;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed
Our hero has been a man redeemed.

And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
 And this is the prayer let us help him pray—
 That angels may come, in every land,
 To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

REV. CHAS. W. DENISON.

THE EARTH.

HURLED from the centre of Infinite Cause,
 Kept in thy pathway by unerring laws,
 Spinning alway—"without haste, without rest,"
 Gladly obeying a higher behest,

Singing,

Swinging along

With gladness and song.

Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

O'erhead the ether bends stainless and blue,
 And broad fields of Heaven expand to the view;
 Star-strewn, they glimmer with clusters so white
 Their silvery blossoms illumine the night.

Hieing,

Flying along

With gladness and song,

Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Year after year and age after age,
 The birth of the savage, the death of the sage
 Mark thy great cycles through uttermost space
 Careering with stars in thy majestic race,

Whirling,

Swirling along

With gladness and song,

Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Plunged into darkness or plunged into light—
 Bitten by ice-winds and shivering in night;
 Smiling and warm with the kiss of the sun,
 Rosy and sparkling the course thou dost run,



STUART ROBSON.

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L

Dancing,
Glancing along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

Ever and ever thou weavest our fate,
Flieth thy shuttle both early and late—
Farther from darkness, from gloom and from strife,
Nearer the fountain of Love and of Life.

Singing,
Swinging along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

HESTER M. POOLE,
in The Manhattan.

PAT AND THE DEACON.

SOME months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had preceded him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant Church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to a seat in a pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, etc. After he was seated, he turned around to brother Ingalls, and, in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired:

"Sure, an' isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I spake at all, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted :

"Amen!"

"Hist, ye divil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; "be dacent and don't make a blockhead of yourself!"

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan :

"Amen!"

"Hist, ye blackguard. Have ye no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hands in suppliant manner, said :

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yis, your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will do it."

And, suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, he dragged him up the aisle, and, with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the church.

THE LIGHT ON DEADMAN'S BAR.

THE light-house keeper's daughter looked out across the bay

To the north, where, hidden in tempest, she knew the mainland lay ;

The waters were lashed to fury by the wind that swept the sea.

"Father won't think of crossing in a storm like this," said she ;

"'Twould be death to undertake it—and yet, when he thinks of the light,

He may try to reach the island. Perhaps," and her eyes grew bright

With the thought, "if I go and light it before the night shuts down,

He may see it from the mainland, and stay all night in
the town.
I'm sure that I can do it," she whispered under her
breath,
And her heart was strong with the courage that comes
at the thought of death
When it threatens to strike our loved ones.
"For father's sake," cried she,
"I'll light the lamp and tend it. Perhaps some ship at
sea
May see it shine through the darkness and steer by its
warning star
Past the rocks and reefs of danger that lie on Dead-
man's Bar."

She climbed the winding stairway with never a thought
of fear,
Though the demon of the tempest seemed shouting in
her ear;
She seemed to feel the tower in the wild wind reel and
rock,
And it shivered from foot to turret in the great waves'
thunder shock;
But she thought not so much of danger to herself as to
those at sea,
And the father off on the mainland, as up the stair
climbed she,
Till at last she stood in the turret before the lamp whose
light
Must be kindled to flash its warning across the stormy
night.

'Twas an easy task to light it, and soon its ray shone out
Through the murky gloom that gathered the closing day.
about;
But a fear rose up in her bosom as the light began to
burn—
Could she set the wheels in motion that made the great
lamp turn?
If the light in the tower turned not, those who saw it
out at sea

Might think it was the North Point beacon or the light
on St. Marie,
And woe to the ships whose courses were steered by a
steady light
From the point where a *turning* signal should show its
star at night.

"If only my father had told me how to start the wheels!"
she cried,
As she sought to put them in motion; but all in vain
she tried
To set the great lamp turning; the stubborn wheels stood
still.
"It *shall* turn!" she cried; "it *must* turn!" and strong
of heart and will,
She roused to the task before her, and with her hands
she swung
The great lamp in a circle on the arm from which it
hung.

Now it was flashing seaward, and now it flashed toward
the land,
And those who saw the beacon would think not that the
hand
Of a little girl was turning the light up there in the
storm,
To warn the ships from the dangers with which the low
reefs swarm.
Steadily round she swung it as darkness fell over the
sea,
"Father will see it, believing the wheels are at work,"
laughed she.

Darkness closed in about her as round and round she
swung
The lamp in its iron socket. The tempest-demons sung
Their fierce, wild songs above her; below the maddened
waves
Howled at the light that was cheating the pitiless sea of
graves.

No thought of fear came to her up there alone in the
night—
Her thoughts were all of the sailors and the turning of
the light.

The lonesome hours went by her on weary feet and slow ;
Sometimes, before she knew it, her drowsy lids drooped
low ;
Then the thought of what might happen if she let the
light stand still
Was like a voice that roused her and sent a mighty
thrill
Tingling through all her being. So, steadily round she
swung
The lamp, and smiled to see its gleam across the dark
night flung.

"I wonder if father sees it. If he does, he's glad,"
thought she ;
"It may be that brother Benny is somewhere out at sea.
Who knows but what I am doing may save his ship and
him ?"
And then, for one little moment, the brave girl's eyes
grew dim,
But her heart and arm grew stronger with purpose high
and grand
As she thought of the sailor brother whose fate she
might hold in her hand.

So, with hands that never faltered through all that long,
long night
She kept the great lamp turning till broke the ruddy
light
Of morning over the waters. "Now I can sleep," said
she,
With one last thought of her father and the brother out
at sea.
Then the hands that were, oh, so weary ! fell heavily at
her side,
And she slept to dream of the beacon at the turning of
the tide

When she woke from her long, deep slumber the sun
 was high in the sky;
 Her father sat by her bedside, and another was standing
 by;
 "Benny," she cried, in gladness, "did you see the light
 last night?
 I thought of you while I turned it, and, oh, I hoped you
 might!"

"My brave little sister," he answered, "do you know
 what you did last night?
 You saved the lives of two score men when you tended
 Deadman's Light.
 'Twas a grand night's work, my sister, a brave night's
 work to save
 Two score of home-bound fishermen from a yawning
 ocean grave.
 Over there on the mainland they're talking of you
 to-day
 As the girl that saved the good ship Jane, 'God bless
 the child!' they say;
 And in many a home they'll speak, dear, your name in
 prayer to-night,
 As they think of what they owe to her who tended
 Deadman's Light."

EBEN E. REXFORD.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

A Declamation.

[From an address by Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, at a meeting of praise and thanks, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

THE boyhood friends of James A. Garfield knew what a generous, earnest, ambitious young student he was. His old comrades in the army knew what a soldier he was. His associates in Congress knew what a brave, resolute, wise leader and debater he was. We have measured him in the struggle of life. We have weighed him in the conflict of politics. We have watched each

step and been glad that each step has been upward since those student days when he struggled for bread as well as knowledge, until to-day he is the uncrowned head of the Great Republic.

But we never fully knew until now, as he lies, great-hearted and gentle-tongued, fighting for life, and looking death calmly and resolutely in the face, determined to conquer death and compel life. When thinking of that struggle, my thoughts go, as your thoughts go, to the wife who seems to have come right out from the shadow of death, that, with loving hand and tender heart she might lead him away from the shadow back to beauty and health and strength. I think of him as he stood on Inauguration Day with the thousands gathered around him, with martial music and glad acclaim on every hand. I think of him after he had put his hand on the Bible and sworn that he would obey and maintain the Constitution, turning to his wife with a loving kiss; the wife who had been his schoolmate in the days away back in the old Ohio school house; and then reverently stooping and kissing the little old mother, whose faith and love and good sense had trained him up to be President of these United States. God bless the President. God bless his loyal wife! God's richest blessing be on that little mother and spare her aged eyes from seeing her boy pass before her to the Better Land. It is a great thing to be a great soldier, a great thing to be a great orator, a grand thing to be a great statesman and wise scholar; but it is a far greater and nobler and grander thing to be a true man who is faithful to wife and obedient to mother, a kind father and loving Christian.

SOME OLD FRIENDS.

[A medley. Let the transitions be sudden and complete.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore—

While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly I heard a
 tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
 door;
 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my cham-
 ber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak Decem-
 ber,
 And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon
 the floor,
 And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
 curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
 before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-
 peating:

 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said.
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

 "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldiers knew——

Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries——

 "Charco'! charco'!"
 While echo faint and far replies—
 "Hark, O! hark, O!"
 "Charco'!"—"Hark, O!" Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;

'Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck—though still he cries——

"They strike! Hurrah! the fort has just surrendered!
 Shout! Shout! my boy, my warrior boy!
 And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
 Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours,
 And 'Victory!' 'Victory!' 'Victory!' is the shout.

"Shout—for the fiery fort and the field and the day are
 ours—
 The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
 Of the——"

Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the
 nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
 shore!
 Quoth the raven——

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink:
 Look what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine,
 Chee—chee—chee."

Off he flies, and we say as he goes——

"Blow! Let us hear the purple glens replying,
 Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill, on field, on river,
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul
 And grow forever and forever—
 Blow, bugle, blow! Let the wild echoes flying.
 And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

A LOVE SONG.

OCH, Nora, so swate, an' so purty the darlint!
 Her cheeks are like pinks shinin' out av the snow;
 An' her chin—och, my heart, the dimple that's in it!—
 An' eyes that say yis when her lips utter no.

Her form it is iligant, trim-like, an' slinder;
 An' look at the flowers that are harkin' all 'round
 To hear is she comin', wid kisses so tinder
 To give her white fut as it touches the ground!

An' oft do I mind the fust hour of our meetin'—
 The baste of a dog, he had frightened her so;
 She sprang to my arms, her poor heart wildly beatin'
 Wid fear; but i' faith, not a bit did I know

What it was ailin' mine—sich a stir an' commotion
 Inside of my chist, where her purty head lay,
 While my breath came in whirls, like the breath of the
 ocean,
 An' tripped up the words I was wantin' to say.

An' here am I waitin' an hour in the gloamin'
 Wid cruel lone spells sinkin' down in my heart;
 Hist! that is hersilf now, so craftily comin'
 To tase a poor lad wid her guile an' her art.

But ye'll not git away, sure, my beautiful daisy;
 Rest here in the arms that are lovin' and strong.
 Kape still now, mavourneen, ye'd better be aisy—
 Some other big dog might be comin' along.

THE MODERN RAVENS.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
 A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
 So poor, alas her children asked
 One night, in vain, for bread.

But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good ;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, " In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied His prophet's need."
" Yes," answered she, " but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

" But, mother, God may do again,
What he has done before ;
And so, to let the bird fly in,
I will unclosethe door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why thus the door
Was open so at night.
" My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
" That ravens might fly in and bring
My hungry children bread."

" Indeed !" the burgomaster cried,
" Then here's a raven, lad ;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
 Went to the open door,
 Looked up, and said, "We thank Thee, Lord,"
 Then shut it fast once more.
 For, though no bird had entered in,
 He knew that God on high
 Had harkened to his mother's prayer,
 And sent this full supply.

SONGS AND RHYMES.

WHY OLD JASPER WAS NOT SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

"CHARGED wid habin' two wives, is it?" asked an old negro of the Magistrate before whom he had been arraigned.

"Yes," replied the Judge. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Wall, we'll sorter hafter study 'bout dem facks an' 'vestigate 'em a leetle. I'ts owin' ter what sorter man yer leabs it ter whuder ur not I'se 'sidered guilty."

"Have you two living wives?"

"What does yer 'spose I wants wid a dead wife, Jedge? Doan draw me in dis cou't-house 'spectin' ter find me a fool. Doan 'sinuate dat de time what I spent at a night-school hab been flung away."

"Well, old man, if you have two living wives, you have violated the law, and merit a term in the penitentiary."

"Doan git fracshus an' 'demn a man 'fore yer knows all de facks. Some time ago I married Tildy Smith, a mighty likely 'oman. She was a good 'oman, as I tells yer, but one mawnin' she cussed me. I can stan' anything but bein' cussed. Ef yersef was ter set up dar an' cuss me, I doan keer who yer is, I'd hit yer sho'. Wall, when de 'oman cussed me, I sorter slapped her down. Arter dis, she didn't seem ter lub me quite so well, 'case when I felt bad and wanted ter chunk her 'roun' fur 'musement, she got outen my way. Dat wan't no way ter do, but she was still a good 'oman. One day

she tuck sick an' sent fur her sister 'Liza. She kep' er gittin' wus and wus, an' gunter talk 'bout dyin'. One ebenin' she called me an' sez, sez she: 'Jasper, I'se mighty nigh gone, an' can't lib till mawnin'. I knows dat yer can't git along widout a good wife, an' jis as I'se dyin', when I'se jis alive, I wants ter see yer married. I knows dat yer's always lubed sister 'Liza, an' now I axes yer ter marry her.' I 'greed ter dis, merely to gratify de dyin' 'oman, an' 'size dat 'Liza was a mighty likely gal. Wife she kep er gittin' wus, an' arter a while I sent fur de preacher an' de license. Da got dar jis as Tildy seemed to be drawin' her las' bref. Me an' 'Liza stood by de bed, an' when Tildy gaped fur de las' time de preacher married me an' 'Liza. Jis as de ceremony was 'formed, Tildy she hopped ouden de bed an' says: 'Oh, yes, I'se got yer now. Hit me de udder day, did yer? Now I'se got yer, an' is a gwine ter sen' yer ter de penitentiary fur habin' two wives.' Dat's de way it wus, Jedge, an' I'd like ter know at dis present writin' whut de law is gwine ter do about it?"

"You have violated the law, old man, and must suffer the consequences."

"Dat looks mighty hard. It do seem dat de law ain't got no respeck fur a man's private affairs. Stan's aside an' lets two wimin git away wid a man, an' den, 'stead ob showin' sympafy, jumps on ter de man. Now, Jedge, doan yersef believe dat any two wimin can git away wid one po' man?"

"That's a fact," the Judge replied. "One woman is bad enough, but two, oh, oh! You can go, old man."

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

KIT CARSON'S WIFE.

[Give with spirit and force.]

ONE winter eve, when cabin's bright
With the crimson flash of the log-fire's light,
And the soft snow sleeps on the prairie's breast,
They gather—the frontier scouts of the West—

And, speaking sometimes with bated breath
Of wars of the border, and deeds of death,
They crown their stories of reckless strife
With the famous ride of Kit Carson's wife.

For into a Sioux village one day,
From Dixon, a hundred miles away,
A horseman reached the chieftain's tent,
Dismounted, staggered and gasped: "I'm sent
With sorrowful news from the pale-face town.
Kit Carson the scout is stricken down,
And before he bids farewell to life
He would see the face of his Indian wife."

She heard that story—the chieftain's child—
Her bronze face whitened, her glance grew wild;
She grasped her deer-skin cloak and felt
The pistols were safe in her wampum belt;
She uttered only a smothered moan,
And the scout and the chieftain stood alone.

Her pony snorted; she grasped his mane,
And the fleetest mustang that pressed the plain,
Turning away from the sunset light,
Sped like an arrow into the night,
And the flanks threw backward a glistening foam
As she headed her horse to her husband's home.

Oh, sing not to me of Lochinvar,
Or of reckless rides in glorious war!
But, oh! if ever perchance you hear
Of Sheridan, Graves, or Paul Revere—
Of all that galloped to deathless life,
Just speak the name of Kit Carson's wife.

The stars leaped out in the boundless sky,
And the girl looked up as the moon flashed by—
The terrified moon, in a terrible race,
Keeping time to her pony's pace!
She heard the hoot of the lonely owl,

Louder and louder, piercing the air,
Till her throbbing heart moaned a pitiful prayer,
For, grasping her pistol and looking back,
The Indian girl saw wolves on her track.

The foremost fell with a shot in his heart,
And his comrades tore him part from part
While the horse flashed faster over the plain
With the girl's dark face in his tangled mane,
Over the trackless prairies, away,
Galloping into the new-born day.
The first faint rays of the daybreak dim
Showed her upon the horizon's rim
An armed band of her people's foes,
Riding as fast as the north wind blows,
With the flash of the sun on the leader's plume—
A signal that sealed the maiden's doom.

But the daring blood of a noble race,
Like flames in a gloomy forest place,
Flushed redly into her Indian face,
And she caught the tomahawk at her side,
A toy in the blood of berries dyed—
Swung it aloft, and with panting breath
Galoped full in the front of death.

Over each mustang every foe
Swerved like lightning, bending low;
Thro' the band, that parted to right and left,
A clear wide path the maiden cleft,
And an instant more she had passed them by
And was riding alone into the eastern sky.

The terrified braves looked back on her there,
While the sunlight's glory over her hair
Shone like a halo, wonderful, grand!
Had she fled from the far-off spirit-land?
Had she brought them blessings, or a blight?
They shuddered and broke into sudden flight.

Into the streets of a cabin town—
Into the village riding down,
With fevered brain, and with glazing eyes,
And breath that fluttered with gasping sighs,
Still she urged on the faltering steed
That had served her well in her hour of need.
And the pony leaped as it felt the rein,
Galloped, staggered, and reeled again,
And just as it reached Kit Carson's door,
With work well done and with anguish o'er,
Fell to the earth and stirred no more.
An hour later the great scout died,
His faithful Indian wife at his side.
She only lingered a little while,
And followed him then with a happy smile.
Together they sleep in the self-same grave,
Where wildly the winds of winter rave,
And in summer the prairie flowers wave!

THE CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM.

FAR up above the city,
In the gray old belfry tower,
The chimes ring out their music
Each day at the twilight hour;
Above the din and the tumult,
And the rush of the busy street,
You can hear their solemn voices
In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,
And the sunset gates, flung wide,
Mark a path of crimson glory
Upon the restless tide,
As the white-winged ships drop anchor,
And furl their snowy sails,
While the purple twilight gathers,
And the glowing crimson pales;



AMELIA GLOVER.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

Then from the old gray belfry
The chimes peal out again,
And a hush succeeds the tumult,
As they ring their sweet refrain;
No sound of discordant clangor
Mars the perfect melody,
But each, attuned by a master hand,
Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway
That led to the belfry tower,
As the sinking sun in the westward
Heralded twilight's hour;
For I thought that surely the music
Would be clearer and sweeter far
Than when through the din of the city
It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,
No sound of music was there,
Only a brazen clangor
Disturbed the quiet air!
The ringer stood at a keyboard,
Far down beneath the chimes,
And patiently struck the noisy keys,
As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,
Though every day it swept
Out over the sea and the city,
And in lingering echoes crept.
He knew not how many sorrows
Were cheered by the evening strain,
And how men paused to listen
As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,
And he did it with patient care;
But he could not hear the music
That flooded the quiet air;

Only the jar and the clamor
 Fell harshly on his ear,
 And he missed the mellow chiming
 That every one else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers
 May be sending a sweet refrain,
 And gladdening the lives of the lowly,
 Though we hear not a single strain.
 Our work may seem but a discord,
 Though we do the best we can ;
 But others will hear the music,
 If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,
 And o'er the eternal sea,
 It will blend with angelic anthems
 In sweetest harmony ;
 It will ring in lingering echoes
 Through the corridors of the sky,
 And the strains of earth's minor music
 Will swell the strains on high.

MINNIE E. KENNEY,
In The Congregationalist.

A VOICE FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

[Impersonate.]

"My dear friends," said the doctor, "I favor
 License for selling of rum.
 These fanatics tell us with horror
 Of the mischief liquor has done ;
 I say, as a man and physician,
 The system's requirements are such
 That unless we, at times, assist nature,
 The body and mind suffer much.
 'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary—
 A mod'rate drink, now and then."
 From the minister by the pulpit
 Came an audible murmur, "Amen!"

"'Tis true that many have fallen,
Become filthy drunkards and, worse,
Harmed others. No, I don't uphold them;
They made their blessing a curse.
Must I be denied for their sinning?
Must the weak ones govern the race?
Why ev'ry good thing God has given
Is only a curse out of place.
'Tis only excess that destroys us;
A little is good now and then."
From the white-haired, pious old deacon
Came a fervent, loud-spoken, "Amen!"

A murmur came up from the people,
From the lips of the list'ning throng;
They came from their homes with a purpose
To crush out and trample out wrong.
But their time-honored, worthy physician,
Grown portly in person and purse,
Had shown in the demon of darkness
A blessing instead of a curse.
And now they were eager, impatient,
To vote when the moment should come.
They felt it their right and their duty
To license the selling of rum.

Then up from a seat in the corner,
From the midst of the murmuring throng,
From among the people there gathered
To crush out and trample out wrong,
Rose a woman, her thin hands uplifted,
While out from her frost-covered hair
Gazed a face of such agonized whiteness,
A face of such utter despair,
The vast throng grew hushed in a moment,
Grew silent with terror and dread;
They gazed on the face of the woman
As we gaze on the face of the dead.

Then the hush and the silence was broken.
A voice so shrill and so clear
Rang out through the room: "Look upon me
You wonder what chance brought me here;

You know me and now you shall hear me.
I speak to you lovers of wine,
For once I was young, rich and happy ;
Home, husband, and children were mine.

" Where are they ? I ask you where are they ?
My beautiful home went to pay
The deacon who sold them the poison
That dragged them down lower each day.
I plead, I besought, I entreated ;
I showed them the path they were in ;
But the deacon said—they believed him—
That only excess was a sin.

" Where are they ? I ask you where are they ?
False teacher of God's holy word !
My husband—my kind, loving husband—
Whom my tears and prayers might have stirred,
Remembered your teachings, turned from me—
Me kneeling, and pleading with him.
'Twas a God-given blessing, you told him,
And only excess was a sin.

" And where are my boys ? God forgive you !
They heeded your counsels—not mine ;
You, doctor, beloved and respected,
You could see no danger in wine
For my boys so strong and so manly.
How could I hope ever to win
When their doctor said 'twas a blessing,
And only excess was a sin ?

" My husband, so noble and loving,
My boys, so proud and so brave,
They lie side by side in the churchyard,
Each filling a drunkard's grave.
I have come from the poor-house to tell
My story, and now it is done.
Go on, if you will, in your madness,
And license the selling of rum.

"Before the great judgment eternal,
When the last dread moment has come,
They'll stand there to witness against you,
My dear ones, the victims of rum.
When the shadows of earth are lifted,
And life's secret thoughts are laid bare,
By the throne of the Great Eternal,
I shall witness against you there."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

BEHIND TIME.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, and beyond it was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost; Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long strug-

gled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and, if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly a half million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve: a favorable answer had been expected the night before; and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment had come. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time*."

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a

little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

FREEMAN HUNT.

THE COMET.

"Twas a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had fallen asleep,
And the watch on the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that another's is pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, "A sail! ho, a sail!"
"A sail! ho, a sail!" "Where away?" "North-nn'th
West!"

"Make her out?" "No, your honor!" The din drowns
the rest.

There indeed is the stranger, the first in these seas,
Yet she drives boldly on in the teeth of the breeze,
Now her bows to the breakers she readily turns;
Ah, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Not a signal for Saturn this rover has given,
No salute from our Venus, the flag-star of Heaven
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by the red planet Mars;
She has doubled triumphant the Cape of the Sun,
And the sentinel stars without firing a gun!
Now a flag at the fore and mizzen unfurled.
She is bearing quite gallantly down on the world!
"Helm-a-port!" "Show a light!" "She will run us
aground!"

"Fire a gun!" "Bring her to!" "Sail ahoy!"
"Whither bound?"

"Avast! there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone;"
"Tis a craft in commission—the Admiral's own;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
Though her anchor she weighed before Lucifer set!
Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman can make,
Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can
break;

Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
 With its anchor let go in the blue of the blest;
 Where the sparkling flotilla the Asteroids lie,
 Where the craft of red morning is flung on the sky;
 Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air—
 On the chart that she bears you will find them all there!
 Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came.
 With her trackings of fire and her streamers of flame!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY'S SAY-VOYAGE.

[To be strongly acted out.]

SURE now, ladies and gentlemen, if ye plase, I'll relate the great mistake I made when I came hare to Naples—stop! aisy, Paudeen, and don't decaive the ladies and gentlemen; for, bedad! I didn't come at all—they brought me in a ship, a grate big ship, with two big sticks standing out of it. Masts they call thim, bad luck'to it and the day I saw it! If I had been an ignorant fellow, and didn't know joggraphy and the likes, I'd be safe enough at home now, so I would, in my own cellar on the Coal-Quay in Dublin. But I must be making a man of myself, showing my learnin', me knowledge of similitude and the likes. You see, I wint over to England on a bit of an agricultural speculation—hay-makin' and harvist-rapin'—and, the saison bein' good, I realized a fortune, so I did—a matter of thirty shillings or so.

So says I to myself, says I, "Now I have got an indipendent competence, I'll go back to Ireland: I'll buy it out, and make meself imperor of it." So I axed one of the boys which was my nearest way to Bristol to go be the say. So, says one of thim (be the same token he was a cousin of mine—one Terry O'Rafferty—as dacint a boy as you could wish to meet, and as handy with a shillaly. Why, I've seen him clear a tint at Donnybrook fair in less than two minutes, with nivir a won to help except his bit of a stick; and you know that's no aisy job).

"Well," says Terry to me, says he, "go down to the quay," says he, "and you'll find out all about it while a cat'd be lickin' her ear."

Well, I wint to a man that was standin' be the dure of a public-house. It was the sign of—the sign—What the plague is this the sign was?—you see, I like to be sarcumspectius in me joggraphy. It was the sign of the blind cow kicking the dead man's eyes out, or the dead man's cow kicking the blind—no—well, it was something that way, anyhow.

So, says I to the man, "Sir," says I, "I want a ship."

"There you are," says he.

"Where?" says I.

"There," says he.

"Thank you," says I. "Which of thim's for Ireland?"

"Oh! you're an ould countryman," says he.

"How did you find that out?" says I.

"I know it," says he.

"Who tould you?" says I.

"No matther," says he. "Come," says he.

"I will," says I.

Well, we wint in and we had half a pint of whiskey. Oh, bedad! it'd have done your heart good to see the bade rise on the top of it. Maybe my heart didn't warm to him, and his to me—ow, murder!

"Erin go bragh!" says he.

"Ceadh mille failthe!" says I.

And there we wor like two sons of an Irish king in less than a minute.

Thin we got to discoorsing about Dublin and Naples, and other furrin parts that we wor acquainted with; and he began talking about how like the Bay of Naples was to the Bay of Dublin—for, you see, he was an ould soger, d'ye mind? an' thim old sogers are always mighty 'cute chaps. He was a grate big chap that was off in the wars among the Frinch and Spaniards and the Rushers and other barbarians. So we got talking of similitude an' joggraphy an' the likes, an' mixin' Naples an' wather and Dublin an' whiskey; and, be me sowl, purty punch we made of it.

I was in the middle o' me glory, whin in walks the captain o' the ship.

"Any one here to go aboor?" says he.

"Here I am," says I.

And be the same token, me head was quite soft with the whiskey, and talkin' about Dublin an' Naples, an' Naples an' whiskey, and wather an' Dublin, Dublin an' Naples, Naples an' Dublin—bad 'cess to me! but I said the one place instead of the other when they axed me where was I going, d'ye mind?

Well, they brought me aboard the ship as dhrunk as a lord, and threw me down in the cellar—the hould, they called it; and the divil's own hould it was—wid sacks, pigs, praties, an' other passengers, an' there they left me in lavendher, like Paddy Ward's pig.

I fell asleep the first week. Whin I woke up didn't I heave ahead in me sthomatics enough to make me backbone and me ribs strike fire?

"Arrah!" says I to meself, says I, "are they ever going to take me home?"

Just thin I h'ard a voice sing out—

"There's tne bay."

That was enough for me. I scrambled up-stairs till I got on the roof—the deck, they call it—as fast as my legs could carry me.

"Land ho!" says one of the chaps.

"Where?" says I.

"There it is," says he.

"For the love of glory, show me where," says I.

"There, over the cat's-head," says he.

I looked around, but the nivir the cat's head or dog's tail aither I could see. The blaggard stared at me as if I was a banshee or a fairy. I gev another look, and there was the bay, sure enough, afore me.

"Arrah, good luck to you!" said I, "but you warm the cockles of me heart. But what's come over the Hill of Howth?" says I. "It used to be a civil, paiceable soort of a mountain, but now it's splutthering an' smokin' away like a grate big lime-kiln. Sure the boys must have lit a big bone-fire on top of it to welcome me."

With that, a vagabone that was listenin' to me cries out, in a horse-laugh—

"Hill of Howth!" says he. "You're a Grecian—that's not the Hill of Howth."

"Not the Hill of Howth?" says I.

"No," says he; "that's Mount Vesuvius."

"Aisy, aisy," says I. "Isn't Mount Vesulpherous in Italy?"

"Yis," says he.

"An' isn't Italy in France?" says I.

"Of coorse," says he.

"And isn't France in Gibberalther?" says I.

"To be sure," says he.

"An' isn't Gibberalther in Russia?" says I.

"Maybe so," says he, "but we're in Italy, anyhow. This is the Bay of Naples, and that is Mount Vesuvius."

"Are you sure?" says I.

"I am," says he.

And, be me sowl, it was thrue for him. *The ship made a big blundther* in takin' me to Naples whin I wanted to go to Dublin, d'ye mind.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving.
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled :
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"PLEASE TO SAY AMEN."

IN the bonny Scottish Highlands
At a manse I was a guest—
All the land a flush of heather,
Glowing sweet the summer weather,
Filling me with balm and rest.

Seven precious little children
Made a heaven of the manse,
With their coaxes, loves and kisses,
Singing ecstasies and blisses,
Ever circling in a dance.

Jessie was my dove, my darling,
Oh, she came from elfin land!
With her eyes of starry splendor,
Rosy mouth so sweet and tender,
Little queen of all the band.

To the kirk upon the Sunday
Jessie took me o'er the lea.
Soon her golden head low bending,
Soft she whispered, "Now descending
Holy Spirit come to me."

Then she said, her eyes uplifted
Bright with the momentous news,
"My papa it is who preaches,
And the *gospital* he teaches
To the people in the pews.

"That *big bookie* is the Bible;
It was written long ago.
Now the bell has ceased its ringing,
We'll have praying, we'll have singing,
Like a little heaven below."

So that lovely wee thing taught me,
 And of earthly thoughts beguiled ;
 There I listened to the preaching,
 But the *gospital*, the teaching,
 Was from Heaven through the child.

At the quiet manse that evening
 Came an aged friend to stay ;
 All the bonny bairns before us,
 And the moonlight flooding o'er us,
 Knelt he slowly down to pray.

Jessie nestled close beside me,
 Tiny hands were folded tight,
 Baby face composed so quaintly,
 Clothed upon with whiteness saintly,
 By the mystic sweet moonlight.

Long and solemn was the praying,
 Then there came a gentle touch.
 "I'll be quiet as a mousie,
 But oh, never in my housie
 Did my papa pray so much !"

Soft she rose—I never hindering—
 Stepping light on tiptoe then
 Crept she close where he was praying,
 In his ear she whispered, saying,
 "Oh sir, please to say *Amen* !"

"From the mouths of babes and sucklings
 Hast thou, Father, perfect praise."
 Rather say "*Amen*" when weary
 Than to render homage dreary
 To the author of our days.

MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

[A speech that he might have delivered before a farmers' club.]

I HAVE been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturalist. I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. Noah loved his vineyards. Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I Know About Farming." Washington, Webster and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher: "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher, "It spoils the milk." Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge. Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. Hogs are fond of spring lambs and spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market. When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope tied to the pig's leg was placed in my hand; I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. But they do not run the way you want them to run. A pig can draw a canal-boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal-boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—when cut up and salted and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. What is so meek and low-ly as a mooley cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind a strong gate. I felt the security of my position and shied a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it were a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. The poet loves to dwell upon milkmaids, milking-time and lovers sparking over the farm-yard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. I cannot imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I

milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. That is, I milked one and one-half cows. The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gamble over the green. Nothing so patient and modest as a sheep. Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. I once fished on a bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in his eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection in the wool traffic. This reminds me of a commissioner of agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. Feather beds are made from geese, but all woollen goods and drums are made from sheepskins.

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." I once led Stephens's horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me that he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under the hoof. I speak not from theory, but from actual experience. I went riding with Stephens's horse and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens, "never beat a horse."



JULIA MARLOWE.

By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash a little now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good."

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while the farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. Farmer's wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. Some ask: "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods, and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a cow to catch a thief.

ON THE FRONTIER.

[Great animation; natural gestures.]

WHAT! robbed the mail at midnight? We'll trail them
down, you bet!
We'll bring them into the halter; I'm sheriff of Yuba
yet.
Get out those mustangs, hearties, and long before set
of sun
We'll trail them down to their refuge, and justice shall
yet be done.

It's pleasant, this rude experience; life has a rugged
zeal
Here on the plains and mountains, far to the open west;
Look at those snow-capped mountains—waves of an end-
less sea—
Look at yon billowed prairie, boundless, as grand and
free!

Ah! we have found our quarry! yonder within the bush!
Empty your carbines at them, then follow me in with a
rush!
Down with the desperadoes! Ours is the cause of right!
Though they should slash like demons, still we must
gain the fight!

Pretty hot work, McGregor, but we have gained the day.
What? Have we lost their leader? Can he have sneaked
away?
There he goes in the chaparral! He'll reach it now in
a bound!
Give me that rifle, Parker, I'll bring him down to the
ground.

There, I knew I could drop him; that little piece of lead
Sped straight on to its duty. The last of the gang is
dead.
He was a handsome fellow, plucky and fearless, too;
Pity such men are devils, preying on those more true.

What have you found in his pockets? Papers? Let's take a look.

"George Walgrave" stamped on the cover? Why, that is my brother's book;

The deeds and the papers also, and letters received from me;

He must have met these demons. Been murdered and robbed, you see.

And I have been his avenger! It is years since last we met;

We loved each other dearly, and Walgraves never forget. If my voice is broken, excuse me. Somehow it confines my breath.

Let me look on the face of that demon who dogged poor George to his death!

Good God! It is he; my brother! killed by my own strong hand!

He is no bandit leader! This is no robber band!

What a mad, murderous blunder! Friends, who thought they were foes;

Seven dead men on the prairie, and seven homes flooded with woes.

Pardon my weak emotion. Bury them here, my friends. Here, where the green-plumed willow over the prairie bends;

One more tragedy finished in the romance of strife, Passing like sombre shadows over this frontier life.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

MURDER WILL OUT.

AN aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own—and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings

in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It *must* be confessed—it *will* be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DARBY AND JOAN.

[From a Canandaigua, N. Y., paper published in 1822.]

WHEN Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe, and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his pint, and said,
"My work is done, I'll go to bed."
"‘My work is done!’" retorted Joan—
"‘My work is done!’ your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say
‘My work is done,’ till Judgment Day."

Here Darby hemm'd and scratch'd his head,
To answer what his Joan had said—
But all in vain, her clack kept on—
"Yes, woman's work is never done!
You men can sleep all night, but we
Must toil." "Whose fault is that?" quoth he.
"I know your meaning," Joan replied,
"But, sir, my tongue shall not be tied;
I will go on and let you know
What work poor women have to do."

"First in the morning, though we feel
As sick as drunkards when they reel,
Yes, feel such pains in back and head
As would confine you men to bed;
We ply the brush, and wield the broom;
We air the beds, and right the room."

The cows must next be milk'd, and then
We get the breakfast for the men;
Ere this is o'er, with whim'ring cries,
And bristly hair, the children rise;
They must be dress'd and dos'd with rue,
And fed, and all because of you
We must"—here Darby scratch'd his head
And fast retreated to his bed;
But grumbled this as on he run,
"Zounds! woman's clack is never done!"

At early dawn ere Phœbus rose,
Old Joan resum'd her tale of woes,
When Darby thus: "I'll end the strife,
Be you the man, and I the wife,
Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasting cares supply."
"Content," quoth Joan, "give me my flint."
This Darby did, and out she went.

Old Darby rose and seiz'd the broom,
And whirl'd the dirt around the room.
Which having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindle cow.
The brindle cow whisk'd round her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick'd the pail;
The clown perplex'd with grief and pain
Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again;
When, turning round in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze—
For, as he chanced to brush the room
In clever haste, he fir'd the broom;
The fire at last subdu'd, he swore
The broom and he would meet no more.
Press'd by misfortune and perplex'd,
Darby prepar'd for breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew,
The bread was spent, the butter too.
His hands bedaub'd with paste and flour,
Old Darby labor'd full an hour;
But, hapless wight! he could not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.

As every door wide open stood,
 In push'd the sow in quest of food,
 And, stumbling onward, with her snout
 O'erset the churn—the cream ran out.
 As Darby turned the sow to beat,
 The slipp'ry cream betray'd his feet,
 He caught the bread trough in his fall,
 And down came Darby, trough and all.
 The children, waken'd by the clatter,
 Start up and cry, "La! what's the matter?"
 Old Jowler bark'd, and Tabby mew'd,
 And hapless Darby bawl'd aloud,
 "Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
 I'll play the housewife's part no more;
 Since now by sad experience taught,
 Compar'd to thine my work is naught.
 Henceforth as business calls, I'll take
 Content the plough, the scythe, the rake,
 And never more transgress the line
 Our fates have mark'd, while thou art mine.
 I'll vex thy honest soul no more
 By scolding, as I've done before.
 Let each our proper task attend—
 Forgive the past, and try to mend."

THE BIBLE AND LIBERTY.

IN a copy of the Missal, in the library at Prague, richly illuminated by loving hands, Wyckliffe is pictured at the top, kindling a spark; Huss, below him, blowing it to a flame; Luther, still lower, waving on high the lighted torch. It is a true picture of that succession in which others followed, with brightening lustre, this "Morning Star of the Reformation," till the sky was glowing, through all its arch, with the radiance of the upspringing light.

Out of that Reformation issued the new prophetic age whose ample brightness is around us. It lifted England to its great place in Europe. It wrenched powerful States from the Papal control. It gave a wholly new

freedom to spirit and thought. It filled this land with its Protestant colonies. It opens to us opportunity and hope. It is on the work accomplished by Wyckliffe and by those who followed, that our liberties have been builded. They are not accidental. They have not been based on diplomacies, or on battles; however, these may have sometimes confirmed them. They have not been framed, in their solid strength, by the theories of philosophers, or the inventive devices of statesmen. They are founded on the Bible, made common to all. They have been wrought to their vast, enduring, symmetrical proportions—more lovely than of palaces, statelier than cathedrals—by their wisdom and patience who had learned from the Bible that human power has no authority over the conscience; that man, through Christ, has inheritance in God; and that, by reason of his immortality, he has a right to be helped, and not hindered, by the government, which is the organ of society. If the England of Victoria is different from that of Richard Second, if the present Archbishop of Canterbury is a holy apostle by the side of Courtenay or Arundel, if the story of what the kingdom then was appears to men now a ghastly dream—it is because the Bible was made, through toil, and strife, and agony of blood, the common possession of the people who dwelt “on the sides of the North.”

Thank God! that the Book, which at Oxford and Lutterworth was first transferred, in its whole extent, to the English tongue, has been, is now, and shall be henceforth, the American inheritance; expounded from the pulpit, taught in the household, at home, in the school. It is not ours by our own effort, but by this struggle of many generations. It is not ours for our own time alone, but for the centuries which shall follow. The half-millennium which has passed since Wyckliffe, the millenium since Alfred founded his “Dooms” on its commandments, have not wasted its force. With a Divine energy it works to-day, on every hand, for grace and greatness. No future age will cease to need its law, and truth, and inspiration.

To us is given the humbler work of making it general

and permanent in the land, as others for us have made it free. In the measure of our indebtedness to them are we responsible for this future. Let us not be unmindful of the great obligation! Let us rival, at least, their zeal for freedom, their devotion to truth, if we may not rival that invincible courage which shrank not from prisons and was friendly with Death; that these our years of noisy whirl may have in them still the moral force which gave to theirs majestic renown; that the frame of free government, and of spiritual worship, builded on their immortal foundations, may be worthy the grand and costly life which cemented its base; that the latest age of American history still may repeat those words of Wyckliffe, written amid the heavy glooms which now are scattered, and in the front of menacing perils which now are not: "I am assured that the Truth of the Gospel may, indeed, for a time, be cast down in particular places, and may for a while abide in silence in consequence of the threats of Antichrist, but extinguished it never can be. For the Truth itself has said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass!'"

RICHARD STORRS, D. D.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

THE King's three little daughters, 'neath the palace
windows straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear what
they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the eldest daughter
said:

"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty face grew
red;

"What is there none can do without? I love him more
than bread!"

Then said the second Princess, with her bright blue eyes
 afame,
"Than bread? A common thing like bread! Thou
 hast not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

"I love him with a better love than one so tame as
 thine—
More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both bright
 and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more
 than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would
 sometimes halt
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "You are both
 in fault,
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than
 salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest words,
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "but this is most
 absurd."
And the King, no longer smiling, was grieved that he
 had heard.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of stead-
 fast gray,
Could always move his tenderness, and charm his care
 away.
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered,
 "day by day.

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault
That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me
 exalt,
She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like
 salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the
spring;
He winked and nodded to himself; "That little quiet
thing
Knows more than both the others, as I will show the
King."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;
The King turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish
and meat,
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that
were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered musing, "I cannot find the
fault;
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of
malt."
Said the youngest Princess, shyly, "Dear father, they
want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the King's dark
face,
As he set his little daughter in the dead Queen's vacant
place;
And he thought, "She has her mother's heart—aye, and
her mother's grace.

"Great love through smallest channels will find its
surest way;
It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or
may;
It comforts and it blesses hour by hour and day by
day."

MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

In Our Continents.

AN INQUIRING FRIEND.

[This will do for an encore.]

A GENTLEMAN riding in an Eastern railway car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a circumstance soon proved that he had a more "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye. "In affliction?" "Yes," responded the lady. "Parent—father or mother?" "No, sir." "Child, perhaps—boy or girl?" "No, sir, not a child—I have no children." "Husband, then, I expect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum! cholera?—a tradin' man, maybe?" "My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel—he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned." "Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant—"Save his *chist*?" "Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow. "Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up—"Pious man?" "He was a member of the Methodist Church." The next question was a little delayed, but it came—"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his *chist*?" "I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head a little inclined forward, over the back of the seat—"Was you calculating to get married again?" "Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat, and took another seat on the other side of the car. "'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore, turning to the man behind him. "What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand?"

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

THE winter sunlight sparkling falls on Regnalt's gloomy
rocks,
Where wild waves toss in angry mass, and 'beat with
thunderous shocks ;
And high above, with piercing calls, the gray gulls 'cir-
cling fly,
Showing like wraiths against the clear deep 'purple of
the sky.

The cold winds whistle from the north, the bay is white
with foam ;
Above the sunken reefs the great fierce ocean-rollers
comb ;
And far 'away like gleaming bars, near the horizon line,
The reefed and straining topsails of a nearing 'vessel
shine.

She bears from distant Orient lands a rich and fragrant
store ;
For many leagues her course has run far out from every
shore ;
And now, beyond the gloomy mass of rocks so loud
with sound,
Are home, and rest, and sweet reward, and love with
glory crowned.

The great winds 'tug the hempen sail ; yet nearer home
she draws,
Till close along the shining beach she feels the heavy
flaws,
Where, opening from the wooded north, the sloping val-
ley shows
The withered brown of meadows wide, just frosted o'er
with snows.

Before her lies the foaming 'bay ; before, the 'reef foam-
white ;
And swift she dashes through the spray that gleams so
sharp and bright ;

Her crew can see the "light-house tower that marks the
harbor's mouth;
And lower, lower grows the cloud-line lying in the south.

They hear blown outward from the land, the chiming
of the bells,
Whose merry tone of Christmas cheer and Christmas
greeting tells;
And watch the coast, till, "shooting up above the toss-
ing seas,
They see the tapering spires of home "rise through the
orchard-trees.

"Then, with a roar that sounded high along the surf,
that rolled
Among the rocks and on the beach, a mass of broken
gold,
The fierce squall broke, and with a crash the masts were
flung a wreck,
While savage waves with shouts of glee surge through
the riven deck.

A cry, a prayer; and with a crash that chilled the
bravest soul,
The stout ship drove upon the reef, where with unceas-
ing roll
The breakers rush, and, as they lash her sides, tear swift
away
The oaken bulwarks, bearing these far up the narrowing
bay.

Shivering and numb the sailors cling to cordage cold
and dank,
While swiftly parts the breaking hull, torn roughly
plank from plank.
Ah! who will breast the tossing seas, the winds that
wildly rage?
Who with the ocean's mighty wrath will desperate bat-
tle wage?

The fishermen look out and groan, the women wring
their hands;
A silence falls upon the bells, black seem the sunlit
lands;
Then, with a courage grand and high as that whose
light sublime
From Judæa's mount shines brightly down the centuries
of time—

A woman came: "My sweetheart sails in "yonder ship,"
she cried;
"And if this be the day of death, my place is by his
side.
Shove out the boat, and clear the line; my Christmas
Day will be
Spent with my love alive or dead, on land or in the sea."

They launched the boat. The bitter wind blew keenly
from the beach,
And swiftly bore the little craft "across the foaming
reach,
To where the reef was white and drear; and soon they
see her "fling
The line that is the hope of life, where cold the sailors
cling.

Quick through the spray the hawser runs, and hearts
grow glad again;
The life-boats now are in the surf, and manned with
sturdy men;
And, wrested from the mighty sea, the sailors slowly
come
To meet the light and love and joy that call the wan-
derer home.

Once more the bells are loud and glad, and ring a merry
chime,
And all the world grows fair and bright with light of
Christmas time;

And never happier, prouder maid was seen in all the
land
Than "she who braved the stormy sea to clasp her
sweetheart's hand.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE CRIPPLE BOY'S STORY.

[Give in a natural, earnest, boyish manner.]

You ask what makes my heart so light,
My home so glad and gay;
I'll tell you, sir! All has been right
Since one glad, happy day!
It was not always kept so well,
Sometimes we wanted bread,
And often I and sister Nell
Have wished that we were dead.

Our father was a drunkard, sir,
The worst in all the town;
And when poor mother spoke to him
He'd swear and knock her down.
You gentlefolks, who never know
The miss of any meal,
How can you guess the bitter woe
The drunkard's children feel?

Poor mother! she did all she could
To teach us what was right:
She'd make us say our prayers, she would,
For father, every night.

Indicated Gestures. 1, H.O. 2, A.O. Ptg. 3, A.O. Vert. 4, H.L. Ptg. 5, Shade eyes with hand and look far to right. 6, H.L. 7, H.O. 8, Repeat. 9, A.O. Ptg. 10, H.F. Ptg., finger rises slowly. 11, Repeat. 12, Throughout this and succeeding verse and a half, face H.O., body bent forward, eyes riveted as in horror, with fast rate and appropriate gestures mainly R.h. H.O. Vert. and L.h. H.L. Prone. 13, H.O. Ptg., manner animated. 14, H.F. Ptg., finger passes to H.O. 15, Illustrate. 16, H.O.



LAURA MOORE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

The only time she struck me, sir,
Was when I wouldn't say,
"God bless dear father!" in my prayers—
She wouldn't let me pray.

I never saw her in my life
So cross as she was then ;
She said, when first she was his wife,
He was the best of men,
And never used to drink at all,
Nor stay out late at night :
Now, if we did not pray for him,
He'd never choose the right.

She said it was the dreadful drink
That made our father mad,
And, but for that, he'd never think
Of treating us so bad.
And then I clenched my fist and said,
I'd give the world if I
Could shut up all the liquor shops ;
And, sir, I mean to try !

And so I joined a Band of Hope,
And wore a medal bright,
And learnt a lot of temperance songs,
And sung with all my might.
One day they gave us all a tea—
You reckon I was there,
And sister Nell—because 'twas free,
Enough, and some to spare.

And such a meeting after tea—
I scarce believed my eyes
When I saw teacher beckon me—
"Here, Willie, here's your prize;"
I hobbled to the platform then,
Oh, didn't the people shout?
The ladies clapped their hands, and waved
Their handkerchiefs about.

They said that I must make a speech ;
I felt that I could cry,
So I said, " Thank you ! " and sat down,
Then caught my father's eye.
Yes, there he sat, and mother too ;
His face looked strangely white ;
He walked up to the platform while
I trembled with affright.

Then turning to the crowd he said :
" You see that crippled boy ;
Poor little chap ! I ought to make
His life one dream of joy.
And so I will, and so I can,
I'll do the job outright !
I'll sign, and be a sober man—
I'll sign the pledge to-night ! "

He took the pen and signed his name ;
Oh, didn't the youngsters yell ?
And then my gentle mother came
And wrote her name as well.
You guess I said my prayers that night
And prayed for father, too ;
I don't think he'd have kept it right
If we'd not prayed—do you ?

So that's what makes my heart so light
Father has kept his word,
And he is making my poor life
As gay as any bird.
He never swears at mother now,
Nor ever lifts his hand ;
In fact, he is—my father is—
The best in all the land !

W. A. EATON.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

SPITE of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that
lashed the land,
On the "Caprian" screw steamer there the Captain
took his stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the
boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon
coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a screw of Eng-
lish form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and
storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at
its height,
Fires expired, and rudders parted in the middle of the
night.
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with
bated breath:
"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting
to our death!"
Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful
shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed
upon a rock.
All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles
of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the
lights of home.
"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have
answered duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy
on us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt and oar
and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is there's the faintest ray
of hope—
Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of
day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched
stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him? Was he going to
the bad?

Was he thief or bully's victim, or a runaway from
school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liver-
pool?

No one looked at him or kicked him, 'midst the paralyz-
ing roar;

All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant
shore.

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was break-
ing fast,

And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to fol-
low last:

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray.

"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the
boy who stow'd away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he
he could do,

For the fatal ship was sinking—death was ready for the
two.

So the Captain called the outcast—as he faced the tem-
pest wild—

From his own waist he took the life-belt—and he bound
it round the child.

"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt and make
for land.

Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to
kiss his hand.

With the life-belt round his body then the urchin cleared
the ship;

Over went the gallant Captain with a blessing on his
lip.

But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled
before,

As the Captain and the stowaway were making for the
shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at
school,

They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan of
Liverpool.

You must answer: They discovered, on the beach at
break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little stow-
away;
And they watched the waves of wreckage and they
searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was
no more.

PUNCH.

JOSIAH AND THE MERMAID.

[From *Samantha at Saratoga*, by "Josiah Allen's Wife."]

WHEN Josiah and me wuz at Saratoga, the first place of recreation we halted at Josiah see the picture of the mermaid, that beautiful female, a-settin' on the rock and combin' her long golden hair. And he proposed that we should go in and see it.

Sez I, "It costs ten cents apiece, Josiah Allen. Think of the cost before it is too late. Your expenditure of money to-day has been unusual."

Sez he, "All my life, Samantha, I have jest hankered after seein' a mermaid. Them beautiful creeturs, a-settin' and combin' their long golden tresses. I feel that I must see it. I fairly long to see one of them beautiful, lovely bein's before I die."

"Wall," sez I, "if you feel like that, Josiah Allen, it is fur from me to balk you in your search for beauty. I, too, admire loveliness, Josiah Allen, and seek after it." And sez I, "I will faithfully follow at your side, and together we will bask in the rays of beauty, together will we be lifted up and inspired by the immortal spirit of loveliness."

So, payin' our thirty cents, we (Josiah, Ardelia Tutt and me) advanced up the steps, I expectin' soon to be made happy, and Josiah held up by the expectation of soon havin' his eyes blessed by that vision of enchantin' beauty he had so long drempt of.

He advanced onto the pen first and before I even glanced down into the deep where as I supposed she sat

on a rock a-combin' out her long golden hair, a-singin' her lurin' and enchantin' song to distant mariners she had known, and to the one who wuz a-showin' of her off—before I had time to even glance at her, the maid, I wuz dumbfounded and stood aghast at the mighty change that come over my pardner's liniment.

He towered up in grandeur and in wrath before me. He seemed almost like a offended male fowl when rav-uin' hawks are angerin' of it beyond its strength to endure. I don't like that metafor; I don't love to compare my pardner to any fowl, wild or tame; but my frenzied haste to describe the fearful seen must be my excuse, and also my agitation in recallin' of it.

He towered up, he fluttered so to speak majestically, and he sez in loud wild axents that must have struck terror to the soul of that mariner, "Where is the hair-comb?"

And then he shook his fist in the face of that mariner, and cries out once agin, "Where is them long golden tresses? Bring 'em on this instant! Fetch on that hair-comb in a minute's time, or I'll prosecute you, and sue you, and take the law to you!"

The mariner quailed before him and sez I, "My dear pardner, be calm! Be calm!"

"I won't be calm!"

Sez I mildly, but firmly, "You must, Josiah Allen; you must! or you will break open your own chest. You must be calm."

"And I tell you I won't be calm. And I tell you," sez he, a-turnin' to that distracted mariner agin, "to bring on that comb and that long hair this instant. Do you s'pose that I'm goin' to pay out my money to see that rack-a-bone that I wouldn't have a-layin' out in my barn-yard for fear of skeerin' the dumb skeercrows out in the lot? Do you s'pose that I'm goin' to pay out my money for seein' that dried up mummy of the hombliest thing ever made on earth, the dumbdest hombliest, with two or three horse hairs pasted onto its yellow old shell? Do you s'pose I'm goin' to be cheated by seein' that into thinkin' it is a beautiful creeter a-playin' and combin' her hair? Bring on that beautiful creeter a-combin' out her long, golden hair this instant, and bring out the comb and I'll give you five minutes to do it in."

He wuz hoarse with emotion, and he wuz pale round his lips as anything, and his eyes under his forward looked glassy. I wuz fearful of the result. Thinkses I, I will look and see what has wrecked my pardner's happiness and almost reason. I looked in and I see plain that his agitation was nothin' to be wondered at. It did truly seem to be the hombliest, frightfulest lookin' little thing that was ever made by a benignant Providence or a taxy-dermis. I couldn't tell which made it. I see it all, but I see also, so firm sot is my reason onto its high throne on my heart, I see that to preserve my pardner's sanity I must control my reason at the sight that had tottered my pardner's.

I turned to him, and tried to calm the seethin' waters, but he called loudly for the comb, and for the tresses, and for the lookin'-glass; askin' in a wild, sarcastic way where the song wuz which she sung to mariners; and hollerin' for him to bring on that rock and them mariners, and orderin' him to set her to singin'.

The idee of that little skeletin with her skinny lips drawed back from her shinin' fish teeth a-singin'! The idee on't!

But truly he wuz destracted and knew not what he did. The mariner in charge looked destracted. And the bystanders a-standin' by wuz amazed and horrorfied by the spectacle of his actin' and behavin', and I knew not how I should terminate the seen and withdraw him away from where he wuz.

But in my destraction and agony of soul I bethought me of one meens of quietin' him and, as it were, terrifyin' him into silence and be the meens of gettin' on him to leave the seen. I begoned to Ardelia to come forward and I sez in a whisper to her, "Take out your pencil and a piece of paper and stand up in front of him and go to writin' some of your poetry."

And then I sez again in tender axents, "Be calm, Josiah."

"And I tell you that I won't be calm! And I tell you," a-shakin' his fist at that pale mariuer, "I tell *you* to bring out——"

At that very minute he turned his eyes onto Ardelia,

who stood with a kind of a fur-away look in her eyes in front of him, with the paper in her hand, and sez he to me, "What is she doin'?"

"She is composin' some poetry onto you, Josiah Allen," sez I, in tremblin' axents; for I felt that if that skeme failed I wuz undone, for I knew I had no ingredients there to get him a extra good meal. No, I felt that my tried and true weepin wuz fur away, and this wuz my last hope.

But as I thought these thoughts with almost a heat-lightnin' rapidity, I see a change in his liniment. It did not look so thick and dark; it began to look more natural and clear.

And sez he in the same old way I have heerd him say it so many times, "Dumb it all! What does she want to write poetry on me for? It is time to go home." And so sayin', he almost tore us from the seen.

I gin Ardelia that night two yards of lute-string ribbon, a light pink, and didn't begrech it. But I have never dast, not in his most placid and serene moments—I have never dast to say the word "mermaid" to him.

Truly there is something that the boldest female pardner dassent do. Mermaids is one of the things I don't dast to bring up. No! no, fur be it from me to say "mermaid" to Josiah Allen.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

THE RUM EVIL.

IN the midnight calm and holy, when the world has
 sunk to rest,
 When the spotless dew is trembling on the lily's folded
 crest,
 When the sighing of the zephyr creeps and steals upon
 the ear
 Soft and gentle as an echo wafted from another sphere,
 I will leave my heated room, leave the darkness and the
 gloom,
 I will leave the crowded city, quit the crime-polluted

street;
 Wander through the meadows, where I may breathe a
 purer air,
 Feel a purer, holier, better earth beneath my stray-
 ing feet.

On through silent lanes where rustling trees are nodding
 overhead,
 Whispering tales to one another of the pleasant sum-
 mers fled;
 On through fields where corn is waving, as if in a sleep
 is heard
 Some soft anthem stealing round it to whose melody is
 stirred;
 Stars are glistening in the sky, dew-drops glitter in
 reply,
 Silent converse with each other violets and daisies
 keep;
 Robin with the scarlet breast dreams of mischief in his
 nest,
 Flow'rets, tired of being happy, close their petals now
 to sleep.

Yonder is a cot half hidden in a robe of red and green,
 Covered o'er with countless roses bathing in the pale
 moon's sheen;
 Surely nothing less than angels dwell within that cot-
 tage there;
 Winning fairies must be hiding round a spot so bright
 and fair.
 To the window I will creep, through the lattice I will
 peep—
 Alas! that such an Eden should have such a hell
 within;
 See the drunken father lie with his children weeping by,
 And a bower of beauty blackened with the awful
 brand of sin.

Out again upon the highway, all my heart with sickness
 numb,
 From that cottage quickly flying to a village now I
 come;

Rows of cottages, surrounded by green fields like verdant seas,
 Or like hidden treasures crouching in the shadow of the trees.
 But as I am drawing near, frightful noises greet my ear—
 Curses like the yells of devils, oaths that taint the very air.
 Never city built by man since the world its course began
 Could eclipse the scenes of horror that within that village were.

"Rum again," I faintly mutter, as my footsteps hurry by,
 On past sights of drink and riot, evil plague-spots to the eye;
 Out again into the meadows, here at least I may breathe free,
 In this solitude of nature no drink traces shall I see.
 Rivers glisten calm and bright in the moonbeam's spectral light,
 Laughing streamlets, never sleeping, leap down the green hillside;
 Now the nightingale's sweet song breaks upon a list'ning throng
 Of primroses and fox-gloves that beneath the hedges hide.

But the magic note is broken by a shriek so loud and shrill
 That the streamlets seem to stagger in their racing down the hill;
 And I heard rude, clamorous voices, yonder by the river's brink,
 Growsome curse and ribald laughter—can I never leave the drink?
 Back again into the town, with a spirit broken down,
 By the crime that ever meets me wheresoever I may roam.
 Vainly may I strive to flee, still the serpent's trail I see
 Blasting, ruining, destroying every spot 'neath Heaven's broad dome.

IRISH WORLD.

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her Ma Was Dressing.

[Impersonate.]

"MA's up-stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet-strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh! your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her everyday clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh! but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Diamond to-day. Miss Diamond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and Ma don't mean to get left. When Ma saw you coming, she said, 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn-books to send to 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen!"

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West, and he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give

much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you ought to go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifs'd be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you 'less 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes Pa and Ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved man, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a bad example for little girls like you."

"Oh! I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when Ma ain't 'round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek, and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Diamond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

BOSTON GLOBE.

EIGHTEEN AND EIGHTY.

It was years ago, they say,
In a long-forgotten May,
That the blossoms drifted snow
On her as she stood below.
Three score years ago, and more,
Since she waited at the door,
And the blossoms fluttered down
On her simple homespun gown,
On her white arms, round and bare,
And her tossing wayy hair.

Was it glow of May-day skies
Gave such glory to her eyes?
Was it voice of bee or bird,
Or the breath of flower that stirred
Eager flushes in her face,
As, with sweet unconscious grace,
She was standing listening there
With the sunlight in her hair—
Standing flushed and fair, to greet
Some one coming down the street?

Just a greeting as he passed—
Ah! who dreamed 'twould be the last?
Just a greeting and a word,
And a whispered prayer unheard
Save by angels hovering near.
Did no lingering thought of fear
Send the blood with sudden start
Backward to the maiden's heart?
Ah, their hearts beat light that day,
In that long-forgotten May!

And the day wore on till noon
Like a dream. Alas, too soon
Came the waking! For a sound,
And a rocking of the ground
Like an earthquake, told the tale.
Do you wonder cheeks grew pale?
You have heard your grandsires tell
How around the yawning well
Women gathered, white with dread,
While they counted out the dead.

Forth they brought them, one by one,
To the glad light of the sun.
Oh, the weeping and despair!
Oh, the wailing on the air!
Forty men were with the doomed
In that fearful gulf entombed—

Forty men who met their death
By the fire-damp's fearful breath.
From the deep depths of the mine
There were taken thirty-nine.

One was missing. No one knew
Where he perished. Not a clue
Found the seekers, not a sign.
But the dark depths of the mine
Kept its secret and its dead
Through long years that came and fled.
In her room alone that night
Lay a maiden pale and white—
As the white leaves, zephyr blown—
As a lily carved in stone.

* * * * *

Threescore times the birds of May
Sang their songs as on that day.
Threescore times the blossoms shed
Snowy fragrance overhead.
Sixty years! Alas! no more
Stands a maiden at the door,
But, within, a toothless crone
By the fireside sits alone,
Mumbling in a witless way
Songs of a long-vanished May.

Withered, wrinkled, faded thing!
What has she to do with spring?
Yet the heart of that old crone
Keeps a spring-time of its own,
Faithful only to the last
To its memories of the past.
Hist! she turns her head to hear
Hurried footsteps drawing near,
And quick voices questioning;
This the message that they bring:

How some miner, digging deep,
Came upon a man asleep;
Fast asleep and hid away
From the light of many a day,
In a deep and narrow room
Carved and hollowed like a tomb.
None could tell his name or date,
Or the day he met his fate.
She, so old, perchance might know
One who perished long ago.

'Neath the blossoms drifting sweet
Came she slowly down the street,
Crazed by sorrow and the fears
Of those long, long dreary years.
While upon the ground he lay
With no vestige of decay,
Brave and handsome as the day
When he bade a last good-bye
To the sunlight and the sky.

Will she know him? Pausing there,
Pushing back the thin gray hair
With her trembling shriveled hands,
For a moment mute she stands.
Then a dawn of glad surprise
Showing in her witless eyes.
"Found! O, God!" she cried aloud,
Sinking down among the crowd
By his side. They raised her head
Wonderingly, but she was dead.

OUR CRAFT IS SMALL.

WHEN the hardy Norwegian puts out to sea
With his sails well trimmed, and the rocks a-lea,
Ere upon his sight the land grows dim,
He chants for protection this well worn hymn:
"God help us all, whatever befall,
For Thy ocean is vast, and our craft is small."

So ever as dashes the ocean's wave,
 With a tried, true soul, and a heart as brave,
 He looks aloft, through the rack of the storm,
 And pierces the void for a formless form,
 For he knows and feels, whatever befall,
 That God is large, though his craft is small.

Take courage, toiler, whoe'er thou art,
 From this humble soul and this dauntless heart!
 When thy life grows drear, and thy hope grows dim,
 Lift thine eyes above—put thy trust in Him,
 And feel and know, whatever may be,
 'Tis a Father's arm that encircles thee.

And thou too, O Christian—a heavy cross
 May bear thee down, and the worthless dross
 Of this world encumber thy upward way;
 Still, let this thought be thy hope and stay:
 Through each earthly snare, a Father's care
 His trusting child shall in safety bear.

God help us all in this voyage of life!
 God keep us pure from its stain and strife,
 And, wherever may dash the angry wave,
 Teach us to say, with a spirit brave,
 "God help us all, whatever befall,
 For Thou art so vast, and we so small."

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

AN ÆSTHETIC HOUSEKEEPER.

SHE was a graduate of Vassar, and when she married
 Julius Augustus Smythe was very much like another
 young lady, who has been embalmed in song—

Miss Pallas Eudora von Blurkey,
 Who didn't know chicken from turkey,
 High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
 But her knowledge of poultry was murky.



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However, she told Julius Augustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and her grandmother were, and it ran in the family. So, on the strength of this, he went to housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morocco-covered note-book and an embroidered market basket, and carried a gold pencil; wore an æsthetic morning costume, and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates of the cleaver at the Central Market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning little pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand, where several little roasters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of those; how much are they a pair?"

"Five dollars for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak and a pound of chewing-gum instead, and some—ho, yes!—some sweetbreads. Julius said he wanted some nice, fresh ones, please, with plenty of raisins in them."

Then she sailed over to a poultry stall.

"Have you any chickens?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of 'em," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked, in rather a faint voice.

"Half a dollar apiece, mem."

"Well, send up a piece to my residence." And she turned to the next stall and picked up some packages that looked very nice.

"What is that sweet stuff that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy that stood behind the table.

"Limburger, Miss; and it's just splendid; tastes so much better than it smells—have one?"

She took one, and then she asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some as soon as they are in."

"What are these navy-blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my china. You may send me a bushel."

Finally she decided to say a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen fruit?" she asked, sweetly, of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil a moment. "Mabbe you mean heggs," he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did, or rather, when she got home the omelet was made with a liberal admixture of blueberries, and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to it was an odor that sent Julius into spasms, and frightened the cat to death—the Limburger had melted.

The Vassar girl did justice to high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that ensued, and the next day they burned the morocco note-book and went to boarding.

HATEM TOI.

HATEM TOI possessed a mare,
Fleet of foot, of lineage rare,
Black as midnight, strong of limb,
Fond as child could be of him;
Every sheik and chieftain there
Envied Hatem Toi his mare.

Sullah Beg the mare admired;
Sullah Beg the mare desired;
Offered for her shining gold,
Many camels, goats from fold,
All the greed of man could stir,
Should her owner part with her.

Came reply: "I may not sell
Her who serves my need so well.
Born and bred within my tent,
Going where her master went,
Children's playmate, master's friend,
Let her be so to the end."

Sullah Beg, with anger hot,
Glanced a while, but answered not;
Turned on heel and strode away,
Where was tethered courser gray,
And, in mounting, muttered, "She,
Spite her owner, mine shall be."

Hatem Toi a journey made
From the friendly palm-tree's shade,
Through the barren rocks and sand,
Speeding o'er the higher land,
Free from trouble, grief or care,
Mounted on his matchless mare.

Moving merrily, mile on mile,
Came he to a deep defile
Where an aged wretch he found
Prone, exhausted on the ground;
And, dismounting, asked what aid
In his need could best be made.

Quoth the stranger: "Pass, and leave
One whose dying none shall grieve.
Started I this morn to go
To yon fertile plain below;
But my feet have failed me. I,
Old and wearied, here must die."

"Nay!" cried Hatem. "I am young;
Age has not my limbs unstrung.
Let me lift you on my mare,
Who can well the burden bear.
Light and easy you shall ride,
While I careful walk beside."

Thanked him then the stranger, and,
Helped to seat by kindly hand,
Grasped the reins and reined the mare,
Till she reared and pawed the air;
Lashed her sudden till she leapt,
And away from Hatem swept.

Off went wig and caftan straight.
There sat Sullah Beg, elate;
And, with look of savage joy,
This he said to Hatem Toi:
"Though no purchase gold may make,
Strength retains what wit may take."

"Stay!" replied the other, next.
Do not think me sorely vext.
Thine the brute shall freely be
With one favor given to me:
Let no mortal ever wis
How you gained her. Grant me this."

"Ha!" said Sullah Beg, and laughed.
"Lose all credit for my craft?"
"No!" the other said, "not so!
But, lest future tale of woe
May be reckoned as a lie,
And some wretch unaided die!"

Sullah Beg from saddle leapt;
Straight to Hatem Toi he stept;
Gave him reins in hand, and said,
While he reverent bent his head:
"For thy pardon low I bend,
Be my brother and my friend!"

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

MACDONALD'S CHARGE AT WAGRAM.

ALL the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused; he had fully resolved to execute the dread commission given him, or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amidst his falling guard, and, with his eye steadily on the enemy's center, moved sternly on.

At the close and fierce discharges of those cross-batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when

smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge; and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made; and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly.

The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to his devoted followers to conquer or die. There is no excitement, no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men, when pouring on the foe his terrible cavalry; no cries of "Vive l'Empereur" are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unutterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and of the world are on them; and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go.

Human strength has its limits; and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted leader at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path; and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes by the black swath of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain.

Out of sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen; and here at length the tired hero pauses for a moment and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Napoleon stops beating at the sight; and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his brave heart; he is the empire. Shall he turn at last and retreat? The fate of nations wavers to and fro, for, like a speck in the distance, while Macdon-

ald pauses, the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn and fly?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself. No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while he stands.

Looking away to where his emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the "Old Guard" in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. "Forward!" breaks from the iron lips.

The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley which smites that exhausted column; and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the empire saved.

J. T. HEADLEY.

PETIT JEAN.

[At the battle of the Pyramids, July 21, 1798.]

UP rose the sun o'er Egypt's tents,
O'er Egypt's pyramids and sands,
O'er fierce and fiery Mamelukes,
And o'er Napoleon's veteran bands;
The palms stood still in the hot air,
The sad and silent Sphinx looked
While over all the Afric sun
In burning, blinding splendor shone.

The Mamelukes fretted on their steeds,
Their cimeters all bright and bare;
The French stood grimly watching them,
Napoleon in the centre square.
He pointed to the pyramids:
"Comrades, from those grand heights, I say,
The brave of forty centuries
Will watch you draw your swords to-day!"

They answered him with ringing shouts,
And ere the echoes died away
The van, like a tornado, charged,
Led by the brave and bold Desaix.

Then while the trusty "Forty-third"
 Stood waiting for the word to charge,
 They saw their little drummer-boy
 Come from the column of Dufarge.

With tottering steps and bleeding breast,
 But bravely beating still his drum,
 He said with sad and tearful face,
 "Oh, Forty-third, to you I've come
 I've come to you, my regiment,
 For nothing but a child am I;
 I've come to you, my comrades brave,
 That you may teach me how to die!

"I'll never shame you, Forty-third;
 I want to be as brave and true;
 I want to die as brave men die;
 So tell a poor child what to do."
 Then Regnier gnawed his long gray beard
 And Joubert turned his head away:
 The lad had been the pet of all,
 And now they knew not what to say.

Till Regnier kissed the boy, and spoke:
 "Our Petit Jean, I see 'tis plain
 Your place is with the Forty-third;
 So beat us now the charge again,
 Then follow, and we'll show you how
 Death comes unto the soldier brave.
 Comrades, salute the nine-year-old
 Who'll bravely fill a soldier's grave!"

The men's hearts glowed like living coals,
 And Regnier cried, "Why do we stay?"
 And to the roll of the little drum
 They rode upon their vengeful way;
 But each one as he passed the child
 His sword with earnest purpose drew,
 And cried in brave or tender tones,
 "Mon Petit Jean, adieu! adieu!"

"I come, my regiment, I come!"
 But never Petit Jean again
 His drum beat for the Forty-third;
 They found him lying with the slain.
 They put the medal on his breast,
 Together clasped his childish hands,
 And dug, with many a bitter tear,
 A grave for him in Egypt's sands.

'Tis near a century ago
 But still his memory is green;
 The regiment has not a name
 So dear as that of Petit Jean;
 And many a weary soldier has
 To brave and noble deeds been stirred
 By the tale of the little nine-year-old
 Who died among the Forty-third.

MARY A. BARR.

A ROGUE.

[For an encore.]

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think;
 Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
 He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair
 And nestled himself very snugly there.
 Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
 And quick this fact came to his sight;
 A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
 And woke with a start to find Harry there.
 "Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said;
 He answered, "I'se pulling a basting-fread!"

WIDE AWAKE.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no place on the face of the earth
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?

Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man!

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier bright
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the bright hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long-lighted vistas the wildering view;
Go there in your patches and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate:
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look to yon judge in dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth quietly down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn gray—
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread—
Kneel down by the pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angels your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span
There's a *welcome above* for the moneyless man.

HENRY STANTON.

THE BASHFUL MAN'S STORY.

[An Impersonation.]

AMONG the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am unfortunately that being overstocked with the one called bashfulness; for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of "The Bashful Man." The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me formerly avoid that social company I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in, till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune, by the death of a rich old uncle, and vainly supposing that "money makes the man," I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join in the gay throng. With this view I accepted an invitation to dine with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome, Sir Thomas Friendly, an intimate friend of my late uncle's, with two sons and five daughters all grown up and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance." Having by this means acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learning to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable

intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learnt bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close to my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings and to appear at perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship and the familiar chat of the young ladies insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table, under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were in-

formed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter, at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and as I was just beginning to recover myself and to feel comfortably cool when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes I seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best

for drawing out fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; but clapping my hands upon my mouth the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbors know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and, as I am just informed my poultice is ready, I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire.

CHARLES MATTHEWS.

HAS CHARITY BEGUN.

[May be used when a collection is taken.]

I'M used to collecting, so needn't say (tho' people don't
mean to be spiteful)
I'm used to be snapped and snarled at and snubbed; I
can't say I find it delightful.
But hurt or not hurt, I must raise the means, so objec-
tions and rejections
I take as they come; but I do wish that folks would
spare me their moral reflections.

For there's one old lady, she always says, a-giving her
mouth a screw,
"Before you are generous be just." Well! no doubt
that is very true.
But it seems the sort of truth that's so true it may safely
be taken on trust,
That to *give* when we ought to *pay* is about as generous
as it's just.

And there's a gentleman looks quite stern, and bracing
himself up tall and square,
"Missions, indeed! and let me ask, young miss, if you're
aware
How much there is wanted here at home?" "Yes,"
thought I, and I meant no ill;
"And if nobody gives more help than you, there's much
will be *wanted* still."

And another he more politely says to me, "What!
another call?
It makes the sixth I have had this week; it really seems
that you all
Must think we are made of money here." And I tho't
as I turned away,
"If the other five got no more than I, you might do
with six in a day."

And there's a saw I've heard say so oft, the sound of it
 gives me a turn;
 It's "Charity should begin at home!" Why! I haven't
 got that to learn,
 For it's just at home that the most of its work and the
 best of its work is done—
 But, neighbors and friends, just let me ask, "Has
 charity begun?"

For it's something like fire; if it once begins, one can
 never tell where it ends;
 It's kind to its foes, so wherever it goes it never meets
 any but friends.
 And it's always at home, for it lives in the heart, and
 can give, and can take, and can share.
 And it's done of its best while perhaps the rest have been
 settling how much they could spare.

It isn't a gift, for it gives itself! and it's other than
 cents—it is life;
 It's the troth and oath betwixt God and man that maketh
 an end of strife.
 Where it deepest hides, there it most abides; it rests
 while it seems to run.
 Neighbors and friends, are we very sure that charity's
 begun?

AN AUGUST IDYL.

In two parts.

SHE.

Stay in the city through August! Why, John, it is simply absurd!
 If you think you're to rule in this household, and I'm
 to say never a word,
 You'll find yourself vastly mistaken. Come, listen now,
 please, that's a dear;

Don't you think that you need recreation for at least a few weeks in the year?
 You say *we can scarcely afford it, we've been spending so largely of late?*
 And *I think you're a John Jacob Astor?* How cross you are growing of late!
 I ask not for Long Branch or Newport, the mountains or springs, and so on,
 But just to get out of the city, so people may know we are gone.
 The Browns all left yesterday morning; the Smiths go to-morrow, they say;
 Mrs. S. remarked only last evening, "*Of course you are going away.*"
 So you see 'tis all out of the question, it never will do to stay here,
 And the country will be good for Baby and Henry Adolphus, my dear.
 You'd *much rather stay in New Bedford?* 'Tis *good enough plenty for you?*
 Oh, yes, but though it were an Eden, to stay at home never would do.
 So find some cheap place in the country as quickly as ever you may,
 And we'll lock up the doors and the windows, and leave at the earliest day.

HE.

Well, here's your *cheap place in the country*, and henceforth our destiny lies
 In living on skimmed milk and brown-bread, and being half eaten by flies.
 At home there are screens in the windows, and—good gracious me! what was that?
 Oh! I see it was but a mosquito I mistook by its size for a bat.
 I hope you're enjoying it, Mary. I really mean what I've said.
 You *thought my words sounded sarcastic?* Oh, no—there's another one dead.



MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

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Our cherub, young Henry Adolphus, is making the
most of his stay—
He has fathomed the depths of three frog-ponds and
been bitten by two dogs to-day.
It would be a relief from one's troubles to sleep in the
morning, but no;
When the last vile mosquito is vanquished all the cocks
far and near have to crow.
At home all is peaceful and quiet, no *fowl* fiends—par-
don the pun—
Will wake a man up in the morning when his slumbers
have only begun.
In the day-time 'tis flies and mosquitoes, at night 'tis
mosquitoes and fleas;
Nonquitt at the height of the season can offer us nothing
like these.
But though moths are at home in our parlors, though
burglars may enter at night,
Since spider-webs hang from the door-knobs, and we're
out of town, it's all right.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glory of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim built home on a sheltered bay ;
 A wife looking out on a glistening sea ;
 A prayer for the loved one far away,
 And prattling elves 'neath the old roof tree ;
 A lift of the latch and a radiant face
 By the open door in the falling night :
 A welcome home and a warm embrace
 From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair ;
 A golden light from the western sky ;
 His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
 And the open book of God close by.
 Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
 And bright is the glow of the evening star ;
 But dearer to them are the jasper walls
 And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
 Two lying still in their peaceful rest ;
 The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
 In the fiery glow of the amber west ;
 Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
 The night that follows the morning clear,
 A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
 Are the round of our lives from year to year !

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCE.

[Rev. Dr. N. E. Wood preached in the Memorial Baptist Church, Chicago, a sermon, of which the following is an abstract.]

THE doctrine of chance has but few believers in our time. The very conception is so contrary to reason that few minds can bear the continued shock of such a faith. The operations of natural law are complex and varied. The workings out of the human will are still more so ; yet one can not feel that this great polyglot of natural law and of human life is simply a chaos without order and uncontrolled. When men look on the variety of causes, natural and human, at work in the world and

look no further, then they feel that chance reigns and that nothing certain can come out of the disorder. Again, there is another class of men who call themselves fatalists. They consider that the course of events and of human life is absolutely fixed so that no human will can alter it. They have discerned the faint glimmerings of a grand and mysterious truth. If a man looks forward into the future, he sees himself capable of choosing his way of doing as he will. If he looks backward over the way he has already come, he discovers that his course oftentimes has been traced out by a mightier power than his. To this class, and to all classes of men, there is but one reply: It is God who holds the reins of this world and is driving it on in His own ways. He is everywhere, and beneath the apparent confusion and disorder is working out His own plans. These plans comprehend in their details the life of every child of God. Their great consummation is the final and complete establishment of the Kingdom of God. Sometimes, in the multiplicity of details, one may wonder whether or not God does really see and know all his life, and has a plan for it.

What place in His Kingdom has a cup of water given in the name of a disciple? But when in the hereafter the Kingdom of God shall be viewed in its completeness then it will be seen that all the little services for Christ and all the larger ones will have their places among the causes which produced the final result. It may not be seen to-day why in the providence of God one man should be elected to the Presidency of this great country rather than some other one; neither could it in 1860. And yet now, even in this short retrospect, we feel that it was a marked ordering of Providence that Abraham Lincoln should have come forth just at the right time. God had His own plans, and men in the exercise of their own free will helped toward the accomplishment of them. It is not always for man to know, but it is always for him to work and watch and wait. Look on pages of Chinese print. It seems only a wilderness of dots, marks and unintelligible figures; but those who made it find order, meaning and understanding in it.

God holds the key to all events, and how He uses them is not often ours to see. In some favored hour a man has moments of spiritual exaltation; he catches a glimpse of the Divine framework upon which is built a nation's history, or sees the Divine plan on which a human life has been wrought out. These moments are marked as places where God meets the man. But God had been just as much present all along in those places which men called dark. Their ignorance of it did not affect His presence and overruling. But some one will say: "How, then, can I help myself if God so controls all things? Am I still free?" Yes; who is there not conscious of his power to do absolutely as he will? He may go this way or he may go that; he is conscious of no restraint. If a man has taken God into his heart and become a servant of the Most High, his spirit is changed, and he is ready to say: "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." He is content because he believes God's choice for him is better than his choice for himself. God only knows what is to be accomplished by his life, and so no one knows so well as He how to use that life so as to accomplish the desired result.

REV. N. E. WOOD.

TICKET O' LEAVE.

[A village drama.]

Who's getting married this morning? some o' the big folk? No!
 Leastways, not as you'd call such as nowadays big folks go.
 It's only a common wedding; old Bradley's daughter Eve
 Is a-saying "I will" in yonder and the bridegroom's
 "Ticket o' Leave."

You thought 'twas a big folks' wedding, because o' the crowd maybe.
 Well, it's one as the whole o' the village has come to the church to see.

You needn't say you're a stranger ; if you wasn't, you'd
know their tale,
For to find another as didn't you might search ten mile
and fail.

"Ticket o' Leave" did I call him? I did, sir, and all
round here
"Ticket o' Leave" we've called him for as nigh as
maybe a year.
For he came back here from prison ; this is his native
place,
And that was the jibe as his neighbors flung in his hag-
gard face.

It's ten year ago since it happened—that as brought all
the shame—
That as gave decent people the right to shrink at his
name ;
He was right-hand man to old Bradley, was Ned—that
is, "Ticket o' Leave"—
He was more like a son to the farmer, and he loved his
daughter Eve.

Eve was the village beauty, with half the lads at her
feet ;
But she only gave 'em the chaff, sir—it was Ned as got
all the wheat.
They were sweethearts trothed and plighted, for old
Bradley was nothing loath ;
He had kissed the girl when she told him, and promised
to help them both.

But Jack, his son, was his idol—a racketty, scapegrace
lad—
Though to speak e'er a word agen him was to drive the
old chap mad ;
He worshipped the boy—God help him—the dearest to
him on earth ;
The wife of his early manhood had died in giving him
birth.

To him, Jack was an angel; but over the village ale
The gossips who knew his capers could tell a different
tale.

There were whispers of worse than folly—of drunken
bouts and of debt,
And of company Jack was keeping into which it was
bad to get.

Ned heard it all at the alehouse, smoking his pipe one
night;
And he struck his fist on the table, and gave it them
left and right.
He said it was lies, and dared them to breathe a word
'gen the lad.
He feared it might reach the farmer, but Ned knew as
the boy was bad.

Old Bradley was weak and ailing. The doctor had
whispered Ned
That a sudden shock would kill—that he held his life
by a thread.
So that made Ned more than anxious to keep the slan-
ders back
That were running rife in the village about the scape-
grace Jack.

One night—I shall ne'er forget it, for it came like a
thunder-clap—
The news came into the village as they'd found a ped-
dler chap
Smothered in blood, and senseless, shot and robbed on
the green;
And they brought Ned back here handcuffed, two con-
stables between.

At first we couldn't believe it as he could ha' been the
man;
But one of our chaps had caught him just as he turned
and ran—

Had caught Ned there red-handed, with a gun and the
peddler's gold ;
And we went in a crowd to the station, where the rest of
the tale was told.

The facts against Ned were damning. When they got
the peddler round,
His wound was probed, and a bullet that fitted Ned's
gun was found.
He'd been shot from behind a hedgerow, and had fallen
and swooned away ;
And Ned must have searched his victim, and robbed him
as he lay.

They kept it back from the farmer, who had taken at
last to his bed.
Eve came, red-eyed, and told him that she'd had a quar-
rel with Ned,
And he'd gone away, had left them, and perhaps he
wouldn't come back.
Old Bradley said he was sorry ; then asked for his boy,
his Jack.

And Jack, white-faced and trembling, he crept to the
old man's side,
And was scarcely away from the homestead till after the
old man died.
On the night that death crossed the threshold, one last,
long lingering look
At the face that was his dead darling's the poor old far-
mer took.

As the shadows of twilight deepened, the long ago came
back,
And his weak voice faintly whispered, " Lean over, and
kiss me, Jack.
Let me take your kiss to heaven, to the mother who died
for you."
And Eve sobbed out as she heard him, " Thank God, he
never knew !"

In his lonely cell a felon heard of the old man's end
In a letter his faithful sweetheart had conquered her
 grief to send;
And the load of his pain was lightened as he thought of
 what might have been
Had Jack, and not he, been taken that night upon Par-
son's Green.

Five years went over the village, and then one midsum-
mer eve
Came Ned back here as an outcast—out on a ticket o'
 Leave;
And all the people shunned him. The Bradleys had
 moved away,
For Jack had squandered the money in drink and in
 vice and play.

Poor Eve was up at the doctor's, his housekeeper grave
 and staid.
There was something about her manner that made her
 old flames afraid;
Not one of them went a-wooing; they said that her
 heart was dead—
That it died on the day the judges sentenced her sweet-
heart Ned.

"Ticket o' Leave" they called him after he came back
 here.
God knows what he did for a living; he must have been
 starved, pretty near.
But he clung to the village somehow—got an odd job
 now and then,
But, whenever a farmer took him, there was grumbling
 among the men.

He was flouted like that a twelvemonth; then suddenly
 came a tale
That a man out of our village had been sick in the
 county jail—

Sick unto death, and, dying, he had eased his mind of a
sin,
Hoping by that atonement some mercy above to win.

We knew it all that Sunday, for the parson, right out in
the church,
He wiped away in a moment from Ned the felon smirch.
He told us his noble story—how, following Jack that
night,
He had seen him shoot at the peddler, and rob him, and
take to flight;

He had seized the gun and the money from the rascal's
trembling hand;
Jack fled at the sound of footsteps, and the rest you can
understand.
The word that he might have spoken he kept to himself
to save,
For the sake of the dying father, the pitiful thief and
knave.

He knew that the blow would hasten the death of one
who had done
More for him than father, who had treated him as a son.
And so he had suffered in silence, all through the weary
years,
The felon's shame and the prison and the merciless
taunts and jeers.

Hark! there's the organ pealing; see how the crowd
divides;
Room for the best of fellows, room for the queen of
brides.
Look at their happy faces. Three cheers for the faith-
ful Eve,
And three times three and another for Ned, the "Ticket
o' Leave!"

GEORGE R. SIMS.

ART MATTERS IN INDIANA.

THEY were the last Italians of the year. It was not the balm of their own far-off Apennines they carried about their garments, it is true; but then they did not have a hand-organ and a sore-eyed monkey, but were professors of a higher art. There were three or four of them, and they came to Aurora a few days ago to supply the market with plaster-of-Paris images. They secured a small room, and began in a humble way to manufacture and sell their wares.

A visit to a workshop like theirs, where we see the insensate clay wrought so cunningly into the form of man and beast, recalls the days of the old master, when we used to mould spit-balls, and throw them against the blackboard. They prepare their own composition, and whittle out the figures with a jack-knife. If sober, an artist can whittle a good dog from the rough, and spot him with green and yellow paint, in fifteen minutes. To make an acceptable Greek Slave, bow-legged and afflicted with curvature of the spine, requires more time, of course.

They make figures a great deal faster than they sell them, for the reason that the people of Aurora are not of æsthetic tastes, and care more about returning-boards, canvassing-committees, and the price of hogs, than they do about painting and sculpture. The Italians did not understand the real cause of their depressed trade. They thought to increase business by employing a salesman who knew all about our language and customs. "Uncle Billy," an aged negro who lives next door to their studio, first excited their admiration, and finally won the love of their hearts, by his conversational powers. They knew at once that he was the man for the place. Having been merely hanging to the skirts of business of late years—sawing wood and whitewashing a little—he readily entered into a contract to peddle the images on the streets. Uncle Billy proposed to carry the figures in a bag. The Italians had never offered them in that way to the art-patrons of Rome, and explained to him that it would not do. They fitted him up with a cellar-door on

his head, after the style in vogue in their own sunny land, and, placing the images upon it, started him out. He had an excellent assortment of goods. Michael Angelo was there, standing beside a sky-blue pup with red tail and blue ears; Cupid, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, was taking deadly aim at the stomach of Mars; Columbus was on hand, like a sore finger, peering into the distance after dry land; there were dogs that would have passed equally well for hogs or sheep; and the angel leading forth St. Peter.

With this exhibit of Grecian and Roman mythology, history, poetry, etc., Uncle Billy turned into Main Street. He did not manage the board with any particular grace or skill; indeed, it required great exertion on his part to hold it on his head at all, and keep it from bumping against the heads of other people. With a gravity befitting his newly-found position, he passed along the street, loudly calling attention to his merchandise.

"Cl'ar de track, ladies and gen'l'men, fo' de ol'est sho' now trabin'. Heah I is, jes' from Italy, wid a Congress of Nations, an' a Centennial Exhibition on wheels, an' no mistake. I is captain an' mate of dis new an' elegant side-wheel steamah, an' any thing on de hurricane roof goes fo' de sum ob fifteen cents. If you don't see what you want, ask fo' it. No trouble to sho' goods. Heah we hab Napolean Bonepa't crossin' de Delewah; Christofah Columbus de Great; Mars Ben Butler; de beautiful and accomplished Miss Venus; de Rose of Sharon, an' de Lily of de Valley. Fifteen cents am de price ob 'mission, an' one ticket 'mits you to all de tents. I is done gone right down to de bottom figgah, an' no foolin'. White folks, you heah what I seys, an' you want to ante up wid de doocats."

"Oh, pull down your vest!" yelled a boy from the other side of the street.

Uncle Billy turned around to administer a rebuke; and, in doing so, the board on his head jostled violently against a pile of goods-boxes. There was a tremendous rattling of the plaster images as they toppled over one upon another.

Something told Billy that dire confusion existed among his statuary.

The information was correct. Jupiter, Jove, Marie Louise, Ben Butler, and the good Queen Bess, were lying together in a very questionable fashion.

Said Uncle Billy, as he held the board firmly on his head to prevent further disaster—

"I bet a million dollahs dat de berry old scratch is to pay up dar 'mong my gods and chicken fixin's."

No takers.

Then addressing himself in a loud tone of voice to the opposite sidewalk—

"An' all on 'count of dat low-flung chile dat hollah 'Pull down yo' vest!' Jes' wait till I kotch you, honey, an' you bet yo' sweet life dis niggah pull down yo' vest cl'ar down to de groun'. If 't wa'n't dat I'se got too much respec' fo' George Washington an' a few mo' good people on my head, I'd broke eb'ry blam' bone in yo' body right hyar. Now, yo' heah yo' ole uncle quote Shakspeah!"

He turned carefully around then, and started back to the manufactory for repairs; only remarking—

"Dey's some child'en in dis town dat hadn't ought to hab a moufful to eat fo' de nex' fo' hund'ed yeahs!"

VIRGINNY!

COME in, stranger, and rest a bit, an' let us have a talk—

The waggin' o' yer tongue won't weary you nigh as much as it does to walk;

You'll find things topsy-turvy, an' anything but neat,
But the backlog now is blazin', an' throwin' out the heat;
It will take the frost outen yer jints, you can go then
feelin' prime;

But the fire can't do that for me—I'm stiff with the
frosts o' time.

I tell ye, mister, I'm lonesome, too, for thar's just the dog
an' me,

That's ben runnin' things hyere in the cabin sense Vir-
ginny left Tennessee.

Virginny's my gal, or us' ter be, she's marrid now, an'
livin' in style,

I've ben up North to see her ; jes ben home but a little
while ;
I tell ye, stranger, I'm lonesomer now than ever I've ben
in my life,
'Ceptin' once—when Samantha war buried—Samantha,
she war my wife.

I wish yer could a' seen Virginny when she war about
sixteen.
It don't sound smart for a father to brag—in fact, I
think it looks green ;
But it wasn't her beauty I war thinking about ; 'tain't
o' that I war gwine to brag ;
'Twas the grit o' the gal I hed in my mind, an' the love
she hed for the flag.
Which flag? Good Lord, my friend, why, we war
squar' an' true,
Or my gal would never hev married that Yank, that
wore the Union blue.

You want to hear the story, hey? 'Twan't much of a
one, I 'low,
But it made Virginny a lady—wall, she war one, any-
how—
But she hed no book larnin', 'cept what she larnt o' me ;
For schools war a mighty scarce thing, my friend, cu the
mountains o' Tennessee.
But it made little odds to that young Yauk, when he
thought she'd saved his life,
An' he wrote to his dad—a rich ole chap—"I've a
heroine for my wife!"

But I'm gittin' ahead o' my story. 'Twar the winter o'
sixty-three,
When a Yank that had ben a prisoner war a makin' for
liberty.
He had crawled right up to the cabin, an' hadn't made
a sound,
An' Virginny an' me had no idee thar war any one
around,

"Till we heered the faintest rappin'—wasn't sure it war
a rap—
"Go to the door," says I to Virginny. "Please do you
go this time, pap."

Them war her words. It war mighty strange! she hed
never refused before,
An' there she stood, like a gal o' stone, starin' hard at
the door.
For the very fust time in her life, I think, her face war
as pale as death,
Whey the bay of a bloodhound, clus by the door, made
her fer to gasp for breath.
She hed a sharp knife in her hand jest then, an' when I
opened the door,
The houn' hed jest sprung on the shiverin' Yank, an'
bore him down to the floor.

Virginny, she sprung towards 'em—she caught a glimpse
o' his clothes;
In less'n a minnit the blood o' that dog on the floor o'
the cabin flows.
She made short work o' that animal; every blow she
reached his heart.
An' the glare in her eyes war that wild, sir, that it farly
made me start.
Her voice rang out like a bugle, "Hyere, pap, you bury
the houn',
An' I'll wash up this blood, for thar's more'n dogs that's
huntin' this soldier down!"

There was no tremblin' o' her voice, no fear about then;
If they'd come a-huntin' him, she'd fought a dozen men
With that butcher-knife, jest as she did the houn';
But the Yank spoke to her softly, an' she kind o' quieted
down,
An' went up to him shy-like, as though she war afraid
O' the man whose trip to etarnity she had so much de-
layed.

Lord, how he thanked us. It sounded mos' like a pra'r ;
The tears war a-glistenin' in Virginny's eyes as she bent
 over him thar,
A-drinkin' his words, for hyere war a chap that she had
 longed to see,
A brave man from the North, that fought for the flag o'
 the free.
"How can I ever repay you," said he, "for this great
 kindness shown?"
Her lips never moved, but her eyes kind o' said, "By
 claimin' me for your own!"

But the thought never entered her mind, yer know, 'bout
 her bein' his wife ;
To the simple gal he war a part of herself, sence she hed
 saved his life.
People love years in moments, sometimes ; these two did
 that day,
When their eyes first met, when the dog let go, as his
 life-blood ebbed away.
The free heart of Virginny, my gal so brave and true,
Was prisoned that day with another, that beat 'neath a
 suit o' blue.

S. N. COOK.

HARRY'S CHRISTMAS.

[Impersonate.]

"WON'T you tell me, darling mamma, when the Christ-
 mas-time will be?
I have just been thinking over what old Santa Claus
 brought me ;
'Twas a woolly ball last Christmas, and a top and jump-
 ing-jack,
And some picture-books and candies, with such lots of
 nuts to crack.

"And I cannot help but wonder what he'll bring to me
 this year,
For there's something always happens that I think is
 very queer ;

He always brings the very things I want above the
rest—
How does old Santa know so well what little boys like
best?

"Perhaps 'twill be a pair of skates and maybe a new
sled.
I hope so, and I'll lend them then to little darkey Ned,
For I've often seen him turn away, and once I saw him
cry
When all the boys with pretty sleds went gaily coast-
ing by.

"And I'd better have some mittens, mine are getting old,
you see,
And some boots whose tops are tall enough to come up
to my knee;
He *might* think that I was selfish if I asked for other
toys,
And then—he might not have enough for all the girls
and boys.

"I've laid away some playthings, my tin soldiers, and
my cow,
And my Noah's ark and monkey, I'm too big to play
with now;
And, mamma, mayn't I give them to some poorer boy
than me?
For some chimneys are too little for old Santa Claus to
see.

"Now won't you tell me, please, mamma, when Christ-
mas will be here?
I think so many days and weeks might make almost a
year!
I'm just as tired of waiting as I can most ever be;
What makes a year so long, mamma? I'm sure I can-
not see."



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And I brushed the brown hair softly from the forehead
 high and white,
And in loving benediction laid a kiss there warm and
 light;
"It is just two weeks till Christmas, can you wait, my
 little man?"
And the brave, brown eyes uplifted, "If I try, I guess
 I can?"

* * * * *

Ah! what bitter, blighting changes just two little weeks
 can make!
How much sorrow we can suffer ere the quivering heart-
 strings break!
For before the Christmas joy-bells rang out on the frosty
 air,
Low I knelt beside my darling in an agony of prayer.

"Not this cup, I cannot drink it, Father!" prayed I in
 my woe;
"Peace!" a calm voice spake unto me, "I have called
 him, let him go!"
"Nay, O God!" I cried, "I cannot say, 'Thy will, not
 mine, be done!'"—
"Yet for thee thy Heavenly Father gave His well-
 beloved Son."

Then I arose and bent above him, heartsick even unto
 death,
When once more the white lids lifted, and I hushed my
 very breath—
"Mamma! will it soon be Christmas?" in a clear, sweet
 voice, he said.
Then the dark eyes closed forever, and my darling boy
 was dead.

Christmas morn the early sunlight fell upon a little sled,
With a pair of skates upon it, and the mittens, blue and
 red,

With the longed-for boots beside them, chosen with the
tenderest love,
But the little feet unshodden walked the shining streets
above.

MARJORIE MOORE.

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

[An oration.]

ROME and Carthage! behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization; she can mount no higher; any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is semi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to get. All is before her, nothing behind.

For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on the opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart; Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend; with their contact must come the thunder shock. The catastrophe of this splendid drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, the one theocratic, the other aristocratic—Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet: Carthage, old, rich and crafty; Rome, young, poor, robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery and the

spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, and the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and North on the other; in short, two worlds—the civilization of Africa and the civilization of Europe.

They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers; she utters that cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" But, she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

VICTOR HUGO.

A SCENE AT JERICHO.

WILD rumors are afloat in Jericho.
From lip to lip, and house to house, they fly,
With wonder strangely thrilling every heart,
And he who hears repeats the cry.

"Ho, there!

The Galilean Prophet's come to town!
And with him comes a company of Priests,
Of Scribes, and with them a great multitude
Of men and women who've been heal'd, they say,
Of many a dire disease—as fevers,
Palsies, and the like. 'Tis said, the devils
Obey his voice and flee at his approach,
The blind receive their sight, the deaf do hear,
And lepers, too, are cleansed.

"We've heard of him

From Galilee down to Jerusalem;
And now to our City of Palms he comes,

Dispensing healing all along the way,
And the sav'd ones shout and cry, Hosanna!
All ye people, come and see!"

Jericho

In its last nerve was stirred by that strange cry,
Which spread through all its shady streets.
Hears it, the rich man in his palace—
The poor man in his cot. Leaves the merchant
All his shelves unguarded, and from his door
Looks down the street, and out the city walls
To catch a view of Him thus heralded.
The shopman leaves his bench and tools to run
Without the gates, and swell the wond'ring crowd
Which goes to welcome Him.

Each sufferer

Forgets awhile his pain, and hope springs up
Anew where hope had ne'er more thought to dwell.
Jesus! Through all the land that name was heard,
From Judea's southmost border to the
Northern hills of Galilee. East and West
His fame had gone from Reuben's eastern lines
To borders of Manasseh, on the sea,
And all the people wonder'd, as they heard
What tales were told, and deeply in their hearts
Lay questionings, but few dare give them voice.
Could this be He—great David's greater son?
And this, that Prophet of whom Moses wrote—
Who should in after ages surely come—
The Woman's seed, to whom it shall be given
Under *his* heel, to bruise the serpent's head?
The common people gladly heard his word—
His works they saw, and felt His healing pow'r,
And childlike and unreas'ning they believed;
While trembling with conviction, their Rulers
Stood aloof—saw him pass the wealthy by
And stoop to poverty, where manhood lay
Forgotten and uncar'd for by the few
Who had, more favor'd, climb'd above the mass,
And frown'd upon them, from their higher seats.

These scoffed, and said, with a demoniac sneer,
 "Have any Rulers yet on him believ'd?"
 And so they hardened still their flinty hearts,
 And would have slain Him—as at last they did.
 But now he leaves the nation's Capital,
 And on his way comes down to Jericho
 Where noisy voices have preceded him,
 And the people roused for his reception.
 Lo! in what thickening crowds they come to greet
 The Wonder-worker. Door and balcony
 Each hold an eager jostling mass of souls—
 The wives and children of the men who went
 Without the city gates to bring in him
 Who comes in lowly guise; yet so 'tended,
 As well might wake a monarch's envyings.

The walls are almost reach'd; and from the tower
 The watchmen now can see the Prophet's face
 And catch the gleam of its benignity.
 He calmly moves, surrounded—yet alone—
 All that crowd knowing, while himself unknown.
 As to His gaze are open all the leaves
 Of all the trees which shade His dusty path—
 So were the inmost hearts—so were the thoughts
 Of those who lined the way, in front or rear,
 As he the town approach'd.

But hark! A cry
 Goes forth, and all that moving mass arrests—
 'Twas not the voice of welcome, nor of joy;
 But a sharp, quick and passionate exclaim
 Telling of fearful suffering long endured,
 And the agony of hope, quickly roused,
 To fall, perchance, into eternal night.
 Whence came that cry so sudden, and so shrill?
 What said it? See! the Prophet gives it heed.
 Lo! by the way-side, blind Bartimeus stands
 With outstretch'd hands and upturn'd ear, to catch
 The kind response he would, scarce hopes to hear.
 His face wears a look more startling than his cry.
 To those who saw it, in its agony.

Some said, "'Tis only a poor beggar's voice,
Who daily haunts the travel'd thoroughfares
And begs from all the passers by."

While some

With rude officious haste did chide the man
For crying out so loud, and bade him cease,
Nor trouble more the Master. But not so
Would be the man control'd, and, heeding not
Their efforts, with a louder, shriller voice
Threw his whole soul into this last appeal—
"Jesus! David's Son! Mercy show to me!"
And trembling, hoping, waited the reply
Which came full soon. He bade them bring him near.
The surging crowd gives way, and kindly hands
The beggar's footsteps guide unto the Christ,
Whose near presence dispels his anxious fears,
And fills him with a calm and trusting hope.
Now, "What wilt thou that I should do for thee?"
Falls on his listening ear. When up-springing
From his soul's inmost recess, came the prayer
Of his strong, young faith the first begotten—
"O Lord, that I my sight may now receive!"
A breathless silence hold that human mass—
Each ear attent to hear Him make reply.
Nor long he made them wait, but spake these words—
"Thy sight receive; thy faith hath sav'd thee!"
And then, the gracious pow'r Omnipotent
Mov'd on those sightless eyeballs, till they grew
Transparent as the crystal lens through which
Astronomers catch rays of distant stars.
Bartimeus saw—saw faces of his friends—
Saw Jesus, that best friend, and glorified
The God in him. The people said, "Amen."
And so the "Light" was seen at Jericho.

So the sinner—than Timeus's son more blind,
When Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,
In Providence, or in revival pow'r—
May stay His passing footsteps with a cry
Made truly earnest as that beggar's was
When he made his appeal at Jericho.

He who would have supply must *feel* his need,
 And make his heavenward prayer importunate;
 Such have pow'r the footsteps of a God to stay,
 And guide the Almighty hand to their relief.
 While here on earth the Saviour's tender heart
 Ne'er steel'd itself to any man's distress—
 Said never "nay" to those who sought his aid—
 To save their bodies from their various ills,
 And now in heav'n he waits, their souls to heal,
 More willing *these* to bless than *those*, because
 They are of greater worth.

Then do not stay

For words of those who never felt your needs;
 But like the beggar press your heart-felt plea,
 For the same Lord shall hear and pardon thee.

J. L. BARLOW.

WASHINGTON.

[An oration.]

ALL over the world examples may be found which are lessons to us. Could you go to Naples, you will find beyond the Grotto of Phisillippo, where the soft waves of the delightful bay make their music on the shore—the tomb of the great Latin poet—Virgil. Men from every clime go thither to pay their homage to his tomb, although two thousand years have gone since his Epic was given to the world. His tomb is still the mausoleum of Genius. It is respected, protected and honored. Some of you have seen the monuments Scotland has reared to her gifted men. Some of you have seen the tomb of Walter Scott, at Dryburg Abbey, and have not only admired its beauty and repose, but have admired the vigilant care with which it is guarded and protected.

Go to Rome! Beneath St. Peter's Basilica, you will find there the tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul. They are guarded ever by priestly vigilance, and around them burn the ever-trimmed lamps of religious veneration. At Paris, the great Napoleon sleeps, honored in

death beyond all human conquerors, in the *Hotel des Invalides*, surrounded by a hundred banners, emblems of his victories and his genius!

England has her Westminster Hall, wherein is enshrined her royal line, and by a higher heritage a line of genius, from Chaucer, who sung the dawn of English verse, to Macaulay, who illustrated her history in the undying eloquence of his prose. France has her St. Denis, the last abode of her kings, and Paris has its Pantheon, in whose vaults the literary demigods are immortalized!

But I pass these reminiscences by. We have a tomb which, I trust, in future, will be cared for and protected; and as long as woman is the watcher, her faith and patience will guard it with vestal vigilance.

It is neither a trite nor an untrue saying, that if a man bears the blade of patriotism, woman is the jewel in its hilt. She has and ever will make that jewel shine, wherever there is a fair opportunity and an ennobling civilization.

Why has this association of American women been formed? For the purpose of purchasing, preserving, reclaiming and protecting that spot we have just left, so sacred in our historic annals and in the nation's memory. It is because the man who lies there buried is not the mere hero of a novel—not the mere hero of to-day—not the mere soldier who achieved with his own sword his own fortune—not your Sultan Mohammed or Emperor Napoleon, who, with bloody ambition, created an empire on the Bosphorus or a dynasty on the Seine. The career of these heroes of the battle-field is as yonder blood-red moon, just risen above the Potomac, compared with the bright effulgence of the noonday sun, which shines with no borrowed light, as an aureola around the memory of George Washington. He can be addressed at this day, when he is so canonized in our hearts, only in the language of that poetry which has likened him to the brightest imagery which the material universe can furnish. He has been spoken of as the illustrious Pleiad in our American constellation.

S. S. Cox.

GRANDPA AND BESS.

[Impersonate the two characters.]

Two bright heads in the corner,
Deep in the easy chair;
One with a crown of yellow gold,
And one like the silver fair;
One with the morning's rosy flush,
And one with the twilight's tender hush.

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Asks Goldlocks in her glee;
"Do they sail in a pearly shallop
Across a wonderful sea;
A sea whose waters with rainbows spanned,
Touch all the borders of fairy land?"

"Do all the birds in that country
Keep singing by night and by day?
Singing among the blossoms
That never wither away?
Will they let you feel as you hold them near,
Their warm hearts beating, but not with fear?"

"And the happy little children,
Do they wander as they will,
To gather the sweet wild roses,
And the strawberries on the hill;
White wings like butterflies all afloat,
And a purple cloud for a fairy boat?"

"There surely is such a country,
I've seen it many a night,
Though I never, never could find it
Awake in the morning light;
And that is the country o'er the sea,
Where the beautiful New Years wait for me."

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Says Grandpa, looking away

Through the frosty rime on the window,
 To the distant hills so gray ;
 "They come from the country of youth, I know,
 And they pass to the land of long ago.

"And which is the fairest country ?
 Dear heart, I never can tell ;
 Where the New Years wait their dawning
 Or the beautiful Old Years dwell ;
 But the sweetest summers that ever shone
 To the land of the long ago have flown.

"The New Years wait for you, darling ;
 And the Old Years wait for me ;
 They have carried my dearest treasures
 To the country over the sea ;
 The eyes that were brightest, the lips that sung
 The gladdest carols when life was young.

"But I know of a better country,
 Where the Old Years all are new ;
 I shall find its shining pathway
 Sooner, sweet heart, than you ;
 And I'll send you a message of love and cheer
 With every dawn of a glad New Year."

The eyes of the dear old pilgrim
 Are looking across the snows,
 While closer nestles the merry face,
 With its flush like the pink wild rose.
 Dreaming together the young and old,
 Locks of silver and crown of gold.
 EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.

PARTNERSHIP.

A Little Girl Addresses the Mother of Her Pet Kitten.

[Impersonate.]

You need not be looking around at me so ;
 She's my kitten as much as your kitten, you know,
 And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go.

You know very well that the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried she'd surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound.

She's only just crying because she's a goose;
I'm not squeezing her—look now—my hands are quite
loose,
You may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And you may as well get right down and go 'way,
You're not in the thing we are going to play,
And remember it isn't your half the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—and so soon,
In the morning she's mine, and yours all afternoon—
And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew,
For you know what will happen right off if you do,
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons, too!

ONE GLASS TOO MUCH.

"O, HO! he has drank one glass too much!"
So I heard the jeering rabble say,
As a young man from the bar-room door
Goes reeling forth down the drunkard's way!
And I wonder as he staggers on,
How many, many thousand such
The same dark road to ruin have gone,
By drinking just "one glass too much."

A maiden sits at the banquet board,
Her eyes aflame and her cheeks aflush;
Her lips have quaffed of the fiery draught
That drives her pulse with a feverish gush.
Now she can laugh at the ribald jest;
She shrinks not from the lecherous touch,
The sentinel sleeps in the maiden's breast,
Alas! she has sipped "one glass too much."

A pilot stands at the quivering helm,
 While the waves with fierce and angry roar
 Are drifting his bark through storm and dark
 To rocks that frown on a dangerous shore;
 In vain do his nerveless, tremulous hands,
 With 'wildered clasp the tiller-rope clutch,
 A wreck on the rocks, a corpse on the sands,
 That sailor has drank "one glass too much."

A thousand patriots carry their flag
 In the fight of freedom bold and high!
 With lofty courage they're forcing back
 The legions that strike at liberty;
 And the shout of triumph almost peals—
 The coveted prize they almost touch—
 When ah! from his horse the captain reels;
 And the day is lost by—"one glass too much."

"One glass too much!" aye, tell me, who can,
 How long may the reckless tippler pass
 The poisonous dram to his thirsty lips
 And still escape from the fateful glass?
 Young man, so strong in your generous pride;
 Fair maiden, so blest with beauty's touch.
 Oh tamper not with the tempting tide!
 The very first glass is "one glass too much."

BURDETTE IN TOLEDO.

WHEN we reached Toledo I looked at my watch. We had barely ten minutes to get across to the Union depot and catch the Canada Southern train. It looked like an impossibility, but to an old traveler there is no such word as *f, a, l, e*. I tossed my boy into the nearest carriage, hurled my sister in after him, ran down the platform like a mad man, tore the checks from my baggage (I always call my room my apartments, the check on my trunk, my checks, and my family physician, my physicians; there is so much *émbonpoint* and *coup d'état* in a plural) dragged my trunks to the carriage myself

and shouted to the astonished hackman, "An extra dollar if we catch the Canada Southern!" How that man did drive! Rackety swat over the pavements of Toledo, over a telegraph messenger boy on this corner and within an inch of going over a wheelbarrow at a crossing, but the wheelbarrow, being alone, was more active than the messenger boy, and so got out of the way. Over the bridge, like an arrow in spite of legal prohibition, down to the Island House and here we are. I thrust the hackman's pay and extra fee into his honest palm, had the trunks off the carriage before he could touch it and whirled it up to the baggage-room. "'Troit!" I yelled. "Lively now—have tick't in min't!" Away I flew to the ticket office, knocking people right and left, followed by the inspiring cheers and pleasant remarks of the multitude. "Tick't, 'Troit!" I shouted to the agent, snatched up my ticket, threw down my money, ran away without my change and found my trunks checked. I seized it by the remaining handle, yanked it off the truck, and hauling my now affrighted family along with the other hand, I flew toward the track where the Canada Southern should be standing. But a quiet, grave looking man with a railway uniform on stopped me.

"Where are you going?" he said quietly.

"Detroit!" I yelled. "G'out o' my way, 'r I'll ride ye down."

"But your train is not ready," he said, persuasively; "it doesn't start for nearly an hour yet. You should not get so excited. The baggage-master will take care of that trunk and I will call you when the train is ready. The waiting-room is just at the further end of the station."

Any man's watch is liable to run down and stop, but that is no reason why the people who loiter about railway stations should be fools. There is too much broad, glaring, publicity about our American railway stations. There should be more privacy, more exclusiveness. At every railway station where people of the upper classes are liable to be misled as to the standard and running time of inactive watches and thus be led into somewhat extravagant action, there should be a long, deep, dark

hole, about fifteen miles long, extending under the nearest range of mountains for the citizens of the upper classes to retire into until the coarse hilarity of the vulgar crowd should have expended itself.

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY."

[An old man's reverie.]

AN old man sat in his easy chair,
And mused, while the crimson evening glow
Fell on his wrinkled face and hair,
That was bright as silver and white as snow.

He leaned on his sturdy oaken cane,
And murmured soft to himself alone:
"They've told me, over and over again,
That I'm old and shattered, and childish grown.

Well, who's to blame that I'm living still?
I settled my business long ago,
Divided my farm, and made my will,
And now I am waiting the word to go.

I'm sure I haven't a wish to stay
Where everybody is hurrying so;
They seem to think that I am in the way,
Because I am feeble and old and slow.

There ain't no time in these short days
For nothing but hurry and worry and spring,
And folks don't stop to consider their ways,
But rush and scramble for everything.

A few years ago, it may be ten
Or twenty or more—no matter now—
But I was younger and stronger then
To wield the axe and to hold the plow;

One Saturday—'twas in haying time,
 I know, for I swung the scythe all day—
 The red-top was blooming and in its prime,
 And I meant to make it the best of hay.

'Twas foolish, I know, to cut it down
 With the wind in the southeast all day long,
 And Sunday ahead, when all the town
 Would rest and worship with psalm and song.

I see it now, but I didn't then,
 I shouldn't 'a' mowed a stroke that day,
 But fixed up the shelves for Hetty, when
 She'd asked and asked me, in her mild way.

Where the sun went down that Saturday
 A little speck of cloud was seen ;
 And I feared for my precious red-top hay,
 And e'en a'most wished it was standing, green.

But it lay in the swath along the hill,
 Partly wilted by wind and sun ;
 'I'll shake it out early to-morrow, I will !
 And I'll rake it up after the meetin's done.'

'Ah, John, you've forgotten the Lord's command
 To keep the Sabbath, and rest and pray ;'
 And she stroked my hair with her gentle hand ;
 I knew she was right ; but I turned away,

And harnessed old Kate ; and Hetty, alone.
 Drove to the meetin' two miles away ;
 'I hate to go, and leave you at home,
 But I must keep holy the Sabbath day.'

The sun shone hot, and the south wind blew,
 I shook up, and turned, and tossed the hay
 Till the afternoon, and then I knew,
 I thought I knew, I had gained a day.

Hetty came home as the clock struck four,
Warm and tired, with a downcast eye;
The neighbors had asked her, a dozen or more,
If I was at home, and the reason why.

It galled me some, but the rake I took
And gathered the windrows hurriedly,
For the clouds were rising, and over the brook
The alders swayed as the wind swept by.

Rake and tumble, and jump and run!
It wus tiresome work, but I loved it then,
And I toiled with a will till the setting sun
Was hid by the hemlocks beyond the glen.

Hetty had called from the cottage door,
'Supper is waiting—come in to tea!'
'Only three or four windrows more,
And then I'll come in most willingly.'

'You look so tired, and you've worked so late!
O, John, I wish you had gone with me!'
Spoke Hetty, as we at the table sate,
And ate our supper, and drank our tea.

'Parson Smith read from the Holy Book,
"What shall it profit a man to gain
The world, if he lose his soul?" and he took
That for his text, and he made it plain.

"We must hallow," he said, "the Sabbath day
By doing God's work, and not our own;"
O, John, I could only look down and pray,
For I thought of you here, at work alone.'

'It's all very well to preach that way,
With nothing to lose by a sudden rain;
But let him once have my red-top hay,
And see if he'd take that text again!'



FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

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The rain came drizzling down that night,
 It made no noise on the window-sill,
 And I didn't know till the morning light
 It was raining a drop, it came so still.

It rained and rained and rained all day ;
 I couldn't go out, so I sawed and planed,
 And made some shelves in the cellar-way
 For Hetty, my wife, while it rained and rained.

There wasn't a hay-day all that week—
 It was hot and damp, and a catchin' time ;
 My hay was spoilt ; I'm ashamed to speak
 Of that Sunday's work in my manhood's prime.

I haven't forgot those rainy days,
 And I shan't forget 'em while I stay :
 The Lord won't prosper a man who prays,
 Unless he hallows the Sabbath day."
 LUCY LAMB,

 SHACOB'S LAMENT.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
 Und wipe my nose away ;
 Und if a lump vos in my throat,
 It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt ;
 Und if dot tale of woe
 Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
 Den I don't pelief I know.

You see I fall myself in love ;
 Und effery night I goes
 Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
 All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead ;
Und all alone in this colt worltdt,
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see ;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put away my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me ;
Und vhen I says, " Vill you be mine ?"
She says, " You bet I'll be !"

Ve vos engaged—oh, blessed fact !
I squeeze dot dimpled hand ;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

" Before der vedding day vos set,"
She vispers in mine ear,
" I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

" I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock ;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
 Der market vos no good;
 Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
 To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
 Dot shtocking took a shrink;
 I counted out twelf hundred in
 Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
 Dot vidder shlopes away;
 Und leaves a note behindt for me,
 In which dot vidder say—

"DEAR SHAKE:—

Der rose vas redt,
 Der violet blue—
 You see I've left,
 Und you're left, too!"

IN LIQUOR.

A VERY sleek and comely rat
 Once fell in a distiller's vat,
 And thus addressed a passing cat;
 "Assist me out of this, I pray,
 Oh, gentle puss, turn not away!"
 "Yes, I will help you out," said she,
 "If first, my friend, you'll promise me
 My willing dinner then to be."
 The rat was sinking—quick as thought
 He gave the promise and was caught,
 And safely from the vat was brought.
 But fumes from out the vat
 Went up the nose of tabby cat,
 Who sneezed and sneezed again. At that
 The rat took heart and legs and fled
 And reached a point safe overhead.

Then 'tween her sneezes Tabby said—
“For shame (cachew!) you said (cachew!)
You'd be my din (cachew!) ner. You
Have lied to me. (Cachew mew!)”
“True,” said the rat, “'tis even so,
I was in liquor, then, you know!”
Thus rats or men in liquor, they
Cannot be trusted any way.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts.

The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the Divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses

built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisadek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe.

Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teachers whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the min-

arets of the mosque of Omar ; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

B. DISRAELI.

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

[With spirit.]

By the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a soldier's
 heed,
In the chilly, autumn morning gallant Grant was on his
 steed,
For the foe had climbed above him, with the banners of
 their land,
And their cannon swept the river from the hills of Cum-
 berland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—"Howard, Thomas to
 the Bridge!
One brigade aboard the Dunbar, storm the heights of
 Mission Ridge!
On the left, the ledges, Sherman, charge, and hurl the
 rebels down.
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout, and the slope be-
 fore the town."

Fearless, from the Northern Summit looked the traitors
 where they lay,
On the gleaming Union Army, marshalled as for mus-
 ter day,
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward from
 the farms,
And they dropped their idle glasses, in a sudden rush to
 arms.

Then together up the highlands surely, swiftly swept the
lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and
louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed
to throb,
And the star-flag of our country soared in smoke o'er
Orchard Knob.

Day and night and day returning, ceaseless shock and
ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned
along the range.
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled heaven's
mist of rain,
Till the ascending squadron vanished from the gazers
on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the
shore.
From the roofs of yonder city, anxious eyes the clouds
explore,
But no rift amid the darkness shows them fathers,
brothers, sons,
Where they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of
the guns.

Upward! charge for God and country! up! aha! they
rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never clouded
skies,
And the battle-field is bloody, where a dewdrop never
falls,
For a voice of tearless justice for a tearless vengeance
calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and
bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where Freedom's angels battle in the
blue serene.

Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the
air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong
despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions; well their
foes might be dismayed,
Standing in the mountain temple, 'gainst the terrors of
his aid.
And the clouds might fitly echo pean loud and parting
gun,
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor host
undone.

They have conquered! Through the region where our
brothers plucked the palm
Rings the noise with which they won it with the sweet-
ness of a psalm.
And our wounded sick and dying hear it in their
crowded wards,
And they whisper, "Heaven is with us! Lo, our battle
is the Lord's!"

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's
prison hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming, glad as Freedom's
morning bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting with their cheeks
against the bars
Feel God's breath of hope and see it playing with the
stripes and stars.

Tories still in serpent treason startle at those airy cheers,
And that wild, ethereal war drum falls like doom upon
their ears.
And that rush of cloud-borne armies, rolling back a
nation's shame,
Frights them with its sound of judgment and the flash
of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal sires despondent
 grown,
 Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of
 heaven blown;
 And the patriot's children wonder in their simple hearts
 to know
 In the land above the thunder our embattled cham-
 pions go.

Theron Brown.

THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

LADIES and Gintlemin: In the foreground over there ye's 'll obsarve Vinegar Hill, an' should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if ye are yer'll foind at the fut of the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, by the way, is as foine a lad as you'll mate in a day's march. I see by the basp on the door that McCarty is out, or I'd tak' yes in an' introduce yes. A foine, ginerous, noble feller is this McCarty. Shure an' if he had but the wan per-atie he'd give yes the half of that, and phat's more, he'd thank ye for takin' it. (James, move the crank! Larry, music on the bag-pipes!)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We've now arrived at a beautiful spot, situated about twenty miles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer'll see a hut, by the side of which is sated a lady and gintleman; well, as I was goin' that way wan day I heard the following conversation betwixt him an' her. Says she to him: "James, it's a shame for yer to be tratin' me so; d'ye moind the toime yer used to come to me father's castle a-beggin'?" "Yer father's castle—me? Well, thin! ye could sthand on the outside of your father's castle, an' stick yer arm down the chimney an' pick praties out of the pot, an' divil a partition betwixt you and the pigs but sthraw." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies an' Gintlemin: We have now arrived at the beautiful an' classical Lakes of Killarny. There's a curious legend connected wid dese lakes that I must re-

late to you. It is that every evenin' at four o'clock in the afternoon a beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, an' while movin' transcendently an' glidelessly along, ducks its head, skips under the water, an' you'll not see him till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We have now arrived at another beautiful spot, situated about thirteen and a half miles this side of Cork. This is a grate place, noted for sportsamin. Wanst, while sthoppin' over there at the hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney, the waiter, and mesilf. I says to him, says I, "Mully, old boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me the mustard?" and he was a long time bringin' it, so I opportuned him for kapin' me. An' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that's me) "I notice that you take a grate deal of mustard wid your mate." "I do," says I. Says he, "I notice you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies an' Gintlemin: We now skip acrost the broad Atlantic to a wonderful spshot in America, situated a few miles from Chinchinnatti, Ohoho, called the Falls of Niagara. While lingerin' here wan day I saw a young couple, evidently very sweet on aich other. Av coorse I tuk no notice of phat they were sayin', but I couldn't help listenin' to the followin' extraordinary conversation. Says he to her: "Isn't it wonderful to see that tremindous amount of water comin' down over that terrible precipice. "Yis, darlint," says she, "but wouldn't it be far more wonderful to see the same tremindous body of water a-goin' up that same precipice?" (Move the crank, etc.)

REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue,

I think they said was the number—
'Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle's blast and the drum's quick beat,

The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a reverie sad and sweet,
And then to a beautiful slumber.

When lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand,
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty mountain air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
Far into the square with a brazen tread
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street,
To the phantom bugle's warning—

'Till it reached the capitol square and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sign of fife or drum,
But keeping in time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation—

The martyred heroes of Malvern hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead—the men
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of the prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder—
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

BRET HARTE.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

I HAVE found what the learned seemed so puzzled to
tell—

The true shape of the Devil, and where is his Hell.
Into serpents, of old, crept the Author of Ill,
But Satan works now as a worm of the still.

Of all his migrations, this last he likes best :
How the arrogant reptile here raises his crest !
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,
Till the worm stands erect o'er the prostrated man.

Here, he joys to transform, by his magical spell,
The sweet milk of the Earth to an Essence of Hell,
Fermented our food, and corrupted our grain,
To famish the stomach and madden the brain.
By his water of life, what distraction and fear ;
By the gloom of its light, what pale spectres appear !
A Demon keeps time on his fiddle finance,
While his Passions spring up in a horrible dance !

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,
A man's baser half, raised, in room of his bust.
Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,
But how black with ennui, how benighted his day !
With drams it begins, and with drams it must end ;
A dram is his country, his mistress, his friend ;
Till the ossified heart hates itself at the last,
And the dram nerves his hand for a death-doing blast.

Mark that monster, that mother, that shame and that
curse ;
See the child hang dead-drunk at the breast of its nurse !
As it drops from her arm, mark her stupefied stare !
Then she wakes with a yell, and a shriek of despair.
Drink, Erin ! drink deep from this crystalline round,
Till the tortures of self-recollection be drowned ;
Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffened to stone—
Then sit down in the dirt like a queen on her throne.

No phrensy for Freedom to flash o'er the brain ;
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain ;
A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich to thine eye
And peace and good order shall reign in the sky !
Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,
To stain thy pure surface of Emerald green ;
For the Serpent will never want poison to kill,
While the fat of your fields feeds the worm of the still !

HOW TERRY SAVED HIS BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry: "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast; an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick: "Sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it: why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he; "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it."

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot,

now, boy, Terry. What'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop, stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh! never mind: tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gentleman's house, upon a little bit of business; an' he bein' engaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbley-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you;" and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins. "No, certainly not: give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest: "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

CÆDMON.

In the gray morning of our Saxon song
Cædmon, the cowherd, so the legend sped,
Stealing, one night, from out the merry throng
Of feasters, sought the stillness of his shed—

And laid him down beside the quiet kine,
As one who feels himself a soul apart,
Yet sore perplexed and troubled to divine
Why he should be so sorrowful of heart.

Some nameless wish, some drowsy sense of pain
Had vexed his spirit, pierced him through and through
With aspiration's arrows, filled his brain
With dissonance and errant fancies, new.

The swelling pathos of the harp and lute
Anon upon the evening air outswept;
And, mingling with his sorrow vague and mute,
Brought peace at last unto him—and he slept.

How long he slept he knew not, when there came
A radiant one—a vision chaste and rare—
So the rude rafters seemed to glow and flame
With the soft light that filtered through the air

"Fear not, O Cædmon!" thus the angel spake;
"Not bane but benediction do I bring;
I bear the gift of song. Arise! Awake,
O bard! I charge thee lift thy voice and sing."

"Alack! I cannot sing," he answered then;
"For this cause came I hither from the feast.
Among the menials and the serving men
I am accounted least among the least.

"And neither wit nor gracious words have I,
Nor bookish lore, nor youth, nor pleasing way.
What should I sing?" The angel made reply:
"Sing thou the dawning of creation's day!"



WM. H. CRANE.

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And then his lips were touched with sudden fires
 Of glowing speech and ardor uncontrolled ;
 He heard the music of the heavenly choirs.
 He saw creation's primal book unrolled.

Anon in gladsome transport he awoke,
 The rapturous words yet trembling on his tongue ;
 Around his couch the sober morning broke,
 And stole far in the patient herd among.

And was it all a dream—a trick of sense—
 Some jugglery that daylight would expose ?
 Not so ! For still the bubbling eloquence
 From the full fountain of his heart uprose.

He sought the Abbess ; told his wondrous tale
 With fervent ecstasy ; how all unsought
 The gift of song had come. She bid him hail,
 And reverently heard what God had wrought.

He sang the Genesis—the birth of time,
 The Eden fair, man's sin and lost estate ;
 And, listening to that eloquence sublime,
 Came, thronging, England's holy men and great.

He sang betimes to high and low degree ;
 Alike to lord and lady, rich and poor ;
 And, echoing down from that far century,
 His strains melodious shall for aye endure.
 N. A. LINDSEY.

DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

[A fine recitation. Impersonate.]

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown

old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. “Would you die in the faith of the Christian?” faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. “Christian!” he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: “Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood: yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

“And listen, old man, were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands, and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!”

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched “the last night” with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose: he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were

blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring in his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington: this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear: "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow: no wife, no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, "Faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war; there, in his royal halls, sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I—I, who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch, in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the centre of the town—we will meet there in victory, or die—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the

banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours!”

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips he stands there; ah! what a hideous picture of despair: erect, livid, ghastly: there for a moment, and then he falls—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying there alone in this rude garret—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man, whose memories seem to link something with heaven and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there to sever that good right arm from the corse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past. For that right arm struck many a blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain and Saratoga, that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE ADVENTURES OF MILTIADES PETER- KIN PAUL.

LITTLE Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Had been heard to declare he feared nothing at all.

"There's Abiathar Ann," he would say, "now at *her*
age,
One *would* think she might show a little more courage.
Why, I really think she would fall dead with fright,
If she came down the lane by herself in the night.
I can tell you, though, that's not the stuff *I* am made of,
I never saw anything *I* was afraid of!"

But one summer evening it chanced to befall,
That little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Having been to the village for John Henry Jack,
Found it growing quite dark when he came to start back.
But he thought, "Pooh! I don't care for *that* in the
least!"

And he winked at the full moon, just up in the east;
Then with his hands in his pockets he swaggered along,
While he kept up his courage with whistle and song.

All at once young Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
As he turned down the lane perceived close by the wall,
Straight before him, a dark, ghostly Shape, crouching
low—

Which frightened poor little Miltiades so
That he turned cold all over—our valiant young hero—
Just as though the thermometer'd dropped down to zero;
Then, his heart beating loudly, he covered his face
With his hands, and trudged on at a much quicker pace.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Had not gone many steps when he thought, "After all,
I may be mistaken; perhaps I mistook
Some old stump, or a rock, or the cow, for a 'spook.'
Why, what *could* I be thinking of!" Then, growing
bolder,

He ventured to cast a glance over his shoulder;
When, what was his wonder and horror to find
That the spectre was following him close behind.

For one moment Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Was so terribly frightened he thought he would fall.
Then he flung his checked apron up over his head

To shut out the dread sight, and ingloriously fled.
 But alas! by the footsteps behind he soon knew
 This his ghostly pursuer began to run, too;
 And he uttered a shriek, and sped on without knowing
 (With his eyes covered up) just which way he was
 going.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 Though he ran like the wind, found 'twas no use at all.
 The footsteps grew louder behind, and at last
 He suddenly found himself caught and held fast.
 Whereupon, faint with terror, he sank to his knees,
 And in piteous accents besought, "O sir, please,
 Good, *kind* Mr. Ghost, let me go! O, *please* do!
 I am sure I would do as much, gladly, for you!"

But just then the Ghost spoke and soothed his alarms
 And he found he'd rushed into his own brother's arms.
 "Why," cried John Henry Jack, "What does this
 mean, my lad? O,
 I see. Ha! ha! ha! Why, sir, *that's your own shadow!*"
 And, sure enough, when he uncovered his face,
 Our hero saw plainly that such was the case.
 "Well!" said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 "Please don't tell our Abiathar Ann—that is all!"
WIDE AWAKE.

A TARRYTOWN ROMANCE.

'Twas in ye pleasant olden time,
 Oh! many years ago,
 When husking-bees and singing-schools
 Were all the fun, you know.

The singing-school in Tarrytown,
 A quaint old town in Maine—
 Was wisely taught and grandly led
 By a young man named Paine.

A gallant gentleman was Paine,
Who liked the lasses well;
But best he liked Miss Patience White,
As all his school could tell.

One night the singing-school had met;
Young Paine, all carelessly,
Had turned the leaves and said: "We'll sing
On page one-seventy.

"See gentle patience smile on pain."
On Paine they all then smiled,
But not so gently as they might;
And he, confused and wild,

Searched quickly for another place,
As quickly gave it out;
The merriment, suppressed before,
Rose now into a shout.

These were the words that met his eyes
(He sank down with a groan);
"Oh! give me grief for others' woes,
And patience for my own!"
GOOD CHEER.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

[A legend.]

LONG, long ago, from Amsterdam a vessel sailed away,
As fair a ship as ever rode amidst the dashing spray.
Upon the shore were tearful eyes, and scarfs were in the
air,
As to her o'er the Zuyder Zee they waft their adieu and
prayer.
Brave hearts there were upon her deck, all filled with
sadness now,
For still the lingering, parting kiss was fresh on lips and
brow.

She steers for some far eastern clime, and as she skims
the seas,
Each taper mast is bending like a rod before the breeze.
Her captain is a stalwart man—an iron heart has he—
From childhood's days he sailed upon the rolling Zuyder
Zee;
He nothing feared upon the earth, and scarcely heaven
feared,
He would have dared and done whatever mortal man
had dared;
He looks aloft, where high in air the pennant cuts the
blue,
And every rope, and spar, and sail is firm, and strong
and true.
He turned him from the swelling sail, and gazed upon
the shore—
Ah! little thought the skipper then 'twould meet his
eyes no more.
He dreamt not that an awful doom was hanging o'er his
ship,
That Vanderdecken's name would yet make pale the
speaker's lip.
The vessel bounded on her way, and spire and dome
went down—
Ere darkness fell, beneath the wave had sunk the distant
town.
No more, no more, ye hapless crew, shall Holland meet
your eye,
In lingering hope and keen suspense, maid, wife and
child shall die!
Away, away, the vessel speeds, but sea and sky alone
Are round her as her course she steers across the torrid
zone.
Away, away, the North Star fades, the Southern Cross
is high,
And myriad gems of brightest beam are sparkling in
the sky.
The tropic winds are left behind; she nears the Cape of
Storm,
Where awful tempests sit enthroned in wild and dread
alarm,

Where Ocean, in his fury, heaves aloft his foaming crest,
And races past the slender ship that rides upon his
breast.

Fierce swelled the winds and waves around the Dutch-
man's gallant craft,

But Vanderdecken to their rage a loud defiance laughed.
The elements were servants, and he would not turn aside,
But steered upon his onward course, and wind and wave
defied.

He struggled madly forward in the weird, unearthly
fight—

His brow was black, his eye was fierce, but looks of wild
affright

Went round among the silent crew, as onward still they
steered ;

They did not dare to murmur, but they whispered what
they feared.

Their black-browed captain awed them, 'neath his dark-
ened eye they quailed,

And in a grim and sullen mood, their bitter fate be-
wailed.

Ah ! hapless crew, ye little dream, as onward still you
go,

That o'er your fair, ill-fated ship is hung a cloud of woe !
Again that loud, defiant laugh is shouted to the blast—
But wildly shrieked the tempest, ere the scornful laugh
had past—

A warning to the daring man to curb his impious pride.
A crested mountain struck the ship, and like a frightened
bird

She trembled 'neath the awful shock. When Vander-
decken heard

A pleading voice within the gale—his better angel
spoke,

But fled before his scowling look. Then mast-high bil-
lows broke

Around the trembling, fated ship ; the crew with terror
paled,

But Vanderdecken never flinched, nor 'neath the thun-
ders quailed.

With folded arms and stern-pressed lips, dark anger in
his eye,

He answered back the wrathful frown, that lowered o'er
the sky.
With fierce defiance in his heart, and scornful look of
flame
He spoke, and thus with impious voice blasphemed
God's holy name:
"Howl on, ye winds! ye tempests, howl! your rage is
spent in vain;
Despite your strength, your frowns, your hate, I'll ride
upon the main;
Defiance to your idle shrieks! I'll sail upon my path;
I cringe not for thy Maker's smile—I care not for his
wrath!"
He ceased. An awful silence fell; the tempest and the
sea
Were hushed in sudden stillness by the Ruler's dread
decree.
The ship was riding motionless within the gathering
gloom;
The Captain stood upon the deck and heard his awful
doom.
The hapless crew were on the deck in swooning terror
prone—
They, too, were doomed—their heart's blood froze! in
angered thunder tone
The judgment words swept o'er the sea—"Go, wretched!
accursed! condemned!
Go sail forever on the deep by shrieking tempests
hemmed.
No home, no port, no calm, no rest, no gentle fav'ring
breeze
Shall ever greet thee. Go, accursed! and battle with
the seas!
Go, braggart! struggle with the storm, nor ever cease to
live,
But bear a million times the pangs that death and fear
can give.
Away! and hide thy guilty head, a curse to all thy kind
Who ever see thee struggling, wretch, with ocean and
with wind.
Away, presumptuous worm of earth! Go teach thy fel-
low worms,

The awful fate that waits on him who braves the King
of storms !”

’Twas o’er. A lurid lightning flash lit up the sea and
sky

Around and o’er the fated ship ; then rose a wailing cry
From every heart within her, of wild anguish and de-
spair ;

But mercy was for them no more—it died away in air.
Again the lurid light gleamed out—the ship was still at
rest,

The crew were standing at their posts, with arms across
their breast ;

Still stood the Captain on the deck, but bent and crouch-
ing now,

He bowed beneath that fiat dread, and o’er his swarthy
brow

Swept lines of anguish, as if he a thousand years of pain
Had lived and suffered. Then across the heaving, an-
gry main

The tempest shrieked triumphant, and the angry waters
hissed

Their vengeful hate against the toy they oftentimes had
kissed.

And ever, ever through the storm that hapless crew
must speed ;

They try to round the Stormy Cape, but never can suc-
ceed.

And oft when gales are wildest, and the lightning’s
vivid sheen

Illumes the ocean’s anger, still the phantom ship is seen,
Unrelenting, unforgiving, and ’tis said that every word
Of his blasphemous defiance still upon the gale is heard.
But heaven help the ship near which that dismal sailor
steers—

The doom of those is sealed to whom that phantom ship
appears :

They’ll never reach their destined port—they’ll see their
homes no more—

They who see the Flying Dutchman never, never reach
the shore.

J. BOYLE O’REILLY.

THE SWELL.

[Affect the Lord Dundreary style.]

I SAY! I wonder why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars? I've been twying all day to think why fellahs ever do it, weally! I know some fellahs that are in business, down town, you know—C. B. Jones, cotton-dealer; Smith Brothers, woollen goods; Bwown & Company, stock-bwokers and that sort of thing, you know—who say they do it every day. If I was to do it every day, my funeral would come off in about a week. 'Pon my soul, it would. I wode in a horse-car one day. Did it for a lark. Made a bet I would wide in a horse-car, 'pon my soul, I did. So I went out on the pavement before the club-house and called one. I said, "Horse-car! horse-car!" but not one of 'em stopped, weally! Then I saw that fellahs wun after them—played tag with them, you know, as the dweadful little girls do when school is coming out. And sometimes they caught the cars—ah—and sometimes they did not. So I wun after one, I did weally, and I caught it. I was out of breath, you know, and a fellah on the platform—a conductor fellah—poked me in the back and said, "Come! move up! make room for this lady!" Ah—by Jove he did, you know! I looked for the lady so, but I could see no lady, and I said so. There was a female person behind me, with a large market basket, cwordded with, ah—vegetables and such dweadful stuff, and another person with a bundle, and another with a baby, you know. The person with the basket prodded me in the back with it, and I said to the conductor fellah, said I, "Where shall I sit down? I—ah—I don't see any seat, you know. The seats seem to be occupied by persons, conductor," said I. "Where shall I sit?"

He was wude, very wude, indeed, and he said, "You can sit on your thumb if you have a mind to." And when I wemonstrated with him upon the impwopwietty of telling a gentleman to sit on his thumb, he told me to go to thunder. "Go to thunder!" he did, indeed. After a while one of the persons got out, and I sat down; it was vewy disagweeable! Opposite me, there were

several persons belonging to the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots; and tin ket-tles which they carried for some mysterious purpose in their hands. There was a person with a large basket, and a colored person. Next to me there sat a fellah that had been eating onions! 'Twas vewy offensive! I couldn't stand it! No fellah could, you know. I had heard that if any one in a car was annoyed by a fellah-passenger he should weport it to the conductor. So I said, "Conductor! put this person out of the car! he annoys me vewy much. He has been eating onions." But the conductor fellah only laughed. He did, indeed! And the fellah that had been eating onions said, "Hang yer impidence, what do ye mean by that?" "It's extwemely disagreeable, you know, to sit near one who has been eating onions," said I. "I think you ought to resign, get out, you know." And then, though I'm sure I spoke in the most wespectful manner, he put his fist under my nose and wemarked, "You'll eat that, hang you, in a minute!" he did, indeed. And a fellah opposite said, "Put a head on him, Jim!" I suppose from his tone that it was some colloquial expwession of the lower orders, referring to a personal attack. It was vewy disagweeable, indeed. I don't see why any fellah ever wides in the horse-cars. But I didn't want a wow, you know. A fellah is apt to get a black eye, and a black eye spoils one's appeawance, don't you think? So I said, "Beg pardon, I'm sure." The fellah said, "O, hang you!" he did, indeed. He was a vewy ill-bred person. And all this time the car kept stopping, and more persons of the lower orders kept getting on. A vewy dweadful woman with a vewy dweadful baby stood right before me, intercepting my view of the street; and the baby had an orange in one hand and some candy in the other. And I was wondering why persons of the lower classes were allowed to have such dirty babies, and why Bergh or some one didn't interfere, you know, when, before I knew what she was doing, that dweadful woman sat that dweadful baby wight down on my lap! She did, indeed. And it took hold of my shirt bosom with one of its sticky hands, and took my eye-glass away with the other, and, upon my honor, I'm quite lost with-

out my eyeglass. "You'll have to kape him till I find me money," said the woman. "Weally!" said I, "I'm not a nursery-maid, ma'am." Then the people about me laughed, they did, indeed. I could not endure it. I jumped up and dwopped the baby in the straw. "Stop the car, conductor," said I, "stop the car." What do you suppose he said? "Hurry up now, be lively, be lively, don't keep me waiting all day!" And I was about to wemonstrate with him upon the impwopwietiy of speaking so to a gentleman, when he pushed me off the car. That was the only time I ever wode in a horse-car. I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars? I should think they would pwefer cabs, you know.

GEO. W. KYLE.

FLASH—THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

[With animation.]

FLASH was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3;
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;
Not very much respected nor popular 'mongst his mates;

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days,
Full of turb'lent sour looks an' small sarcastic ways;
Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable
floor—

With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-
bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular
tiger spring;
An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle and
band,
Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an'
tear
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,

An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic charm;
For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine
back.

Now when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,
They ain't no use in our business; so Flash was finally
sold

To quite a respectable milkman; who found it not so
fine

A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's
din

An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold
him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst
us chaps,

To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefore us boys to
please,

He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice and
heart,

We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his
cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upward into a new,
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old horse, a-rompin' an' rushin' down the
track

An' that respectable milkman a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free,
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest
 "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable
 milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin' and vainly hollerin'
 "W-h-o-a;,"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin' and hollerin' "Good!
 go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud,"
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there—
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair—

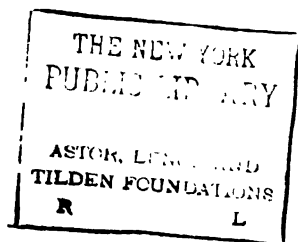
Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more;
Took up his old occ'pation of votin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, and—sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body
 away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen more'n once or
 twice
That poor dumb animal's actions are full of human
 advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you
 than
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent
 men.

WILL CARLETON,
 In Harper's.



ADA GLUSCO.



FRITZ AND HIS BETSY FALL OUT.

[Impersonate.]

DRAW oop dem bapers, lawyer, und make 'em shtrong
and lawful.

My house vas getting oopside oudt, und Baitsy she vas
awful.

Dere's no use talkin', ve can't agree. Sooch aickshuns
I naifer saw;

To tell you der troot, between you und me, she vas vorse
as a mudder-in-law.

Ven I virst got married mit Baitsy, I liked her pooty
vell,

But now she vas got more stubborn vot nopody can dell;
I've talked mit her togedder, vor two veeks aifery tay,
Und der furder we vas togedder, der nearer ve vas away.

Dot all gommenced aboutt der pible: I youst took it
down vrom der shelf—

Dot's a ding I naifer look into mooch: you know how
dot vas, yourself—

Und I vas a-reading 'boutt Daniel, how he shoumped in
der lions' den,

Und youst a leedle farder along, I vas reading dem lines
den

Vere it says, "Und Daniel got hees back oop—rightt
oop against der vall;

Bud der lions don'd vas shkared—dey didn't do none
notting at all."

Und ven I read dot shapter dru, ve both vas a goot deal
puzzled;

Und I says, "Baitsy, now I see how 'tvas, dem lions
must bin muzzled."

She told me I vas lyin'; dot vas not vot it meant.

I said she vas anudder, und dot's youst der vay it vent;
Und den she vas got awful mad, und dold me to my
vace,

"I vish, py shinks! dot Dan vas oudt, und you vas een
hees blace."

"Vell," I says, "I'm villings to shange mit Daniel; ov
 heem comb und lif mit you,
 Und I'll go and shoomp een der lions' den, und enshoy
 myself better'n I do!

Bud vot een der dooce vould Daniel dink ov I ashk
 heem to shange mit me?

He vould say, "Oh, no! I know Baitsy too vell. I
 vould rather shtay vere I be."

She shoumped rightd gwick vor der broomshtick, und
 vas goin' to gife me a douse;

Bud ven she turned roundt to shtruck me, she vas all
 alone in der house;

Dot's der reason I comb to talk to you aboutd der varm
 und homeshtead.

Dere moosht no vone trust Baitsy on my agcount; she
 left my board un bedshtead.

Vone day she vanted soam vater, und dold me to go
 oud und pump it.

I dold her I wouldn't do it, und ov she didn't like she
 could lump it.

She shoked me oop against der vall, und shut my vind-
 pipe off;

I tell you I seen shtars dot time, und I dought my head
 vas off.

Py krashus! She's liable to kill me mit vatefer she gets
 her hands on,

Und I get mixed oop so, I can't tell vich endt my head
 shtands on.

She shtruck me vonce mit a cord-wood shtick, rightd on
 der shpine ov my back.

I lefd her home, und vrom dot day till dees—vor dree
 weeks—I didn't comb back.

I dell you, Meesder Lawyer, it beats all vot I've endoord,
 Besides der money I've baid oudt to keeb my life en-
 shoored.

Der more I dink of dese dings, der less I vant to, sir,
 Und der more I dink ov Baitsy, der less I dink ov her.

Der virst time I aifer met her, I vas shtruck mit her
 vinning vay.

Bud now a shange vas taken place—I get shtruck in a deaffèrent vay.

Dot time ven ve got married, she vas a lass een shkool,
Und I vas youst aboutt the same—alas! I vas a vool.

She always used to shmile so nice venefer I shanced to
meet her,

I didn't dought she vould become sooch an orvul oogly
creetur;

Bud shoore I vas meesdaken, und I got beat like der
dooce;

Ov you could only hear her, you'd dink her jaw vas
loose.

Vone day she says, "Shut oop your moudt! your blab-
bin' all der time!"

I says I vouldn't do it—dot's der kind ov a Dootchman
I am.

Und den, bevore I knew it, she took me by soorbrise,
Und keeked me oudt der house, sir—rightdt bevore my
vace und eyes!

I tell you vat it vas, sir, I felt a goot deal put oudt,
To hafe my own beloved vife tell me to shut my moudt,
Und, because I dought I vouldn't, to keek me oudt der
door.

Youst on agcount sooch aickshuns, dot's vy I veel so
sore.

I've yelled und shkolded at her until my droat vas
hoarse;

Bud dot naifer didn't do no goot—she's gettin' vorse
und vorse;

Und P've made oop my mind oudt, dot vas my only
course

To comb here und get your advice—und also a diworce.

* * * * *

You talk 'boutt bein' henpecked, und ruled by voman's
tongue,

I tell you vat it is, sir, I'm vorse off den Prigham Young.
So wrode oop dot baper, lawyer, und draw it right away,
Und I'll take it home to Baitsy, und see vot she vill say.

Und den to-morrow morning I vill sell aiferyding I own,
Und bid Baitsy und 'our shild goot-by, und go oudt een
der world alone.

Und ven I dink ov Baitsy a dousand milse away,
I'll baed she'll vant to hafe me comb rightd back home
und shtay.

Bud I naifer vill comb back again, unless she's taken
sick,

Ov she is, you tailegraf me too comb back pooty gwick.
Remaimber vot I tell you, und don'd keeb me in soos-
bense;

Youst bay the tailegrafer, und sharge to my oxbense.

Dot puts me in mind ov someding dot I can't dink ov
now;

I can't remaimber vot I vorget—dot beats all ainyhow!
Oh! now I've got it—wrote it down, dot ven I'm dead
und gone,

Baitsy'll bring back me to her, und bury me een der
lawn.

Und on my tombstone led it read, in ledders large und
blain,

"Here lies Shon Shtuffenheimer, and hees vife she is to
blame."

Und I hope dot in a veek or two, rightd after I hafe
died,

Baitsy und I vill both ov us be laying side by side.

Und ven Gabreel blows hees drumpet oop, und all der
dead shall rise,

Baitsy und I vill both shoomp oop, and vipe our veep-
ing eyes;

Und den, if it looks doubtful, ve'll shtand rightd dere
und wait,

Und ven no vone vas lookin', ve'll shkweeze dru der
Golden Gate.

GEORGE M. WARREN.

*514 pages including illustrations.

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